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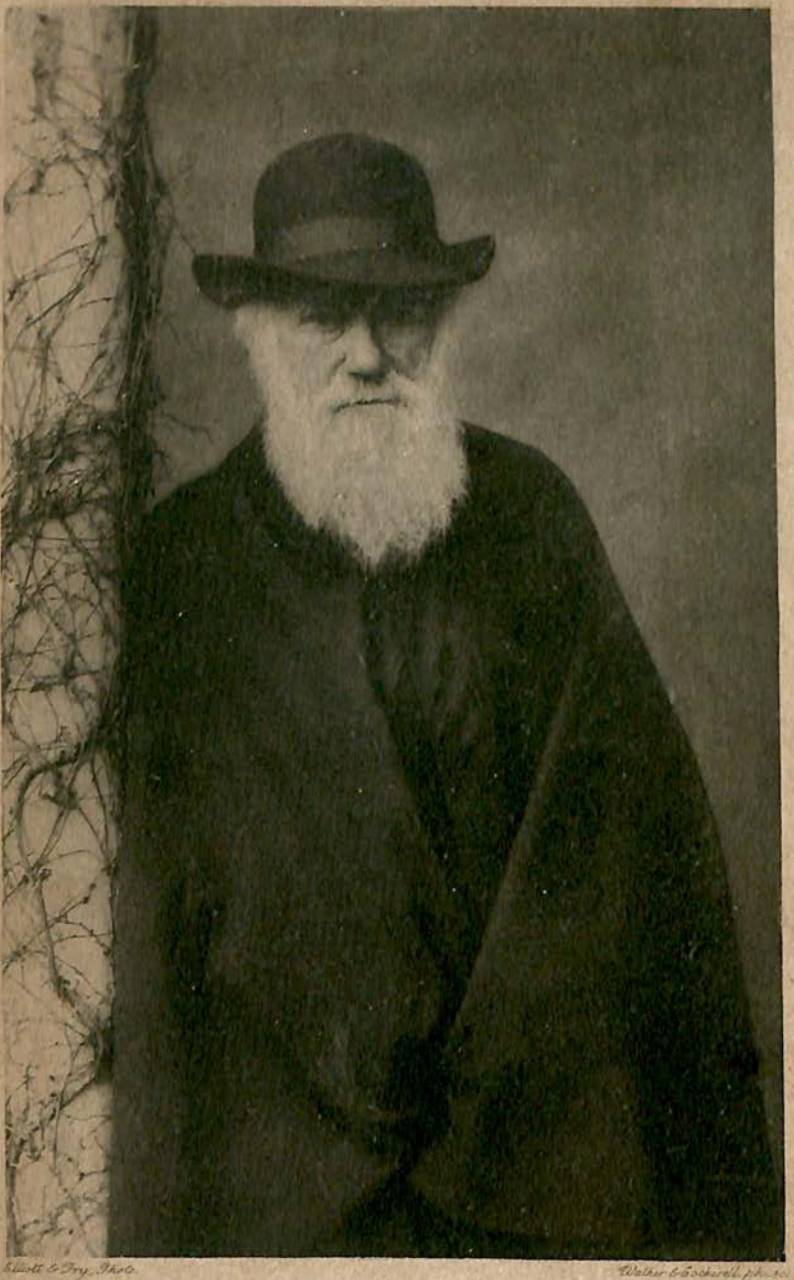

Elliott & Fry, Photo. Walker & Cockerell, photo.

Ch. Darwin

EMMA DARWIN
A CENTURY OF FAMILY LETTERS

1792-1896

EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER
HENRIETTA LITCHFIELD

IN TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOL. II.

20422

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1915

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Children of John Bartlett Allen of Cresselly (1733–1803).

1. Elizabeth (Bessy) (1764—1846) m. *Josiah Wedgwood* of Maer.
2. Catherine (Kitty) (1765—1830) m. *Sir James Mackintosh.*
3. Caroline (1768—1835) m. Rev. *Edward Drewe.*
4. John Hensleigh (1769—1843) of Cresselly, m. *Gertrude Seymour.*
5. Louisa Jane (Jane or Jenny) (1771—1836) m. *John Wedgwood.*
6. Lancelot Baugh (Baugh) (1774—1845), Master of Dulwich College, m. 2^{cc}.
7. Harriet (sometimes called Sad) (1776—1847) m. Rev. *Matthew Surtees*, of North Cerney.
8. Jessie (1777—1853) m. *J. C. de Sismondi*, historian.
9. Octavia, died young.
10. Emma (1780—1866) unmarried.
11. Frances (Fanny) (1781—1875) unmarried.

Children of John Hensleigh Allen of Cresselly (1769–1843).

1. Seymour Phillips (1814—1861) of Cresselly, m. *Catherine* dau. of Earl of Portsmouth.
2. Henry George (1815—1908).
3. John Hensleigh (1818—1868).
4. Isabella Georgina, m. *G. Lort Phillips* of Laurenny.

Children of Sir James and Lady Mackintosh.

1. Bessy (1799—1823) unmarried.
2. Fanny (1800—1889) m. her cousin *Hensleigh Wedgwood.*
3. Robert (1806—1864) m. *Mary Appleton.*

Children of Mrs Drewe.

1. Harriet, Lady Gifford.
2. Marianne, Mrs Algernon Langton.
3. Georgina, Lady Alderson.
4. Edward, m. *Adèle Prévost.*

Children of Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria (1730–1795).

1. Susannah (1765—1817) m. Dr *Robert Waring Darwin.* Charles Darwin was their son.
2. John (1766—1844) Banker, m. *Jane Allen.*
3. Josiah (1769—1843) of Maer, Potter, m. *Elizabeth Allen.*
4. Thomas (1771—1805).
5. Catherine (Kitty) (1774—1823) unmarried.
6. Sarah Elizabeth (1778—1856) unmarried.

Children of John Wedgwood (1766–1844).

1. Sarah Elizabeth (Sally, then Eliza) (1795—1857) unmarried.
2. Rev. John Allen (Allen) (1796—1882), Vicar of Maer.
3. Thomas (Tom) (1797—1862) Colonel in the Guards, m. *Anne Tyler.*
4. Caroline, died young.
5. Jessie (1804—1872) m. her cousin *Harry Wedgwood.*
6. Robert (1806—1880) m. 2^{ce}.

Children of Josiah Wedgwood of Maer (1769–1843).

1. Sarah Elizabeth (Elizabeth) (1793—1880) unmarried.
2. Josiah (Joe or Jos) (1795—1880) of Leith Hill Place, m. his cousin *Caroline Darwin.*
3. Charlotte (1797—1862) m. Rev. *Charles Langton.*
4. Henry Allen (Harry) (1799—1885) Barrister, m. his cousin *Jessie Wedgwood.*
5. Francis (1800—1888) Potter, m. *Frances Mosley.*
6. Hensleigh (1803—1891) Police Magistrate, Philologist, m. his cousin *Fanny Mackintosh.*
7. Fanny (1806—1832) unmarried.
8. Emma (1808—1896) m. her cousin *Charles Darwin.*

CHILDREN OF DR ROBERT WARING DARWIN (1766–1848) AND HIS WIFE SUSANNAH WEDGWOOD (1765–1817).

1. Marianne (1798—1858) m. Dr *Henry Parker*.
2. Caroline (1800—1888) m. her cousin *Josiah Wedgwood* of Leith Hill Place.
3. Susan (1803—1866) unmarried.
4. Erasmus Alvey (1804—1881) unmarried.
5. Charles Robert (1809—1882) m. his cousin *Emma Wedgwood*.
6. Catherine (1810—1866) m., late in life, Rev. *Charles Langton*. Charlotte Wedgwood was his 1st wife.

ALLEN PEDIGREE

ALLEN

John Bartlett ALLEN (1733—1803) m. a second time and had three dau. who d. young

m. 1763

Elizabeth HENSLEIGH of Panteague (1738—1790)

- Elizabeth (1764—1846) m. 1792 Josiah WEDGWOOD
  - (*see* WEDGWOOD pedigree)
- Catherine (1765—1830) m. 1798 Sir Jas. MACKINTOSH (1765—1832) as 2nd wife
  - 1. Elizabeth (Bessy) MACKINTOSH (1799—1823)
  - 2. Frances MACKINTOSH (1800—1889) m. 1832 Hensleigh WEDGWOOD (*see* WEDGWOOD pedigree)
  - 3. ROBERT MACKINTOSH (1806—1864) m. Mary APPLETON and had issue 2 sons and a dau.

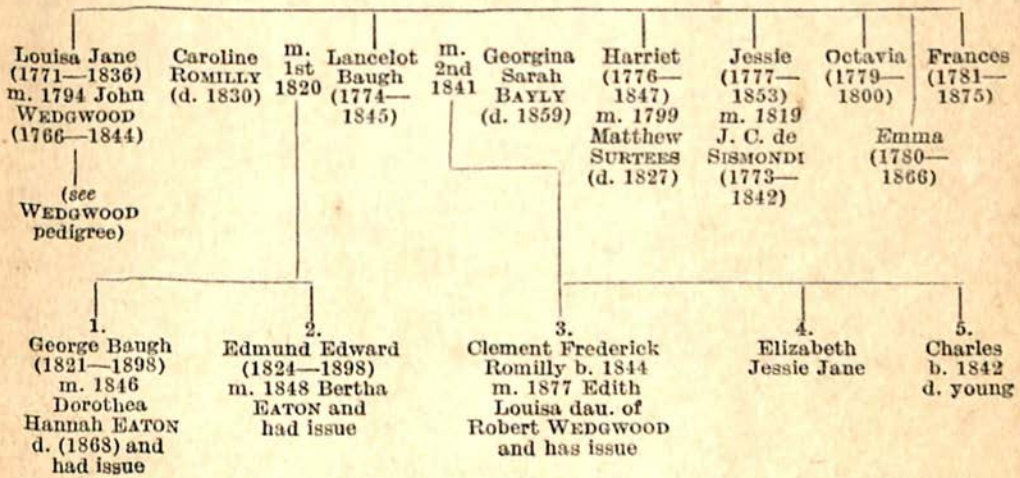
  Sir Jas. MACKINTOSH had issue by his first wife (d. 1797) Catherine STUART

  (*a*) Maitland MACKINTOSH m. William ERSKINE and had issue of whom was Frances, first wife of Lord FARRER (*see* DARWIN and WEDGWOOD pedigrees)

  (*b*) Mary MACKINTOSH m. Claudius RICH

  (*c*) Catherine MACKINTOSH m. 1st Sir William WISEMAN m. 2nd —— TURNBULL
- Caroline (1768—1835) m. 1793 Edward DREWE (1756—1810)
  - 1. Harriet Maria DREWE (179 —1857) m. 1816 Robert, Lord GIFFORD (1779—1826) and had issue
  - 2. Marianne DREWE (179 —1822) m. 1820 Algernon LANGTON (b. 1781) and had issue a son Bennet LANGTON
  - 3. Georgiana DREWE m. 1823 Sir Edward Hall ALDERSON (1787—1857) and had issue amongst whom was Georgiana (afterwards) Lady SALISBURY
  - 4. Edward Simcoe DREWE (1805—1877) m. 1828 Adèle PRÉVOST (d. 1881) leaving issue
  - 5. Charlotte DREWE d. young, circ. 1817
  - 6. Frank DREWE d. young, circ. 1817
  - 7. Louisa DREWE d. young, circ. 1817
- John Hensleigh (1769—1843) m. 1812 Gertrude SEYMOUR (d. 1825)
  - 1. Seymour Phillips (1814—1861) m. 1843 Catherine Fellowes (dau. of Newton Fellowes afterwards Earl of PORTSMOUTH (d. 1900) and had issue
  - 2. Henry George (Harry) (1815—1908)
  - 3. John Hensleigh (1818—1868) m. Margaretta SNELGAR
  - 4. Isabella Georgina (1818—1914) m. 1840 George Lort PHILLIPS (d. 1866)
  - 5. Gertrude Elizabeth (d. 1824)

PEDIGREE.


Louisa Jane (1771—1836) m. 1794 John WEDGWOOD (1766—1844)
(see WEDGWOOD pedigree)
Caroline ROMILLY (d. 1830)
m. 1st 1820
Lancelot Baugh (1774—1845)
m. 2nd 1841
Georgina Sarah BAYLY (d. 1859)
Harriet (1776—1847) m. 1799 Matthew SURTEES (d. 1827)
Jessie (1777—1853) m. 1819 J. C. de SISMONDI (1773—1842)
Octavia (1779—1800)
Emma (1780—1866)
Frances (1781—1875)
1. George Baugh (1821—1898) m. 1846 Dorothea Hannah EATON d. (1868) and had issue
2. Edmund Edward (1824—1898) m. 1848 Bertha EATON and had issue
3. Clement Frederick Romilly b. 1844 m. 1877 Edith Louisa dau. of Robert WEDGWOOD and has issue
4. Elizabeth Jessie Jane
5. Charles b. 1842 d. young

WEDGWOOD PEDIGREE

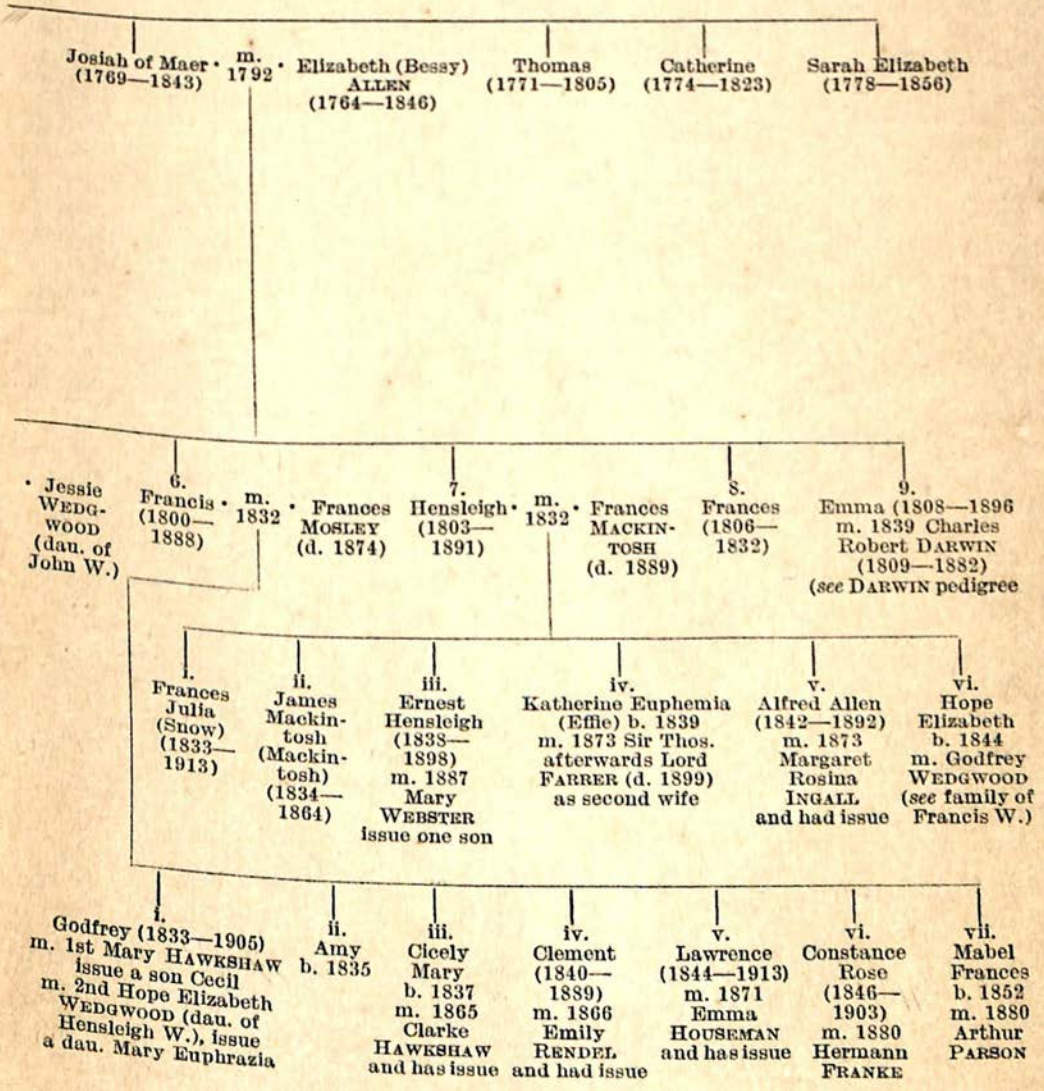
WEDGWOOD

Josiah WEDGWOOD of Etruria (1730—1795) · m. 1764 · Sarah WEDGWOOD (1734—1815)

- Susannah (1765—1817) · m. 1796 · Robert Waring DARWIN
  - (*see* DARWIN pedigree)
- John (1766—1844) · m. 1794 · Louisa Jane (Jane) ALLEN (1771—1836)
  - 1. Sarah Elizabeth (Eliza) (1795—1857)
  - 2. John Allen (Allen) (1796—1882)
  - 3. Thomas Josiah (Tom) (1797—1862) m. 1836 Anne TYLER s. p.
  - 4. Caroline Louisa Jane (1799—1825)
    - 5. Charles (1800—1820)
  - 6. Jessie (1804—1872) m. 1830 Henry Allen WEDGWOOD (*see* family of JOSIAH of Maer)
  - 7. Robert (1806—1880) m. 1834 Frances CREWE who d. s. p. 1845 m. secondly Mary HALSEY and had issue
- Richard (1767—1768)

1. Sarah Elizabeth (Elizabeth) (1793—1880)
2. Josiah of Leith Hill Place (1795—1880) · m. 1837 · Caroline Sarah DARWIN (1800—1888)
   - i. Sophy Marianne (1838—1839)
   - ii. Katherine Elizabeth Sophy (Sophy) (1842—1911)
   - iii. Margaret Susan b. 1843 m. 1869 Arthur Charles VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (d. 1875) and has issue
   - iv. Lucy Caroline b. 1846 m. 1874 Matthew James HARRISON and has issue
3. Mary Anne (1796—1798)
4. Charlotte (1797—1862) · m. 1832 · Charles LANGTON
   - Edmund LANGTON (1841—1875) m. Emily Caroline Langton (Lena) MASSINGBERD and had issue
5. Henry Allen (1799—1885) · m. 1830
   - i. Louisa Frances (1834—1903) m. 1864 William John KEMPSON and had issue
   - ii. Caroline b. 1836
   - iii. John Darwin (1840—1870) m. 1866 Helen Mary TYLER
   - iv. Anne Jane (1841—1877) m. 1870 Ralph Edward CARR and had issue
   - v. Arthur (1843—1900)
   - vi. Rowland b. 1847 m. 1st, 1883, Sophia Helena RUDD (d. 1899) m. 2nd, 1907, Agnes HARLEY

PEDIGREE.


Josiah of Maer (1769—1843)
m. 1792
Elizabeth (Bessy) ALLEN (1764—1846)
Thomas (1771—1805)
Catherine (1774—1823)
Sarah Elizabeth (1778—1856)
Jessie WEDGWOOD (dau. of John W.)
6. Francis (1800—1888)
m. 1832
Frances MOSLEY (d. 1874)
7. Hensleigh (1803—1891)
m. 1832
Frances MACKINTOSH (d. 1889)
8. Frances (1806—1832)
9. Emma (1808—1896 m. 1839 Charles Robert DARWIN (1809—1882) (see DARWIN pedigree
i. Frances Julia (Snow) (1833—1913)
ii. James Mackintosh (Mackintosh) (1834—1864)
iii. Ernest Hensleigh (1838—1898) m. 1887 Mary WEBSTER issue one son
iv. Katherine Euphemia (Effie) b. 1839 m. 1873 Sir Thos. afterwards Lord FARRER (d. 1899) as second wife
v. Alfred Allen (1842—1892) m. 1873 Margaret Rosina INGALL and had issue
vi. Hope Elizabeth b. 1844 m. Godfrey WEDGWOOD (see family of Francis W.)
i. Godfrey (1833—1905) m. 1st Mary HAWKSHAW issue a son Cecil m. 2nd Hope Elizabeth WEDGWOOD (dau. of Hensleigh W.), issue a dau. Mary Euphrazia
ii. Amy b. 1835
iii. Cicely Mary b. 1837 m. 1865 Clarke HAWKSHAW and has issue
iv. Clement (1840—1889) m. 1866 Emily RENDEL and had issue
v. Lawrence (1844—1913) m. 1871 Emma HOUSEMAN and has issue
vi. Constance Rose (1846—1903) m. 1880 Hermann FRANKE
vii. Mabel Frances b. 1852 m. 1880 Arthur PARSON

DARWIN PEDIGREE

DARWIN

Robert Waring DARWIN · m. 1796 · Susannah dau. of Josiah WEDGWOOD
son of Erasmus DARWIN (1766—1848) (1765—1817)

- Marianne (1798—1858) · m. 1824 · Henry PARKER (1788—1856)
  1. Robert PARKER b. 1825
  2. Henry PARKER (1827—1892)
  3. Francis PARKER (1829—1871) · m. 1860 · Cecile LONGUEVILLE issue three sons
  4. Charles PARKER b. 1831
  5. Mary Susan PARKER (1836—1893) · m. 1866 · Edward MOSTYN-OWEN issue five children
- Caroline Sarah (1800—1888) · m. 1837 · Josiah WEDGWOOD (1795—1880) (*see* WEDGWOOD pedigree)
- Susan Elizabeth (1803—1866)
- Erasmus Alvey (1804—1881)

EDIGREE.

arles Robert · m. 1839 · Emma WEDGWOOD (1808—1896)
1809—1882)

Emily Catherine · m. 1863 · Charles LANGTON (1801—1886) as second wife (*see* WEDGWOOD pedigree)
(1810—1866) d. s. p.

1. William Erasmus · m. 1877 · Sara SEDGWICK (1839—1902) d. s. p.
(1839—1914)
2. Anne Elizabeth (1841—1851)
3. Mary Eleanor (1842—1842)
4. Henrietta Emma · m. 1871 · Richard Buckley LITCHFIELD (1831—1903) d. s. p.
b. 1843
5. George Howard · m. 1884 · Maud DU PUY b. 1861
(1845—1912)
   i. Gwendolen Mary b. 1885
   ii. Charles Galton b. 1887
   iii. Margaret Elizabeth b. 1890
   iv. William Robert b. 1894
6. Elizabeth b. 1847
7. Francis · m. 1874 · 1st, Amy RUCK (1850—1876) · m. 1883 · 2nd, Ellen CROFTS (1856—1903) · m. 1913 · 3rd, Florence FISHER, widow of F. W. MAITLAND
b. 1848
   i. Bernard Richard Meirion b. 1876
   ii. Frances Crofts b. 1886
8. Leonard · m. 1882 · 1st, Elizabeth Frances FRASER (1846—1898) d. s. p. · m. 1900 · 2nd, Charlotte Mildred MASSINGBERD (Mildred), grand-dau. of the above Charles LANGTON b. 1868 (*see* WEDGWOOD pedigree)
b. 1850
9. Horace · m. 1880 · Emma Cecilia FARRER (Ida) dau. of Lord FARRER, by his first marr. b. 1854 (*see* ALLEN pedigree)
b. 1851
   i. Erasmus b. 1881
   ii. Ruth Frances b. 1883
   iii. Emma Nora b. 1885
10. Charles Waring (1856—1858)

A CENTURY OF FAMILY LETTERS

CHAPTER I

1838—1839

Charles and Emma engaged—Dr. Darwin's delight—Suburbs versus London—A letter from Sismondi—House-hunting.

It seems to have been in the summer of 1838 that my father determined to ask Emma to be his wife. He was however far from hopeful, partly because of his looks, for he had the strange idea that his delightful face, so full of power and sweetness, was repellently plain. He went to Maer on Nov. 8, and on Nov. 11 "The day of days," is written in his diary. The letters which follow show how warmly the engagement was received by friends and relatives alike.

Charles Darwin to Charles Lyell.

SHREWSBURY,
Monday [12 *November*, 1838].

MY DEAR LYELL,

I suppose you will be in Hart St. to-morrow, the 14th. I write because I cannot avoid wishing to be the first person to tell Mrs Lyell and yourself that I have the very good, and shortly since very unexpected fortune, of going to be married. The lady is my cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, the sister of Hensleigh Wedgwood, and of the elder brother who married my sister, so we are connected by manifold ties, besides on my part by the most sincere love and hearty gratitude to her for accepting such a one as myself.

I determined when last at Maer to try my chance, but

I hardly expected such good fortune would turn up for me. I shall be in town in the middle or latter end of the ensuing week. I fear you will say I might very well have left my story untold till we met. But I deeply feel your kindness and friendship towards me, which in truth, I may say, has been one chief source of happiness to me ever since my return to England: so you must excuse me. I am well sure, that Mrs Lyell, who has sympathy for everyone near her, will give me her hearty congratulations.

Believe me my dear Lyell,

Yours most truly obliged,

CHAS. DARWIN.

Dr Darwin to Josiah Wedgwood.

DEAR WEDGWOOD, SHREWSBURY, 13 *Nov.* 1838.

Emma having accepted Charles gives me as great happiness as Jos having married Caroline, and I cannot say more.

On that marriage Bessy said she should not have had more pleasure if it had been Victoria, and you may assure her I feel as grateful to her for Emma, as if it had been Martineau herself that Charles had obtained. Pray give my love to Elizabeth, I fear I ought to condole with her, as the loss will be very great.

Ever, dear Wedgwood, your affectionate Brother,

R. W. DARWIN.

Josiah Wedgwood to Dr Darwin.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, MAER, 15 *Nov.*, 1838.

A good, chearful, and affectionate daughter is the greatest blessing a man can have, after a good wife—if I could have given such a wife to Charles without parting with a daughter there would be no drawback from my entire satisfaction in bestowing Emma upon him. You lately gave up a daughter—it is my turn now. At our time of life our happiness must be in a great measure re-

flected from our families, and I think there are few fathers who have on the whole more cause to be satisfied with the conduct and present circumstances and future prospects of our families. I could have parted with Emma to no one for whom I would so soon and so entirely feel as a father, and I am happy in believing that Charles entertains the kindest feelings for his uncle-father.

I propose to do for Emma what I did for Charlotte and for three of my sons, give a bond for £5,000, and to allow her £400 a year, as long as my income will supply it, which I have no reason for thinking will not be as long as I live.

Give my love to your fireside and believe me,

Affectionately yours,

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I have begged a bit of Papa's letter to thank you from my heart for the delightful way in which you have received me into your family, and to thank my dear Marianne and Susan for their affectionate notes, which gave me the greatest pleasure. One of the things that gave me most happiness is Charles's thorough affection and value for Papa. I am, my dear uncle, yours affectionately,

EMMA W.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

SHREWSBURY, *Wednesday Morning* [14 *Nov.* 1838].

MY DEAR EMMA,

Marianne and Susan will have told you what joy and happiness the news gave all here. We have had innumerable cogitations; and the one conclusion I exult in is that there was never anyone so lucky as I have been, or so good as you. Indeed I can assure you, many times since leaving Maer, I have thought how little I expressed how much I owe to you; and as often as I think this, I vow to try to make myself good enough somewhat to deserve you.

I hope you have taken deep thought about the sundry knotty points you will have to decide on. We must have a great deal of talk together when I come back on Saturday. Do have a fire in the Library—it is such a good place to have some quiet talk together. The question of houses, suburbs versus central London—rages violently around each fireplace in this house. Suburbs have rather the advantage at present; and this, of course, rather inclines one to seek out the arguments on the other side. The Governor gives much good advice to live, wherever it may be, the first year prudently and quietly. My chief fear is, that you will find, after living all your life with such large and agreeable parties as Maer only can boast of, our quiet evenings dull. You must bear in mind, as some young lady said, "all men are brutes," and that I take the line of being a solitary brute, so you must listen with much suspicion to all arguments in favour of retired places. I am so selfish, that I feel to have you to myself is having you so much more completely that I am not to be trusted. Like a child that has something it loves beyond measure, I long to dwell on the words *my own* dear Emma. As I am writing just as things come uppermost in my mind, I beg of you not to read my letters to anyone, for then I can fancy I am sitting by the side of my own dear future wife, and to her own self I do not care what nonsense I talk—so let me have my way, and scribble, without caring whether it be sense or nonsense. . . .

My father echoes and re-echoes uncle Jos's words, "You have drawn a prize!" Certainly no man could by possibility receive a more cordial welcome than I did from every one at Maer on Monday morning. My life has been very happy and very fortunate, and many of my pleasantest remembrances are mingled up with scenes at Maer, and now it is crowned. My own dear Emma, I kiss the hands with all humbleness and gratitude, which have so filled up for me the cup of happiness—It is my most earnest wish I may make myself worthy of you. Good-bye.

Most affectionately yours,

CHAS. DARWIN.

I would tear this letter up, and write it again, for it is a very silly one, but I can't write a better one.

Since writing the former part the post has brought in your own dear note to Katty. You tell me to be a good boy, and so I must be, but let me earnestly beg of you not to make up your mind in a hurry: you say *truly* Elizabeth never thinks of herself, but there is another person who never thinks of herself, but now she has to think of two people, and I am, thank Heaven for it, that other person. You must be absolute arbitress, but do, dear Emma, remember life is short, and two months is the sixth part of the year, and that year, the first, from which for my part, things shall hereafter date. Whatever you do will be right, but it will be *too* good to be unselfish for me until I am part of you —Dearest Emma, good-bye.

[*Emma Wedgwood to Madame Sismondi.*

MY DEAR AUNT JESSIE, MAER, *Nov.* 15*th* [1838].

Nothing is pleasanter than writing good news, and I am sure you will be pleased with what I have to tell you. When you asked me about Charles Darwin, I did not tell you half the good I thought of him for fear you should suspect something, and though I knew how much I liked him, I was not the least sure of his feelings, as he is so affectionate, and so fond of Maer and all of us, and demonstrative in his manners, that I did not think it meant anything, and the week I spent in London on my return from Paris, I felt sure he did not care about me, only that he was very unwell at the time. He came to see us in the month of August, was in very high spirits and I was very happy in his company, and had the feeling that if he saw more of me, he would really like me. He came down again last Thursday with aunt Fanny, and on Sunday he spoke to me, which was quite a surprise, as I thought we might go on in the sort of friendship we were in for years, and very likely nothing come of it after all. I was too much bewildered all day to feel my happiness and there was a

large party in the house, so we did not tell anybody except Papa and Elizabeth and Catherine. Dear Papa, I wish you could have seen his tears of joy, for he has always had a great regard for Charles, and Charles looks up to him with the greatest reverence and affection. I believe we both looked very dismal (as he had a bad headache) for when aunt Fanny and Jessie [Wedgwood] went to bed they were wondering what was the matter and almost thought something quite the reverse had happened. Fanny Hensleigh was 'cuter, and knew quite well what had happened. I went into their rooms at night, and we had a large party talking it over till very late, when I was seized with hunger, and Hensleigh went down to forage in the kitchen and found a loaf and 2 lb. butter and a carving knife, which made us an elegant refection. Catherine was delighted, indeed. I was so glad to find that all of them had been wishing for it and settling it. It is a match that every soul has been making for us, so we could not have helped it if we had not liked it ourselves. He and Catherine went off to Shrewsbury on Monday, so that I had not much to do with him, but we had time for some satisfactory little talks which made us feel at ease.

I must now tell you what I think of him, first premising that Eliz. thinks pretty nearly the same, as my opinion may not go for much with you. He is the most open, transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real thoughts. He is particularly affectionate and very nice to his father and sisters, and perfectly sweet tempered, and possesses some minor qualities that add particularly to one's happiness, such as not being fastidious, and being humane to animals. We shall live in London, where he is fully occupied with being Secretary to the Geological Society and conducting a publication upon the animals of Australia.[1] I am so glad he is a busy man. Dear Eliz. rejoices most sweetly with me and forgets herself entirely, as, without meaning a compliment to myself, I am afraid she must miss me very much. I am sure I could not have

[1] *The Zoology of the Voyage of the "Beagle."*

brought myself to rejoice in her marrying. Mamma takes it very comfortably and amuses herself a good deal with planning about houses, trousseaux and wedding-cake, which last we were in hopes she would not have thought of, as it is a useless trouble and expense. I bless the railroad every day of my life, and Charles is so fond of Maer that I am sure he will always be ready to steam down whenever he can, so that we shall always be within reach of home. I think I have egotized nearly enough, but I feel sure that you and my dear uncle will enter entirely into my happiness.

Catherine and Charles's return home made a great sensation, for she had written word that they were not coming till Tuesday. Susan says the Dr looked very much pleased when he heard the cause of their return. Aunt Sarah was delighted; she told Eliz. she had quite given it up in despair. We are going to dine with her to-day, when we shall do a considerable quantity of talking. I don't think it of as much consequence as she does that Charles drinks no wine, but I think it a pleasant thing. The real crook in my lot I have withheld from you, but I must own it to you sooner or later. It is that he has a great dislike to going to the play, so that I am afraid we shall have some domestic dissensions on that head. On the other hand he stands concerts very well. He told me he should have spoken to me in August but was afraid, and I was pleased to find that he was not very sure of his answer this time. It was certainly a very unnecessary fear. Charlotte returned home before he came, which was very vexatious, and I am afraid she is too good a wife to leave her husband again so soon. I have been writing a good many letters so I will wish you good bye, my dearest. Give my tenderest of loves to M. Sismondi. I now rejoice more than ever in having met you at Paris. Your affectionate

EM. W.

I went strait into the Sunday School after the important interview, but found I was turning into an idiot and so came away.

Monsieur Sismondi to Emma Wedgwood.

CHÈRE EMMA, CHÊNE, 23 *Novembre*, 1838.

C'est moi qui prens la plume avant ma femme, parceque je veux être le premier à embrasser, au moins, en idée, ma jolie nièce, à la féliciter du bonheur que je vois commencer pour elle, ou si elle est trop fière pour le permettre, à me féliciter du moins moi-même de ce que cette charmante personne, si faite pour le mariage, si faite pour répandre du bonheur autour d'elle, va enfin accomplir sa destinée. Tout ce qu'on peut désirer dans un époux me semble réuni dans celui à qui vous donnez la main, je mets au premier rang de ses qualités le bon goût de vous avoir choisie et d'avoir su vous plaire, mais il a tenu déjà beaucoup de place dans les lettres de toute votre famille quoique aucune ne m'eut préparé à ce qu'il en devint partie, et toutes donnoient l'envie de le connoître et de l'aimer. Cette envie est redoublée à présent que ma gentille nièce fait avec lui la plus grosse de ses *alouettes* comme elle les appelle; j'espère et je compte que vous lui ferez voir notre Suisse, et que vous nous le ferez voir.

Il a un grand ouvrage à publier, tant mieux; c'est une garantie de bonheur pour la femme autant que pour le mari, qu'une occupation sédentaire, mais il y aura un tems de relâche, et pendant cette intermission du travail, je l'espère, vous viendrez nous voir pendant que nous durons encore. . . .

Chère Emma, dites à votre père, je vous prie, combien je prens part à sa joie. Nous disons ici que l'amitié a besoin de communications regulières, je les regrette bien vivement avec lui; je voudrois de tems en tems renouveler des sentiments, des pensées, des témoignages et son souvenir, mais au moins il me fait éprouver que votre manière anglaise d'être mort l'un pour l'autre dès qu'on est séparé, n'ébranle point l'amitié, car je sens pour lui la même vivacité d'affection, le même respect pour son caractère, la même joie dans

sa joie, que si je l'avois vu encore hier. Rappelez-moi avec une sincère amitié à tout les vôtres, préparez votre époux à me vouloir un peu de bien, et aimez-moi—adieu.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Wedgwood.

Sismondi has taken the first place on my sheet of paper because he would not be limited in space, for the expression of his sympathy in your happiness. Dearest Emma, I conceive no greater happiness this side heaven than that you are at this moment enjoying. Everything I have ever heard of C. Darwin I have particularly liked, and have long wished for what has now taken place, that he would woo and win you. I love him all the better that he unites to all his other qualifications that most rare one of knowing how well to chuse a wife, a friend, companion, mother of his children, all of which men in general never think of. I am glad you bring Elizabeth as voucher of the pretty character you have given of him, I might perhaps not have believed all on your word only, but I should have believed you thought so, and have enjoyed with you the exquisite happiness you must necessarily feel in saying, such is my protector, guide, friend, companion for the rest of life, and God grant you a long and happy one together. I hope some of your larks may bring you out to us before your cares and business make you prisoners. I know I shall love him. I knew you would be a Mrs Darwin from your hands.[1] . . . Now that your person will belong to another as well as yourself, I beg you not to go to Cranbourne Alley to cloathe it, nor even to the Palais Royal. I do not believe in the economy of it; a substantially good thing is never to be found in such places. I will answer for Jessie's Paris hat, lasting at least two of yours. But be that as it will, if you do pay a little more, be always dressed in good taste; do not despise those little cares

[1] Palmistry. Madame Sismondi loved the minor superstitions.

which give everyone more pleasing looks, because you know you have married a man who is above caring for such little things. No man is above caring for them, for they feel the effect imperceptibly to themselves. I have seen it even in my half-blind husband. The taste of men is almost universally good in all that relates to dress decoration and ornament. They are themselves little aware of it, because they are seldom called to judge of it, but let them choose and it is always simple and handsome, so let those be your *piédestals*. You have given me no intimation when the wedding is to take place, if I had a mind to go to it. Yet that is always the first question put after an information of that sort.

A match here which had set everybody talking, has just been broken off in a way which has set them talking still more, and which I, worldly as I am, find quite sublime. One of our oldest English baronets, with a show place for beauty in England, with £30,000 per ann., fell in love with a daughter of one of our pasteurs, with whom the baronet had been *en pension*. He had neither father nor mother to consult, but Mons. Eymer, the girl's father, refused his consent for two years, saying his daughter was too young. This autumn Sir J. Thussel, as far as I can make out the name pronounced by a foreigner, returned triumphant to claim his promise and his bride, preceded by a magnificent suite of diamonds and other magnificent gifts. The day was fixed, but Mlle. Eymer, only 17, became more and more sad. At last she told her father, "I have been dazzled by the offer, but I do not love him; I have never known a happy moment since I accepted him. I feel all my happiness remains in my own country and my own family. I therefore retract my promise and will not go with him." Her father represented to her that she must never hope to marry another, that affairs between them had gone too far, she had been too long considered the wife of another for any Genevais ever to think of her, but to do as she pleased. She said she was quite aware of the truth of what he said, but if she never quitted the parental

roof she would not leave it then, and for a man she did not love: so packed up her diamonds and other gifts, and returned them to the baronet with his *congé*. He is on his road to England, sick of love and disappointment, and she is making a little tour with her mother while the wonder lasts. She tried on her diamonds before returning them, and shewing herself in them to her mother, "Regarde-moi bien Maman, car très assurément tu ne me verras jamais plus en diamans." Her decision taken, she was gay with joy, and had hardly once smiled when her greatness hung over her. Now do not judge this after your 3 or 400 pr. ann. or your father's comfortable establishment, but after a Swiss pasteur's daughter, a dowerless girl, one who will probably be obliged to have recourse to some occupation to aid even her simple way of living, and tell me if it is not sublime at 17 to know so well where and how to fix her happiness.

What angelic love is that of sisters! Dear Elizabeth's unselfish rejoicings in your happiness are a proof. That men are the greatest fools that walk the earth is proved in her being still to be asked for. May God bless her, and you all indeed, and give you, my dearest Emma, all the happiness you anticipate and I fervently wish you.

J. S.

Her two earliest friends Georgina and Ellen Tollet wrote as follows. Their friendship in after life included my father, and was only ended by death. I inherited my share and have the happiest memories of these two able and delightful women.

Georgina Tollet to Emma Wedgwood.

MY DEAR, DEAR EMMA, [13 or 14 *Nov.*, 1838.]

I hope I am as glad as I ought to be at the thing happening that I have been longing for, but you ought to be gratified at my selfish sorrow when I think of losing my earliest friend. It is seldom one thinks *two* people so enviable as we think you and Charles; we think you as lucky

as you could possibly wish, but we must allow that we have still better reason to *know* that he is indeed a blessed man. I certainly was surprised at its coming so soon; it was very handsome in him to fancy he doubted. It is very like a marriage of Miss Austen's, can I say more! Those greedy girls Ellen and Carry are crying out to write. You must come any day before Friday in the week. I don't give Catherine Darwin any credit for what you call her good nature. I shall write to her soon and tell her what I think of her luck.

Heaven bless you, Your loving friend,

G. TOLLET.

Ellen Tollet to Emma Wedgwood.

. . . You two will be quite too happy together, and I hope you will have a chimney that smokes, or something of that sort to prevent your being quite intoxicated. It will be quite enchanting to come and see you, but you will be an untold loss. You are the only single girl of our own age in this country worth caring much for—but life is short and one ought to be cheerful as long as one is neither cold nor hungry, I am both just now.

Charles was, as his letters shew, very eager for the marriage to follow quickly. Emma appears to have felt doubts as to leaving Elizabeth alone, to a life that was one of watching and nursing. Her father was now in broken health and was troubled with a shaking palsy. Her mother had long been a complete invalid.

No letters from my mother to my father have been preserved, either before or after marriage. Whether she destroyed them on his death, or whether he did not keep them, I do not know, but he had not the habit of keeping letters except those of scientific interest. A selection from those he wrote to her during the engagement, all of which she carefully treasured, are here given.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

[Postmark, 23 *Nov.*, 1838], ATHENÆUM, *Tuesday Night.*

. . . I positively can do nothing, and have done nothing this whole week, but think of you and our future life.—You may then well imagine how I enjoy seeing your handwriting. I should have written yesterday but waited for your letter: pray do not talk of my waiting till I have time for writing or inclination to do so.—It is a very high enjoyment to me, as I cannot talk to you, and feel your presence by having your own dear hand within mine. I will now relate my annals: On Saturday I dined with the Lyells, and spent one of the pleasantest evenings I ever did in my life. Lyell grew quite audacious at the thoughts of having a married geological companion, and proposed going to dine at the Athenæum together and leaving our wives at home. Poor man, he would as soon "*eat his head*" as do such an action, whilst I feel as yet as bold as a lion. We had much geological and economical talk, the latter very profitable. By the way if you will take my advice, you will not think of reading [Lyell's] Elements [of Geology], for depend upon it you will hereafter have plenty of geology. On Sunday evening Erasmus took me to drink tea with the Carlyles; it was my first visit. One must always like Thomas, and I felt particularly well towards him, as Erasmus had told me he had propounded that a certain lady was one of the nicest girls he had ever seen. Jenny [Mrs Carlyle] sent some civil messages to you, but which, from the effects of an hysterical sort of giggle, were not very intelligible. It is high treason, but I cannot think that Jenny is either quite natural or lady-like. . . .

And now for the great question of houses. Erasmus and myself have taken several very long walks; and the difficulties are really frightful. Houses are very scarce and the landlords are all gone mad, they ask such prices. Erasmus takes it to heart even more than I do, and declares I ought to end all my letters to you "yours incon-

solably." This day I have given up to deep cogitations regarding the future, in as far as houses are concerned. It would take up too much paper to give all the *pros* and *cons*: but I feel sure that a central house would be best for both of us, for two or three years. I am tied to London, for rather more than that period; and whilst this is the case, I do not doubt it is wisest to reap *all* the advantages of London life: more especially as every reason will urge us to pay frequent visits to *real* country, which the suburbs never afford. After the two or three years are out, we then might decide whether to go on living in the same house, or suburb, supposing I should be tied for a little longer to London, and ultimately to decide, whether the pleasures of retirement and country (gardens, walks, &c.) are preferable to society, &c., &c. It is no use thinking of this question at present. I repeat, I do not doubt your first decision was right: let us make the most of London, whilst we are compelled to be there; the case would be different if we were deciding for life, for then we might wish to possess the advantages both of country and town, though both in a lesser degree, in the suburbs.

After much deliberate talk (especially with the Lyells) I have no doubt that our best plan will be to furnish slowly a house for ourselves—it will be far more economical both in money and time; but not in *comfort* just at first.—Will you rough it a little at first?

I clearly see we shall be obliged to give at least £120 for our house, if not a little more. . . . I will steadily go on looking and pondering: I believe I have good reason for the points I have spoken on; but I wish much to hear all suggestions from you. . . .

Until yesterday I intended to have paid Maer a visit on Thursday week, the day after the Geolog. Soc., but yesterday I heard of the death of the mother of Mr Owen, who was to write the next number of the Government work, which now he will not probably be able to do, and I am put to my wit's end to get some other number ready. How long this will delay me I can hardly yet tell. I hope

most earnestly not long, for I am impatient to see you again. It is most provoking I cannot settle down to work in earnest, just at the very time I most want to do so. There is the appendix of the Journal and half-a-dozen things besides this unlucky number, all waiting my good pleasure—every night I make vows and break them in the morning. I do long to be seated beside you again, in the Library; one can then almost feel in anticipation the happiness to come. I have just read your letter over again for the fifth time. My own dear Emma, I feel as if I had been guilty of some very selfish action in obtaining such a good dear wife with no sacrifice at all on my part. . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

[30 *November*, 1838], *Friday Evening.*

[After many details on house hunting and domestic affairs.]

Powers of sentimentality forgive me for sending such a letter: it surely ought to have been written on foolscap paper, and closed with a wafer. I told you I should write to you as if you really were my own dear, dear wife, and have not I kept my word most stoutly? My excuse must be, I have seen no one for these two days: and what can a man have to say, who works all morning in describing hawks and owls, and then rushes out and walks in a bewildered manner up one street and down another, looking out for the words "To let." I called, however, to-day on the Lyells. I cannot tell you how particularly pleasant and cordial Lyell's manner has been to me: I am sure he will be a steady and sure friend to both of us. He told me he heard from his sister (whom I know) in Scotland this morning, and she says, "So Mr Darwin is going to be married: I suppose he will be buried in the country, and lost to geology." She little knows what a good, strict wife I am going to be married to, who will send me to my lessons and make me better, I trust, in every respect, as

I am sure she will infinitely happier and happier the longer I live to enjoy my good fortune. Lyell and Madame gave me a very long and *solemn* lecture on the *extreme* importance, for our future comfort during our whole London lives, of choosing slowly and deliberately our visiting acquaintance: every disagreeable or commonplace acquaintance must separate us from our relations and real friends (that is without we give up our whole lives to visiting), for the evenings we sacrifice might have been spent with them *or at the theatre.* Lyell said we shall find the truth of his words before we have lived a year in London. How provokingly small the paper is, my own very dear Emma.

Good-night, C. D.

Emma Wedgwood to Monsieur and Madame Sismondi.

MY DEAR UNCLE, MAER, *Friday, Dec.* 28, 1838.

I have been a long time without thanking you for your kind, affectionate letter, which gave me the greatest pleasure, but I have been away to London with Fanny and Hensleigh to help Charles to look for a house. I thought we should only have to walk out into the street and take one, but we found it very difficult, and after a fortnight's hard work I came home without having taken any, but I heard yesterday that Charles had succeeded in taking one that we had very much set our hearts upon in Gower Street, so that is very pleasantly settled.

How I should enjoy coming to see you and my dear aunt Jessie; and I have some hopes that we shall accomplish it some day or other, as Charles has the most lively wish to see Switzerland and the Alps, and then I should send him off to geologise at Chamounix by himself, and I should stay with you. But I am afraid it cannot be this year or next either, he is too busy. I quite agree with you in the happiness of having plenty to do. You don't seem at all afraid of making me vain in what you say, but indeed, I don't think you will give me any worse feeling than the

warmest gratitude and affection in return for yours. I am going to write about dress and all sorts of frivolity to aunt Jessie, as I think it will suit her better than you, so I will wish you goodbye, my very dear uncle, and believe me, yours affectionately, EMMA W. Papa wishes to speak for himself.

Thank you, my dear aunt Jessie, for your warm congratulations and sympathy with my happiness. I was very glad to return home last Saturday, as I grudge every day away from home now. Fanny and Hensleigh look so comfortable in their nice little house that I feel quite sorry to think how soon they must give it up. We had a fly every day and used to go into town to look at houses and [buy] my clothes, and I think I have obeyed your orders, for though I have not bought many things, they are all *very* dear and the milliner's bill would do your heart good to see. I have bought a sort of greenish-grey rich silk for the wedding, which I expect papa to approve of entirely, and a remarkably lovely white chip bonnet trimmed with blonde and flowers. Harriet has given me a very handsome plaid satin, a dark one, which is very gorgeous, handsomely made up with black lace; and that and my blue Paris gown, which I have only worn once, and the other blue and white sort of thing will set me up for the present. Jessie and Susan gave Fanny strict orders not to let me be shabby. (And a grand velvet shawl too.) Our gaieties were first going to the play, which Charles actually proposed to do himself but I am afraid it was only a little shewing off. It was the *Tempest*, and we all thought it very tiresome (I shall like plays I know still, notwithstanding). We also went to a party at Sir Robert Inglis's, who is the kindest of men and shook me by the hand "till our hearts were like to break," and I did not know when we could leave off again.

Another day we dined at the Aldersons and met a family of Sam Hoares. I thought I knew the young ladies' faces very well, and soon discovered that they had come over in the steam-boat with us. They all looked full of happiness

and goodness, as well as a brother of theirs, a young clergyman. The presence of so much goodness made Georgina feel very good too, for she was in the happiest state of affectation I ever saw.

I admire your little pasteur's daughter extremely, but I think she should have been a little more sorry for the baronet, though he was rich.

Mama is quite well. I must tell you what sort of a house ours is that you may fancy me. A front drawing-room with three windows, and a back one, rather smaller, with a cheerful look-out on a set of little gardens, which will be of great value to us in summer to take a mouthful of fresh air; and that will be our sitting-room for quietness' sake. It is furnished, but rather ugly. Goodbye, my dearest, no more room.

It was evident that in choosing their house they neither of them gave a thought to its looks. That it should be cheap and have the requisite number of rooms and be in a part of London where they wished to live were the sole considerations.

This house, 12, Upper Gower Street (afterwards 110, Gower Street), is now part of Shoolbred's premises. I well remember how my father often laughed over the ugliness of the furniture with which they began life. "Macaw Cottage" he christened the house in allusion to the gaudy colours of the walls and furniture.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Saturday Afternoon [29 *December*, 1838].

MY DEAR EMMA,

I am tired with having been all day at business work, but I cannot let a post go by without writing to tell you Gower Street is ours, yellow curtains and all. I have to-day paid some advance money, signed an agreement, and had the key given over to me, and the old woman informed me I was her master henceforth. . . . I long for the day when we shall enter the house together; how glorious it will be to see you seated by the fire of our own house. Oh,

that it were the 14th instead of the 24th. Good-bye, my own dear Emma.

I find I must wait in town till the latter end of next week, on account of the lease and paying the money, and suspect I must attend the Geolog. Soc. on the 9th, so my plans are hampered. But what does anything signify to the possessor of Macaw Cottage?

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Jan. 1, 1839. !! 12, UPPER GOWER STREET !!

MY DEAR EMMA,

Many thanks for your two most kind, dear, and affectionate letters, which I received this morning. I will finish this letter to-morrow. I sit down just to date and begin it, that I may enjoy the infinite satisfaction of writing to my own dear wife that is to be, the very first evening of my entering our house. After writing to you on Saturday evening I thought much of the happy future, and in consequence did not close my eyes till long past 2 o'clock, awoke at 5 and could not go to sleep—got up and set to work with the good resolution of spending a quiet day—about 11 o'clock found that would never do, so rang for Conington and said, "I am very sorry to spoil your Sunday, but begin packing up I must, as I cannot rest." "Pack up Sir, what for?" said Mr Conington with his eyes open with astonishment, as if it was the first notice he had received of my flitting. So we arranged some of the specimens of Natural History, but did no real packing up. I, however, sorted a multitude of papers. This morning however we began early and in earnest, and I may be allowed to boast, when I say that by half-past three we had two large vans full of goods, well and carefully packed. By six o'clock we had them all safely here. There is nothing left but some few dozen drawers of shells, which must be carried by hand. I was astounded, and so was Erasmus, at the bulk of my luggage, and the porters were even more so at the weight of those containing my Geological Specimens. There never

was so good a house for me, and I devoutly trust you will approve of it equally. The little garden is worth its weight in gold. About 8 o'clock the old lady here cooked me some eggs and bacon (as I had no dinner) and with some tea I felt supremely comfortable. How I wish my own dear lady had been here. My room is so quiet, that the contrast to Marlborough [Street] is as remarkable as it is delightful. It is now near 9, and I will write no more, as I am thoroughly tired in the legs, but wish you a good night, my own good dear Emma, C. D.

Tuesday morning. Once more I must thank you for your letters, which I have just read. I have been busy at work all morning, and have made my own room quite charming, so comfortable. The only difficulty is that I have not things *enough ! !* to put in all the drawers and corners. . . .

I can neither write nor think about anything but the house, I am in such spirits at our good fortune. Erasmus & Co. used to be always talking of the immense advantage of Chester Square being so near the Park. Would you believe it I find by the compasses we are as near, within 100 yards of Regent's Park as Chester Square is to Green Park. I quite agree with you that this house is far pleasanter than Gordon Square. In two more days I shall be quite settled, and this change from mental [to] bodily work, will I do not doubt rest me, so that I trust to be able to finish my Glenroy Paper and enjoy my country Holiday with a clear conscience.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Wednesday Evening, ATHENÆUM [2 *Jan.*, 1839].

MY DEAR EMMA,

After a good day's work, here am I sitting very comfortably, and feeling just that degree of lassitude which a man enjoys after a day's shooting terminated by an excellent dinner. All my goods are in their proper places, and one of the front attics (henceforward to be

called the Museum) is quite filled, but holds everything very well. I walked for half-an-hour in the garden to-day and much enjoyed the advantage of so easily getting a mouthful of air. Erasmus's dinner yesterday was a very pleasant one: Carlyle was in high force, and talked away most steadily; to my mind Carlyle is the best worth listening to of any man I know. The Hensleighs were there and were very pleasant also. Such society, I think, is worth all other and more brilliant kinds many times over. I find I cannot by any exertion get up the due amount of admiration for Mrs Carlyle: I do not know whether you find it so, but I am not able to understand half the words she speaks, from her Scotch pronunciation. She certainly is very far from natural; or to use the expression Hensleigh so often quotes, she is not an unconscious person. . . .

I long for the hour of inducting you into the glory, I dare not say comfort, of Gower Street. I wish I could make the drawing-room look as comfortable as my own studio: but I daresay a fire will temporarily make things better, but the day of some signal reform must come, otherwise our taste in harmonious colours will assuredly be spoilt for the rest of our lives. . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Sunday Night, 12, UPPER GOWER STREET,
MY DEAR EMMA, [7 *Jan.*, 1839].

I have just returned from my little dinner at the Lyells' in which I did some geology and some *scrattle* about coal and coal-merchants. You will say it was high time, for when I came in and began to poke the fire, Margaret said, "You must take care, Sir, there is only one lump left for to-night and to-morrow morning. . . ."

You will say that the house is too good when you hear that I have lost all wish of going beyond the limits of the spacious and beautiful garden. To-day, however, it rained so heavily that I had my walk in the drawing-room. With a little judgment we shall make the room comfortable, I

can see. I have been trying the plan of working for an hour before breakfast, and find it succeeds admirably. I jump up (following Sir W. Scott's rule, for, as he says, once turn on your side and all is over), at 8, and breakfast at 10, so that I get rather more than an hour, and begin again at 11 quite fresh. You see I quote Sir W. Scott. I am reading in the evenings at the Athenæum his life, and am in the sixth volume. I never read anything so interesting as his diary, and yet somehow I do not feel much reverence, or even affection towards him, excepting to be sure, when he is talking about Johnnie, his grandson. I am well off for books, for I have a second in hand there almost more interesting, and that is poor Mungo Park's travels, which I never read before. It is enough to make one angry to think that having escaped once, he would return again: and yet to a man possessing the coolness under danger which Park had, I can fancy nothing so intensely interesting as exploring such a wonderful country: it is a strange mixture our love of excitement and tranquillity. . . .

I wish the awful day was over. I am not very tranquil when I think of the procession: it is very awesome. By the bye, I am glad to say the 24th is on a Thursday, so we shall not be married on an unlucky day. I have been very extravagant and ordered a great many new clothes. Mr Stewart wanted me to have a blue coat and white trousers, but I vowed I would only put on clothes in which I could travel away decently. I want you very much to come and take charge of the purse strings as I have already bought several things which I do not much want. . . .

You tell me to mention when I received your last letter: it came on Friday, the day after it was written.—Good night and good-bye, my dearest.

Monday morning. Fanny has just called. She has made enquiries about the cook, whom Sarah recommended, and has decided she is the best, and therefore has agreed to take her at £14. 14. 0. per year with tea and sugar.

The Hensleighs have strongly urged me to send the odious yellow curtains to the dyers at once, and have them stained

very pale drab, slate, or grey colour: Now will you send me word by return of post whether you would like me to do so and choose to trust to my taste and that of the Dyers, or whether you choose to wait till after our marriage. . . .

The marriage was fixed for January 29th, 1839, at Maer. Charles made one hurried visit there in the middle of January, and on his return to Gower Street, wrote:

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Sunday Night, ATHENÆUM [20 *Jan.*, 1839].

. . . I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my Maer visit, I felt in anticipation my future tranquil life: how I do hope you may be as happy as I know I shall be: but it frightens me, as often as I think of what a family you have been one of. I was thinking this morning how it came that I, who am fond of talking and am scarcely ever out of spirits, should so entirely rest my notions of happiness on quietness and a good deal of solitude. But I believe the explanation is very simple. It is that during the five years of my voyage (and indeed I may add these two last), which from the active manner in which they have been passed may be said to be the commencement of my real life, the whole of my pleasure was derived from what passed in my mind while admiring views by myself, travelling across the wild deserts or glorious forests, or pacing the deck of the poor little *Beagle* at night. Excuse this much egotism, I give it you because I think you will humanize me, and soon teach me there is greater happiness than building theories and accumulating facts in silence and solitude. My own dearest Emma, I earnestly pray you may never regret the great, and I will add very good deed, you are to perform on *the* Tuesday. My own dear future wife, God bless you.

I will not be solemn any more, but will tell you of an addition to our plate-room, which is to astonish all Gower Street. My good old friend Herbert, sent me a very nice

little note, with a massive silver weapon, which he called a Forficula (the Latin for an earwig) and which I thought was to catch hold of soles and flounders, but Erasmus tells me, is for asparagus—so that two dishes are settled for our first dinner, namely soup and asparagus. . . .

The Lyells called on me to-day after church, as Lyell was so full of Geology he was obliged to disgorge; and I dine there on Tuesday for an especial conference. I was quite ashamed of myself to-day, for we talked for half-an-hour unsophisticated Geology, with poor Mrs Lyell sitting by, a monument of patience. I want *practice* in ill-treating the female sex. I did not observe Lyell had any compunction; I hope to harden my conscience in time: few husbands seem to find it difficult to effect this.

Since my return I have taken several looks, as you will readily believe, into the drawing-room. I suppose my taste in harmonious colours is already deteriorated, for I declare the room begins to look less ugly. I take so much pleasure in the house, I declare I am just like a great overgrown child with a new toy; but then, not like a real child, I long to have a co-partner and possessor.

Charles Darwin to Emma Wedgwood.

Saturday, SHREWSBURY [26 *Jan.*, 1839].

. . . The house is in such a bustle, that I do not know what I write. I have got the ring, which is the most important piece of news I have to tell. My two last days in London, when I wanted to have most leisure, were rendered very uncomfortable by a bad headache, which continued two days and two nights, so that I doubted whether it ever meant to go and allow me to be married. The railroad yesterday, however, quite cured me. Before I came to Maer last time, I was eager in my mind for the advantage of going straight home after the awful ceremony. You, however, made me just as determined on the advantages of not going straight home, and now your last letter (for which I return you thanks, for being so good a girl as to

write) has just put me half way between the two plans. This will give you hopes of my being a very docile husband, thus to have become twice an absolute convert to your scheme. I settled the matter by telling the housemaid to have fires lighted on Tuesday, and if we did not come then to have them Wednesday, so that you may decide precisely as you please at any moment you please. I went as near a falsehood as any honest man could do, by pretending to deliberate and saying in a very hesitating voice, "You need not have a fire on Monday," by which anyone would suppose we were to be married on that morning. Whether I took them in I do not know. . . .

CHAPTER II

1839

The wedding at Maer—Caroline's baby dies—Life at Gower Street—Hensleigh becomes Registrar of Cabs—Elizabeth gives up the Sunday-school—Charles and Emma's first visit to Maer—Their child born Dec. 27, 1839—My mother's character.

CHARLES DARWIN and Emma Wedgwood were married on Tuesday, the 29th January, 1839, at Maer Church. The wedding was perfectly quiet, and they went at once to Upper Gower Street.

Emma Darwin to her mother.

GOWER STREET, *Thursday* [*Jan.* 31, 1839].

MY DEAR MAMMA,

It was quite a relief to me to find on coming out of Church on Tuesday that you were still asleep, which spared you and me the pain of parting, though it is only for a short time. So now we have only the pleasure of looking forward to our next meeting. We ate our sandwiches with grateful hearts for all the care that was taken of us, and the bottle of water was the greatest comfort. The house here was blazing with fires and looked very comfortable and we are getting to think the furniture quite tasteful. Yesterday we went in a fly to buy an arm-chair, but it was so slippery and snowy we did not do much. We picked up some novels at the library. To-day I suspect we shall not go out as it is snowing at a great rate. I have been facing the Cook in her own region to-day, and found fault with the boiling of the potatoes, which I thought would make a good beginning and set me up a little. On

Monday or Tuesday we are going to give our first dinner-party to the Hensleighs and Erasmus. I hope the H.'s will sleep here, we shall see them so much more comfortably. I came away full of love and gratitude to all the dear affectionate faces I left behind me. They are too many to particularize. Tell my dear Eliz. I long to hear from her. Nothing can be too minute from dear home. I was very sorry to leave Caroline so uneasy and looking so unwell. I am impatient to hear of her and the baby. I don't know how to express affection enough to my dear, kind Papa. but he will take it upon trust.

Good-bye, my dearest Mamma,

Your affectionate and very happy daughter,

E. D.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Fanny Allen.

MY DEAR FANNY, MAER, *Friday, Feb.* 1, 1839.

I have no heart to write you an account of the wedding, it has had such a sad sequel. Yesterday Caroline lost her poor baby . . . She is as miserable as anyone can be, but she exerts herself very much, and I think the best thing to counterbalance her own grief will be her anxiety about Jos. Of course the chief part of his feeling is for her, but he often cannot command himself when he is sitting with her, and is obliged to leave the room. She came into my mother's room to see us two hours after its death, which I took exceedingly kindly of her, and came into the drawing-room this evening to see my mother again and Charles [Langton] whom she had not seen. She does her utmost not to yield, but she is very unwell and I never felt greater pity for anyone in my life. It is quite affecting to see poor dear Jos's face and hear his depressed voice. The Dr [Dr Darwin] came yesterday at 5, and C. had a good deal of comfort in talking over everything with him, the more so, I have no doubt, from the exceeding interest he has always taken in the poor little thing. The funeral is to be to-morrow—Susan and Charlotte, as well as my

father, will attend. They will go to Fenton in the evening and Susan will go there on Monday, which I am as glad of for Jos's sake (who seems to find her the greatest comfort) as for C.'s. It will make him not so unwilling to go as usual to his employment—but what poor Caroline will find to do I cannot think; for the last so many months the thoughts of this precious child and the preparations for it have occupied her in an intense way that I never saw in anyone else. But I will write no more on this sad subject.

We had such a happy and sweet little letter from Emma to-day that neither my father nor mother could read it without tears. . . . The ceremony was got through very stout-heartedly, and then there was not much more time but for Em. to change her clothes and pack her wedding bonnet and sit a little by the dining-room fire with Charlotte and me before she set off, and I did not much mind anything but just the last. It is no small happiness to have had such a companion of my life for so long; since the time she could speak, I have never had one moment's pain [from] her, and a share of daily pleasure such as few people have it in their power to shed around them. I am more afraid of my father's missing her than my mother. They had not to be sure a great deal of talk together, but her sunny face will leave a vacancy. . . .

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GOWER STREET, *Saturday* [2 *Feb.*, 1839].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Your letter was indeed a shock, and one quite unexpected by me, though not so much so for Charles, as Susan had told him how much alarmed she was at the baby's looks. Poor dear Caroline what fortitude she has. To-day they are returning home and a miserable return it will be. I could not believe what was coming when I read your letter.

My dear sweet Elizabeth, how I do thank you for your

love for me. I have been wishing to tell you that though my own selfish happiness filled my thoughts so much, I never forgot what your dear affectionate heart would feel in losing me, and I am afraid there are many little troubles or discomforts that I helped a little to lighten to you. In your case I never could have behaved as you did; and don't think I am complimenting myself, for I am sure you would miss a sister very much, if she only loved you half as well as I do you. The time will fly very quick before our Maer visit.

On Thursday, Charles and I did some shopping, which he professes rather to like, and I bought my morning gown, a sort of clarety-brown satin turque, very unobjectionable. And then we went slopping through the melted snow to Broadwood's, where we tried the pianoforte which had Mr Stevens[1] name written in it, and it sounded beautiful as far as we could judge. If you were virtuous perhaps you would write a note to Mr Stevens to say that I like it particularly in every way, and never heard a P. F. I admired more. We hope to have it home to-day. Yesterday we trudged out again, and half-ruined ourselves at the plate shop, and in the evening we actually went to the play, which Charles thinks will look very well in the eyes of the world. . . .

I am cockered up and spoilt as much as heart can wish and I *do* think, though you and Char. may keep this to yourself, that there is not so affectionate an individual as the one in question to be found anywhere else. After this candid and impartial opinion I say no more. I am so glad my dear Mama was comfortable all about the wedding. Give her my best love and to Papa and Charlotte. I wish I had Fortunatus's cap to come and curl my hair over that dear old fire with you and Charlotte. I did so enjoy my walks and talks with Charlotte. Good-bye, my dearest.

EM. D.

[1] The Rev. Thomas Stevens, founder and first Warden of Bradfield College. He married Caroline Tollet.

The piano mentioned above was her father's present to her. I remember it well in its handsome mahogany case; it kept its beauty of tone longer than any later piano. For the sake of quiet they lived, grand piano and all, in the smallish back room looking on the garden, which smoky though it was, was a great boon to their country souls.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her daughter Emma Darwin.

MAER, *February* 4 [1839].

A thousand thanks to you, dearest Emma, for your delightful letter which from the cheerful happy tone of it drew tears of pleasure from my old eyes. I am truly thankful to find you so happy, and still more so that you are sensible of it, and I pray heaven that this may only be the beginning of a life full of peace and tranquillity. My affection for Charles is much increased by considering him as the author of all your comfort, and I enjoy the thoughts of your tasty curtains and your arm-chairs, hoping your Piano is by this time added to them. Mr Stevens is now below, strumming away upon our old affair, and I hope the girls have told him that you like the one he has fixed upon for you. . . .

I have had excellent nights, and have escaped my morning sicknesses for a good many days. These are among my present blessings for which I am very thankful. I can write no more except tender love to Charles and to the Hensleighs and thanks for your letter to Elizabeth. I hope to have another happy letter from you soon. God bless you, my ever dear, you will have no difficulty in believing me your affectionate "Mum,"

E. WEDGWOOD.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MAER, *Monday Night, February* 4 [1839].

MY DEAREST EMMA,

I can hardly tell you how your affectionate expressions go to my heart. I have felt them too sacred to read them to anybody but Charlotte, and only part to

her, tho' she is very comfortable and very sympathising. We have just had a long talk over my fire, for this is the only quiet and private time I can find to write to you in. I do not however deserve your compliment, for it was only sometimes that I minded much beforehand the thoughts of losing you. The wedding was a sort of thing always in view to intercept one's attention. I have minded the reality more than I expected, but that will not last. and I shall doubly enjoy the piece of your society I shall get, now I shall not have it all. I shall be obliged to practise more decision of character now I have not you to help me to settle everything great and small. I have always felt ashamed of the compliments in the letters to my unselfishness, for what mother ever was not rejoiced at a daughter's making a happy marriage, and people look on it as a thing of course. And so it is, though there are not many daughters or sisters have so many qualities for making those they live with happy. I think indeed Susan runs you hard. She is gone to-day to Fenton, where she will stay all the week at least, and she will be of the greatest comfort to Jos at any rate.

You have had your dinner-party to-day and I dare say Charles looked very proud to have you at the head of his table. I found Mary, the night before last, sitting by my fire crying over a poem she had cut out of the paper, "The Bride's farewell to her Parents," dated the 29th of January too. There really were many pretty thoughts in it.

My father says he should like to have a drawing of you, which I am very glad of. Is Mr Richmond come back? I don't know whether Mr Holmes is better than him or not, I rather think he is tho'.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GOWER STREET, *Tuesday, February* 5 [1839].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I can't remember what we did on Saturday, except walking about a good deal and meeting a pianoforte van in

Gower Street, to which Charles shouted to know whether it was coming to No. 12, and learnt to our great satisfaction that it was. Besides its own merits, it makes the room look so much more comfortable, and we expect Hensleigh and Fanny to be struck dumb to-day at our beautiful appearance. I have given Charles a large dose of music every evening.

To-day we feel much excited with the thoughts of our first dinner-party, turkey and "vitings" if you wish to know. The blue wall looks much better now we have a few prints and drawings hung up. . . .

I long for some news of poor Caroline. Write quite openly, for I shall keep your letters to myself, and only read aloud parts. I hope Charlotte will write to me one of these days. Give my best love to my dear Mamma and Papa. I hope some of you have complimented Allen on the way he did the service.

Good-bye, my dear Eliz.

Emma Darwin to her mother.

GOWER STREET, *Thursday* [*8th Feb.*, 1839].

MY DEAREST MAMMA,

I cannot tell you how pleased I was to see your dear handwriting and how much I thank you for writing me such a nice long letter. I shall always preserve it with great care. I was very glad to find you have had such comfortable nights. I will now go back to my annals. On Tuesday . . . Hensleigh came in, quite agitated with happiness at having obtained this registrarship.[1] It is such a wonderful piece of good fortune I could hardly believe it; and it is given him in such a gratifying way, without any testimonials or bothering of anybody. I should like to know whether it is all Lord John Russell's doing, or whether Lady Holland has had any hand in it. She has been very civil lately and sent them 2 dozen apples, &c. Hensleigh

[1] Registration of cabs, an office of less emolument and importance than the magistracy he had given up.

does not think it will be at all a hard place. He will be employed from 10 till 4, about four days a week. Fanny's maids have been very uneasy at the shortness of our housemaid and are afraid that she is not tall enough to tie my gown. She is about the size of Betty Slaney, so I hope Fanny set their minds at ease on that point. Our dinner went off very well, though Erasmus tells us it was a base imitation of the Marlborough Street dinners, and certainly the likeness was very striking. But when the plum-pudding appeared he knocked under, and confessed himself conquered very humbly. And then Edward is such a perfect Adonis in his best livery that he is quite a sight. Fanny and Hensleigh slept here, and Hensleigh went the next morning to the office. Catherine has very considerately sent us a Shrewsbury paper that we may see ourselves in print, and as she drew us up she has all an author's feelings on the subject. Charles is not quite used to my honours yet, as he took up a letter to me the other day and could not conceive who Mrs C. Darwin could mean. He has set to his work in good earnest now. The Lyells have called and we were rather sorry to miss them. Yesterday we settled to sit up in state till four o'clock, to see all the crowds who should come, but there only came two callers. We then walked in the Regent's Park and were caught in the rain, which agitated us both a good deal for fear of spoiling my best bonnet. It however was none the worse. I am very much pleased that Papa wants a drawing of me. I don't know whether Mr Richmond is come back. I will go and get it done when you have settled who is best.

Charles desires his best love to you. Will you tell Mary, with my love, that I forgot to tell her about Pitman's Lectures, which I wish her to have as a Keepsake from me, and Elizabeth is to get it bound for her.

My mother told me that when they came to London it was considered impossible not to keep a man-servant, though they would have been much happier with only women-servants.

Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood to Mrs Marsh at Boulogne.

4, CLIFTON TERRACE, NOTTING HILL,
February 13th [1839].

. . . Your New Year's wishes and hopes do indeed seem now like prophetic anticipations, my dear Anne. . . . I must tell you how surprised we have been at this proof of Ld. John's good sense and discrimination, and we hear from Lady Holland that he mentioned his intentions of offering it as soon as the vacancy was known to him, and since has written a very pretty letter to Hensleigh to that effect. It is only to be £500 a year, so we shall not be extremely rich, and my year's practice in economy will be very useful. . . .

You will hear from Mr Marsh that Emma is established in her new home; and most comfortable and snug they looked the only day we have as yet broke in on them. Yesterday they dined here for the first time. Emma is looking very pretty and unanxious, and I suppose there are not many two people happier than she and Charles. I want to know and hear what *effect* she makes in the London world, if the word can be applied to such simplicity and transparency, and [to one] who has so little notion of making an effect. They made their first appearance in the world at Dr Holland's, where they had a very pleasant day, Hibberts, Coltmans, &c. We have been unusually dissipated also of late in the evening party line, and Mr Rogers has been taking us up, I can't think why, inviting us to breakfast and a party, and coming out here to present me with a lovely copy of his poems. We met a little collection of blue ladies, H. Martineau, Mrs Austin,[1] Mrs Marcet, &c., which is I believe quite a new line for him. Mrs Austin is much found fault with for being too aristocratic; since she has gone to Mayfair they say she only frequents parties of the highest distinction. . . .

[1] Wife of John Austin, philosophical jurist. She was one of the Taylors of Norwich, translator and author of various works, a beauty, and mother of the beautiful Lady Duff Gordon.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MAER, *Sunday Morning* [3 *March*, 1839].

MY DEAR EMMA,

It is really quite luxurious of a Sunday morning to find myself with nothing to do.[1] I am beginning this letter to you purely to say how pleasant it is. I feel so idle I can hardly sit to anything else. How much obliged I am to the beggars for their singular and generous forbearance in not coming near one of a Sunday, for I cannot imagine any other motive but kind consideration for me in that piece of self-denial of theirs, which is clearly so much against their own interest. About five-and-twenty years I have had the unsatisfactory bother of that school, and I hope I have done with it for life. The other school is not likely to be very orderly; but I think the children learn, and I mean to try what some switching of fingers, steadily administered to Tommy and Billy Philips will do. If it does not succeed they must be turned out. The only time I miss you much is in my room at night. I keep on my fire, and have got a table full of books, but it will feel at present that you are gone. Very soon, I hope, it will begin to feel that you are coming. Good-bye, my dear Em. It is the greatest pleasure that can be, your letters.

I well remember my aunt Elizabeth teaching in the little school she set up close to her Sussex home where she moved after her parents' death. There she went regularly every morning for an hour or two. Her delight in giving up the Maer school makes one appreciate more what the effort and self-sacrifice must have been in this later work. The mention of beggars brings up a sad part of her life. She let herself be preyed upon by all kinds of worthless people and impostors, and must have done harm, as well as much good.

[1] Elizabeth appears to have given up teaching the Sunday-school this spring.

Charlotte Langton to her sister Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA, [ONIBURY, *March*, 1839].

I think it will be a very good plan for your and Elizth.'s letters to be made to do double duty, and save you both a good deal of repetition; and it will serve my purpose very well too, for I sometimes feel it absolutely necessary to give a sign of life when I have not wherewithal to fill a sheet or half a sheet, and on those occasions it will be a great relief to me to have a letter to hook on to. Elizabeth seems to enjoy her Sundays very much. Her pity is thrown away upon me, our Sunday-School is so short. Religion and virtue is all that I mean to teach, other things being taught at the day school. But as at the end of half-an-hour I find those topics totally exhausted, I am obliged to resort to a little reading, and a great relief it is. . . .

Fanny Allen to Mrs Marsh at Boulogne.

MY DEAR ANNE, TENBY, *March 5th* [1839].

Your letter has been with me, as a companion, for nearly six weeks, watching for a quiet couple of hours that I might tell you what pleasure your warm and affectionate measure of me gives me. I feel myself of greater value from your opinion of me. I believe praise, after the age of vanity, is of great use to character, by raising your own standard, for it must be a natural feeling not to betray the opinion those whom you value greatly have formed of you. Continue to love me, dear Anne, and I will try not to lose an affection so dear to me. Since I wrote last, indeed since you wrote, how much the Wedgwoods have enjoyed and suffered! Poor Caroline's sorrow is I am afraid yet green. . . .

Elizth. has suffered from the loss of Emma more than she expected I fancy—her joy at Emma's happy prospects, while I was there, kept her from falling back on herself and thinking of her loss, but that time must have come.

Emma is as happy as possible, as she has always been—there never was a person born under a happier star than she, her feelings are the most healthful possible; joy and sorrow are felt by her in their due proportions, nothing robs her of the enjoyment that happy circumstances would naturally give. Her account of her life with Charles Darwin and in her new *ménage* is very pleasant. . . .

I have been long convinced that it is for the happiness of children that they should not have amusements or pleasures too readily or they become none; a healthful poverty is the atmosphere of both a good education and happiness for children. Two of the happiest families I know are those whose amusements could not be purchased if they would—there is a curse on all that is bought in that way. My two examples enjoyed more real pleasure than those whom I knew had what they coveted immediately; they were always devouring the amusements of the age in advance, and at 16 and 17 they were *ennuied* and *blasé*. I have heard many people regret [the want of] riches for their children's sake, when I felt the conviction that a blessing attended the want. You are a very happy mother, and I have no doubt you are a more affectionate mother by being from circumstances brought in closer contact with your children; and they again must gain immensely by this, so whatever your loss is, they have gained, I am convinced, by your fall in fortune.[1]

I did not see Sydney Smith while I was in town, so I must have expressed myself ill, but what pleased me as a token of his remembrance, was receiving an affectionate little note from him, hearing I was at the Aldersons. You have seen his little pamphlet against the ballot, he says everything that can be said against it, but I am not of his opinion, and he does not touch the moral part of it. If you give a political right to poor people you should secure that

[1] Mr Marsh's father was the sleeping and senior partner in the banking house of Marsh, Sibbald and Co. This Bank was ruined by the managing partner, Fauntleroy, the famous forger. He was tried for his misdeeds, and hung in 1824. Mr Marsh senior resigned every penny he possessed to meet the liabilities of the Bank.

the use of it does not injure them, otherwise do not give it them. Macaulay is our great man, I believe; the article you mention of his is an excellent one. I am reading Sismondi's French History and I am glad to find it very interesting and pleasant reading; he is an honest writer, that loves the mass of mankind, and you see his character in every page. I am so glad to like what he writes, and to like himself, indeed, so much better than I ever expected to do at one time. This is probably owing to both our characters being mitigated. He has as great a dislike and fear of radicalism as you have—this is a change in him. In this country the radicals, as they call them, maintain in politics the moral questions, and while that is the case, I cannot help being of their opinion. [Does your brother Stamford] mean to settle at Linley ? If he lives there he must marry and re-people it again, or the shades of the past will make it a too painful residence. How pretty the little wood was covered with blue-bells in Spring ! but then you and your sisters lighted the place up with a glory that I shall not soon see again.

Adieu, my dear Anne, you never gave me cause to forgive you for any neglect. From a busy person, such as you are, with children that required your constant time, I could not and did not expect answers to my letters. I found you always the same when I saw you, and it was by that I took the measure of your affection. Give my kind love to all your girls,

Ever yours most tenderly,

F. ALLEN.

Emma Darwin to her sister Charlotte Langton.

GOWER STREET, *Friday* [15 *March*, 1839].

My Charles has been very unwell since Sunday. We went to church at King's College and found the church not warmed, and not more than half-a-dozen people in it, and he was so very cold that I believe it was that which has made him so unwell. We had Ellen Tollet to dine with us

yesterday and go to the play, and I think it has cured Charles; at least he is much better to-day, and he was very much interested and clapped and applauded with all his heart. It was the new play of *Richelieu*, and it was a pleasant sight to see the pit crammed full of people listening with all their ears. It is an interesting play and very well acted, but Macready tottered and made himself too old; and it was quite ridiculous when he was called for at the end of the play he came tottering on, though not so much as when he was acting.

I must tell you of our domestic troubles. I have a great desire to part with the cook, and yet have no fault to find with her but a general feeling that she is too cute, and is rather making the most of us. I particularly wish not to find out any dishonesty, that I may be able to give her a character, and so I shall take courage to-morrow and tell her she does not suit, and I hope she will take it quietly and not require any explanation. Susan has heard of somebody she thinks will do, and it will be quite refreshing to have a countrified woman. I have rather a desire to send off the housemaid too, but I have really no fault to find with her but being vulgar and plain, and as she is really a very good servant, it would be foolish, for a whim I suppose.

I expect Charles to get quite fond of the theatre, but as to dinners and parties he gets worse I think, and I don't care how few dinners we go to either. Drinking wine disagrees with him, and it is so tiresome not drinking that he can't resist one glass. Next week we dine at Dulwich and go to Blagrove's concert, which I am afraid will be a great deal too deep for Charles.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GOWER STREET, *Good-Friday* [29 *March*, 1839].

. . . Thank you for your letter which came to-day. I forgot to mention the basket. All the poultry was quite fresh and Fanny says the turkey was excellent, and Maer tongues are quite as superior as Hartfield pork. On Thursday

Mr Sedgwick[1] called and was very pleasant; there is something remarkably fresh and odd about him. The Henslows[2] come on Monday, and Charles is much more alarmed at the thought of them than I am. On Monday the Lyells dine with us; Tuesday we shall leave open for any public amusement they may like to go to; Wednesday they dine at the Lyells; and Thursday we all dine at Dr Fitton's, if they stay so long, so we have plenty of things cut out for them. The cook is pretty good so I am not afraid about the dinners.

Snow was rather naughty one day here, so after they were gone to bed and she had been repentant, Fanny heard her say to Bro., "Oh Bro., I can't bear it, turn your face towards me, kiss me, Bro." So Bro. cautiously asked, "Is your face wet with tears?" However he turned and kissed her which seemed to give her great comfort.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

UPPER GOWER STREET, *Tuesday, April* 2, 1839.

. . . I must tell you how our learned party went off yesterday. Mr and Mrs Henslow came at four o'clock and she, like a discreet woman, went up to her room till dinner. The rest of the company consisted of Mr and Mrs Lyell and Leonora Horner, Dr Fitton and Mr Robert Brown.[3] We had some time to wait before dinner for Dr Fitton, which is always awful, and, in my opinion, Mr Lyell is enough to flatten a party, as he never speaks above his breath, so that everybody keeps lowering their tone to his. Mr

[1] Rev. Adam Sedgwick (1785—1873), Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Woodwardian Professor of Geology and afterwards Canon of Norwich. My father was taken by him on a geological tour. He tells how Sedgwick sent him to make independent observations, and adds: "I have little doubt he did this for my good, as I was too ignorant to have aided him."

[2] The Rev. John Stevens Henslow (1796—1861), Professor of Botany at Cambridge. My father, who was one of his favourite pupils, tells how, as an undergraduate, he was awestruck at the amount of his knowledge, and yet perfectly at ease with him, owing to his transparent sincerity of character and kindness of heart.

[3] W. H. Fitton (1780—1861), physician and geologist. Robert Brown (1773—1858), botanist.

Brown, whom Humboldt calls "the glory of Great Britain," looks so shy, as if he longed to shrink into himself and disappear entirely; however, notwithstanding those two dead weights, viz., the greatest botanist and the greatest geologist in Europe, we did very well and had no pauses. Mrs Henslow has a good, loud, sharp voice which was a great comfort, and Mrs Lyell has a very constant supply of talk. Mr Henslow was very glad to meet Mr Brown, as the two great botanists had a great deal to say to each other. Charles was dreadfully exhausted when it was over, and is only as well as can be expected to-day. There never were easier guests than the Henslows, as he has taken himself off all day, and she is gone out in a fly to pay calls, and Charles and I have been walking in the garden. He is rather ashamed of himself for finding his dear friends such a burden. Mr Henslow is so very nice and comfortable that it is a pleasure to look at him. It is said of him that he never wishes to eat, but always eats everything offered to him. The dinner was very good. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MAER, *Tuesday Night* [11 *April*, 1839].

. . . To-morrow month you will be here which will soon be here; and the fortnight, alas! soon gone, but then there will be your visit in August to look forward to next, and my run up to you sometime.

I went and had a good batch of gardening after the Hollands were gone, planting a great patch of crocuses, in imitation of Shrewsbury, in the grass, and sowing seeds; till at last a feeling took me by surprise that I was doing it all alone and for nobody else to take any interest in, and I took a fit of sadness, which, however, will not come again, for one really does take interest in the plants for their own sakes, and one likes gardening like any other art for its own sake. Moreover the little Spring bed is very gay and pretty. It has been a real bright day to-day though with an east wind still. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, *Wednesday, 5 June* [1839].

. . . I have been enjoying three weeks of Emma's company. She and Charles stayed a fortnight here, and I went on with them to Shrewsbury, Eliza [Wedgwood] kindly taking my place here meanwhile; and the feeling that she was procuring me a great pleasure, and the retirement, made her, I think, quite enjoy her week. It was agreed by all the members of the colony that Emma's time was so short she could not be spared to divide any of it amongst them away from Maer, and that they would all come and see her here, so that we had the whole of her visit. It was rather spoilt by Charles being so unwell almost the whole time of his stay in the country, and Emma not very well herself. Charles got some of his father's good doctoring and is much better again, but I suppose he is feeling the effect of too much exertion in every way during his voyage and must be careful not to work his head too hard now. His journal is come out at last along with two other thick volumes of Capt. Fitzroy and Capt. King of the same voyage, but I have not had time to read it yet. It is a great pleasure to see Emma so entirely happy in her lot, with the most affectionate husband possible, upon whom none of her pleasant qualities are thrown away, who delights in her music, and admires her dress. I quite agreed with all your good advice to her on that head, and I even mean to dress well myself, now the credit of the family rests on me.

You do give me some very nice doses of poison, dearest Jessie, if I believed anything about them except that you love me—but of the rest of what you say so beautifully, I hope I do feel most gratefully the truth. There cannot be a happier or easier task than making the lives comfortable of my father and mother. There never were people who gave so much and required so little. Indeed it often makes me ashamed and touches me very tenderly to see my father get up to pay me some little kind attention that would

come so much more appropriately from me to him. We have very seldom been only our own selves since Emma went. Now I have had these three weeks of her company, I feel satisfied and think no more of her loss, and have got rid of the fits of sadness that would take me sometimes unawares. The Hensleighs are coming down the end of this month, and Hensleigh will return to town after bringing them down, and I then mean to run up with him and see Emma in her own house for ten days or so. The Hensleighs have just taken a house four doors only from Emma, which Emma very much likes. She will find it a great comfort, for they are neither of them idle people to fall into the error of running in and out at all hours. Charles goes to his own room to work after breakfast till two o'clock, so that Emma has a good deal of time to herself in the mornings, which I should think very comfortable.

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood to her husband in Gower Street.

MY DEAR JOS, MAER, *Wednesday, Dec.* 11*th*, 1839.

I need not I am sure tell you how glad I was to receive your letter yesterday, giving so good a report of your journey and of the outlyers in London.

We have not rejoiced in your absence nor "rode Towzer," because you are away, and the only visitors I have had have been my little birds, who have found out my store of suet. The principal is one Greater Titmouse, who had nearly usurped the whole bracket and is so pugnacious that he presents arms whenever one of the other little birds presumes to show himself on the bracket. Jessie [Wedgwood] is a most welcome as well as agreeable third; she came on Saturday, bringing with her the kind offering of a little pig and I hope she will stay till we are tired of her. Elizabeth gave me a fright last night by taking a hot bottle to bed, lest it should burst and scald her, but I got reassured by hearing that you used one almost every night without injury, and I slept my usual good night.

I have two commissions for you, the first to buy some Dutch beef for grating; the second, a Magic Lantern to make my court to the darlings here. You may bring these two articles with you or send them by Elizabeth.

Ever yours, my dear Jos,

E. W.

Elizabeth went up to be with Emma for the birth of her first child, which took place on Dec. 27th, 1839. Their mother wrote:

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, MAER HALL, *December* 28, 1839.

I received your letter of good news yesterday with great joy. It cost me a good cry, but such tears are precious and I was very happy while shedding them. Remember my love and blessing to both parents of the welcome stranger, who will, I hope, be as great a comfort to them as their predecessors have been to us. We have been guessing at his name and have guessed Robert. So no more from your affectionate mother, as Fanny has been so kind as to promise a little gossip of her own in addition to this. Ever yours, my dearest Elizabeth,

E. WEDGWOOD.

This is the last of Bessy's letters in the Maer collection. The handwriting is so changed from the beautiful penmanship of the earlier letters, that no one would know they were by the same hand.

William Erasmus was an immense joy to both his parents. My father took an unusual delight in his babies, and we have all a vivid memory of him as the most inspiriting of playfellows. Emma, as mother, was all that was tender and comfortable. Her sympathy, and the serenity of her temper, made her children feel absolutely at their ease with her, and sure of comfort in every trouble great or small, whilst her unselfishness made them know that she would never find anything a burden, and that they could go to her with all the many little needs of a child for help or explanation. Our elder cousin, Julia Wedgwood, said that in our house the only place where you might be sure of

not meeting a child, was the nursery. Many a time, even during my father's working hours, was a sick child tucked up on his sofa, to be quiet, and safe, and soothed by his presence.

My mother had ten children and suffered much from ill-health and discomforts during those years. Many of her children were delicate and difficult to rear, and three died. My father was often seriously ill and always suffering, so that her life was full of care, anxiety, and hard work. But she was supported by her perfect union with him, and by the sense that she made every minute of every weary hour more bearable to him. And though her life could not but be anxious and laborious, I think it will be seen by her letters that it was happy as well as blessed.

I give here, at the outset of her married life, the best picture I have been able to draw of her character. It must, however, be kept in mind that I am thinking of a much later time, as my memories of her are naturally more vivid in her later-middle and old age.

These old letters speak of her as gay and merry, and I have been told by old friends of hers that she had the charm of abounding life and high spirits. When I remember her as she was in my childhood, it is as serene but somewhat grave. The jokes and the merriment would all come from my father. One can realise how heavy was the burden of anxiety borne by her so calmly, from seeing what deep effect it produced on her character.

Her charm is difficult to describe, but all who knew her well, felt its power. Acquaintances at first sometimes strangely misunderstood what she was, and felt awed, before she spoke, by a certain reserved gravity in her expression. Of one thing I am sure,—that she was naturally good. I mean that I have known those who impress one as having conquered their evil tendencies, but with her there seemed no evil to conquer. Therefore, though she was the most unselfish person I have ever known, there was no trace in her character of the self-suppression which is often found in those who have had to struggle for unselfishness. Her tastes, her dislikes, her whims even, were all vivid and vividly expressed, and her unselfishness did not proceed from any want of a strong personality. Everything about her was wholesome and natural; and it was impossible to imagine her having an unkind or vain thought, nor can I ever remember her making a harsh judgment.

Complicated characters, with a certain introspective self-

consciousness, are generally thought to be the most interesting, and hers was neither, yet intercourse with her was always full of interest. Her judgment was good, and there was about her a bright aliveness, and a many-sided interest in the world in books, and in politics. Her utter sincerity gave a continual freshness to her opinions, and there were delightful surprises in her way of taking things. She had, too, a happy enjoyment of fun or humour. Jessie Sismondi said of her that she would "lark it through life," and this remained true in one sense. To the very end of her eighty-eight years she kept an extraordinary youthfulness of mind. It was, I think, almost her most remarkable quality. She never stiffened, and continued to understand and sympathise with the joys, the pains, and the needs of youth. Any little unexpected change in her daily habits remained a pleasure to her, instead of becoming a pain as it does to most old people. This youthfulness of nature showed itself in all her enjoyments—in her delight at the first taste of spring, and in her warm welcome of anyone she cared for. She would hurry to the front door at Down, eager for the first moment of greeting, or in summer weather she would be on the little mound which overlooks the entrance road, waiting to wave a welcome as the carriage drove up. The contrast of this outspringing warmth with her usual calm demeanour, made every arrival a kind of special festival and fresh delight which I shall never forget.

She always made the most of the little pleasures of life. I well recollect once calling her to the window to look at two blue titmice, who appeared to be behaving in a ridiculous way. They were playing leap-frog over each other's backs on the lawn, we supposed each trying to get first at something good to eat, and flashing blue in the spring sunshine. I remember thinking how nice it was to show her little things, and that she would laugh and look with the kind of enjoyment one calls girlish.

But her dignity of character was as remarkable as her light-heartedness. It would be impossible to imagine anyone taking a liberty with her, or that she should let herself be put in a false position. As I have said, people were sometimes afraid of her at first—to my great surprise—for no one really was more approachable or less uncharitable in judgment. It is true that she was easily wearied with tediousness in people, and would flash out against their tedium, though never to themselves. But there was no malice nor shade of

unkindness in these little outbursts; and somehow the superficial contrast with her real nature, her essential tolerance and undemanding unselfishness, made this impatience characteristic and entertaining. She was also impatient of tedium in books and in seeing sights. I remember her saying in fun that she could see a cathedral in five minutes.

Another side of this impatience was the fact that she was a little inclined to jump to conclusions, and did not always thoroughly weigh all sides of a question. Also it was an analogous quality that made her courage, of which she had plenty, sometimes degenerate into rashness.

Nothing was ever a trouble or a burden to her, and she never made much of difficulties. It was remarkable how she infused this spirit into the household and made the servants ready to co-operate with her, often even at great inconvenience to themselves. She had a delightfully ready and thoughtful generosity. Her kindness and helpfulness were fountains that never ran dry, and if only a little alleviation of any trouble was possible, she always did that little, instead of thinking, as one is often tempted to do, that it is not worth while. She was very sensitive, although her reserved nature did not always let her show what she was feeling. She told me once that she was troubled in the night by remembering instances where she thought she had failed in courtesy to someone. I have often thought over this with wonder, as I can never remember anything in her behaviour but perfect tact and consideration for the feelings of others.

She had no sympathy with any sentimentality or over-exuberance of expression. Simplicity, even bareness of manner, was more to her taste. But she rejoiced in the expressions of my father's love, though such expressions would have been impossible to her self-contained nature. There was about her a certain inability to cope with strangers, which was marked in the whole Wedgwood group, notably in her sister Charlotte, but appearing more or less in all. The warm expressiveness of the Allens and Darwins thawed the silence and reserve of the Wedgwoods, whilst they leant on the Wedgwoods' sincerity and strong common-sense. Their natures were complementary and thus their many ties of affection were founded on an enduring need.

My mother's calm strength made her the most restful person to be with I ever knew. To the very last it was

always my impulse to pour out every trouble to her, sure that I should have sympathy, comfort, and helpful counsel. She was a perfect nurse in illness. Her self-command never gave way and she was like a rock to lean on, always devoted and unwearied in devising expedients to give relief, and neat-handed and clever in carrying them out.

She did not laugh much, but when she did her laugh had a frank enjoyment delightful to hear. Her voice too was sympathetic and pleasant and she read aloud clearly and well. The keenness of her sympathy never deadened. She lived with her children and grandchildren in every detail of their lives. But she was never a doting mother. She knew what we were and never imagined we were perfect or interesting to the outer world. I remember one little speech—not true but still characteristic—"I do not feel my sons are my sons, only young men with whom I happen to be intimate." It expresses one fact which lay at the root of her happy relations with her children, grandchildren, and nephews and nieces, her profound respect for their individuality.

But I think her most remarkable characteristic was her absolute sincerity. In little things and great things it was the same. She was incapable of playing a part or feigning a feeling. The little things of life best illustrate this, for in great things we are many of us sincere. For instance, in answer to some visitor who remarked how interesting it must be to watch my father's experiments, she told the simple truth—that to her it was not interesting. She once said to my sister that when she married she had resolved to enter into my father's tastes and thought she would be able, but found it impossible. He used to tell how during some lecture at the British Association he said to her, "I am afraid this is very wearisome to you," to which she quietly answered, "Not more than all the rest." He often quoted this with delight. She was also quite incapable of the weakness of pretending to care for things because it was correct to do so. Few people would venture to say as she did when speaking of Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, "It is not nearly so tiresome as Shakespere." It is fair to add that some plays of Shakespere had given her great pleasure. Her favourite was *Much Ado about Nothing*, but she often spoke of the charm of Imogen and Viola.

She had no strong taste for poetry, and though she read much and widely, poetry filled but a small place. Still there is a little book in which she copied out poems that

she cared for, and there I found the following verses from *In Memoriam*. It may be truly said that they are an epitome of her life:

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

CHAPTER III

1840—1842

The ill-health of Charles Darwin—The Sismondis at Gower Street—Miss Edgeworth on Emma Darwin—Anne Elizabeth Darwin, born—Erasmus and Miss Martineau—Charles and Doddy at Shrewsbury—Sismondi's fatal illness—The birth of Edmund Langton.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

12, UPPER GOWER STREET, *Feb.* 7 [1840].

MY DEAR AUNT JESSIE,

It seems very odd to me that I should have been all this time without writing to you, but I have been so helpless and unable to do anything that I never had the energy to write, though I was often thinking of it. Now I am quite well and strong and able to enjoy the use of my legs and my baby, and a very nice looking one it is, I assure you. He has very dark blue eyes and a pretty, small mouth, his nose I will not boast of, but it is very harmless as long as he is a baby. Elizabeth went away a week too soon while he was a poor little wretch before he began to improve. She was very fond of him then, and I expect she will admire him as much as I do in the summer at Maer. He is a sort of grandchild of hers. . . .

Charles and I were both very much pleased at having a visit from Papa, and he looked comfortable in his armchair by the fire, and told us that Gower St. was the quietest place he had ever been at in his life; and Elizabeth finds it very quiet after Maer, though she had a little private dissi-

pation of her own, dining and going to parties, but she has a different sort of bustle at Maer.

I was delighted to hear by your letter that your coming to England was positively fixed, and I hope to catch you here and at Maer. Charles and I had been planning to get you to come straight to us when you came to town, and I cannot tell you what a pleasure it would be to receive you both in my own house and show you my own dear husband and child, but I have been telling him this morning that while his health continues in such a very uncomfortable state, it would neither do for him nor you. He has certainly been worse for the last six weeks, and has been pretty constantly in a state of languor that is very distressing, and his being obliged to be idle is very painful to him. He is consulting Dr Holland, but without much good effect.

Feb. 10. Here is a gap in my letter, but I can find time for nothing, as nursing and looking after the baby fills up any number of hours. Charles has been better again these three days, and I hope he has made a turn and will continue mending, and that I shall have the happiness of having you and my dear M. Sismondi with us. I should see so much more of you in the mornings and at odd times, and perhaps he would be going out more than you would like, and then I should catch you. I have not forgotten my happy stay at Paris, and the precious bits of talk I had with you. It was a bright, happy time.

It is a pleasure in writing to you that one's letter is only seen by two, and one may say whatever comes uppermost, and so I will be as egotistical as ever I please. It is a great happiness to me when Charles is most unwell that he continues just as sociable as ever, and is not like the rest of the Darwins, who will not say how they really are; but he always tells me how he feels and never wants to be alone, but continues just as warmly affectionate as ever, so that I feel I am a comfort to him. And to you I may say that he is the most affectionate person possible, as much so as your own Sis, and I am sure I could say no

more for him. It is a great advantage to have the power of expressing affection, and I am sure he will make his children very fond of him. I have been pretty well coaxed and spoilt all my life but I am more than ever now, so I hope it does one no harm, but I don't think it does.

I have no doubt it will be a painful moment to you when you see Papa and Mamma at first, but I think you will find that Mamma's affections are much more alive than when you saw her last, though I suppose her mind is certainly much weaker. She lights up occasionally very much into her old self. Mr Clifford was very charming and nice to her, and I think his visit at Maer was a satisfaction to him. I was very glad to catch him, as I had been longing to see him again these 20 years, and he was very much his old self, only grown very old. I am glad you like Charles Langton. It is a pretty part of his character his fondness for Mamma. Charlotte told me that he seemed to see through her into what she had been, more than she should have thought possible in a person who had not known her before. I am going this evening to take Fanny [Hensleigh] and the children to see the illuminations for the Queen's marriage. I am sorry the rabblement have such a rainy day for seeing the fun.

I have been reading Carlyle, like all the rest of the world. He fascinates one and puts one out of patience. He has been writing a sort of pamphlet on the state of England called "Chartism." It is full of compassion and good feeling but utterly unreasonable. Charles keeps on reading and abusing him. He is very pleasant to talk to anyhow, he is so very natural, and I don't think his writings at all so. Write to me soon like a good soul, and I never will be so long again. Goodbye, my dearest. My best of loves to M. Sis. The baby performed his first smile to-day, a great event.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA, *Sunday*, SHREWSBURY [5 *April*, 1840].

You are a good old soul for having written to me so soon. I, like another good old soul, will give you an account of my proceedings from the beginning. At the station I met Sir F. Knowles, but was fortunate enough to get into a separate carriage from that chatterbox. In my carriage there was rather an elegant female, like a thin Lady Alderson, but so virtuous that I did not venture to open my mouth to her. She came with some female friend, also a lady, and talked at the door of the carriage in so loud a voice that we all listened with silent admiration. It was chiefly about family prayers, and how she always had them at half-past 10 not to keep the servants up. She then charged her friend to write to her either on Saturday night or Monday morning, Sunday being omitted in the most marked manner. Our companion answered in the most pious tone, "Yes, Eliza, I will write either on Saturday night or on Monday morning." As soon as we started our virtuous female pulled out of her pocket a religious tract and a very thick pencil. She then took off her gloves and commenced reading with great earnestness, and marking the best passages with the aforesaid thick lead-pencil. Her next neighbour was an old gentleman with a portentously purple nose, who was studying a number of the *Christian Herald*, and his next neighbour was the primmest she-Quaker I have ever seen. Was not I in good company? I never opened my mouth and therefore enjoyed my journey. At Birmingham I was kept standing in the office three-quarters of an hour in doubt whether I could have a place, and I was so tired that I regretted much that I took one. However to my surprise the journey rested me and I arrived very brisk at Shrewsbury. In the office at Birmingham I was aghast to see Mr J. H., an indomitable proser, taking his place. He did not know me, as I found by his addressing a chance remark to me, and I was instantly resolved on the desperate attempt of travelling the whole way incognito.

My hopes were soon cut off by the appearance of Mrs H. with whom I shook hands with vast surprise and interest, and opened my eyes with astonishment at Mr H., as if he had dropped from the skies. Our fourth in the coach was Mr Parr of Lyth, an old, miserly squire. Mr H. opened his battery of conversation. I stood fire well at first and then pretended to become very sleepy, the proser became really so, so we had the most tranquil journey. Old Parr, the miser, was sadly misused at the Lion, for he had ordered a fly to take him home, and there was only one; and Mark persuaded the man to take me up first, and gave a hint to the porters to take a wonderful time in getting old Parr's things off the coach, so that the poor old gentleman must have thought the porters and flymen all gone mad together, so slowly no doubt they did everything, whilst I was driving up with the most surprising alacrity. My father is appearing very well. I have begun to extract wisdom from him which I will not now write. . . .

I enjoy my visit and have been surprisingly well. I suspect the journey and change will do me good. I have begun like a true old Arthur Gride, making a small collection, and have picked up several nice little things, and have got some receipts for puddings, etc., and laid down some strong effectual hints about jams, and now you may send the empty jars whenever you please.

Susan is very flourishing. Be sure you give Mr Hoddy Doddy [the baby] a kiss for me. . . .

The following letter shows that my father was not well enough for my mother to have the happiness of receiving the Sismondis in Gower St., but the house was lent to them.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

TENBY, *June* 26 [1840].

. . . Your roof, my Emma, brought us good luck while there, everything went to our hearts' content; be it observed that Parslow[1] is the most amiable, obliging, active, service-

[1] Madame Sismondi's hopes that Parslow would never leave us were fulfilled. He stayed till he was past work, and then lived on as an old friend and pensioner at Down, where he died in 1898.

able servant that ever breathed. I hope you will never part with him. Our good luck took leave of us almost the moment we left. At the station, where confusion was worse confounded, 150 persons running from one coach to another as if they were mad, Sismondi and I among the runners, we got our pockets picked and were left pennyless for the rest of our journey, but for Fanny. At Reading[1] we very nearly lost Fanny, and Sismondi by a trick detained the coach, pretending he could not get down, and the coachman swearing he must drive off, and I with my head out of the window screaming "Fanny." . . . We began our voyage most agreeably, sitting causy in the carriage, till we arrived at the great sea, when oh! what a change!! waves washing over us and pouring into the carriage in spite of the windows up—wind, rain, horrors indescribable below, whither I was soon driven. And then what groans and cries, not a sopha or chair vacant. I lay upon the ground groaning too, and that for nearly 16 hours. You may imagine the delight of arriving. About one o'clock we heard, "We are off Tenby," and in half-an-hour we were in Sad's [Harriet Surtees] delicious room—a fire (for it was very cold), fruit, flowers and tea. None of us could sleep for joy, and every day since I have been in an ecstasy. I do little but look out of the window at the coming and going sea, the bathers, the walkers, the merry dogs, riders, and ass riders that cover the shore. We are terribly becousined, there never was a greater crowd collected together, and we have visits from immediately after breakfast till dinner at 5 o'clock, so that it is hardly possible to do anything or to gossip among ourselves till night. Harriet and I sleep in the same room and are often found talking till 1 o'clock.

Give my love to your husband and my grateful thanks for his munificent reception of us, even when not there to do the honours. I hope his silver will not suffer. I found he had left out wine also, in short I never saw such a reception, invisible as it was. It was like having entered an

[1] The railway stopped at Reading. It was continued to Bristol in 1841. Presumably they went by coach from Reading to Bristol and there took ship, sitting in their own carriage.

enchanted castle, everything was there before one wanted it; you inspired your servants too I think. When I asked for the washing bills, they said they had orders not to send the linen to the wash till after we were gone. Is not this your very mother? and is it not conspiring against your husband's purse?

I have just been down to ask S. if he had any commands. I found him in an ecstasy over your husband's book.[1] He said it was the most attractive reading he had met with; that notwithstanding his ignorance of natural history he found the greatest interest in it, that it was written with so much feeling, so good, so right a heart. . . .

In Maria Edgeworth's published letters there is the following description of my mother. There had been a friendship between the Edgeworths and Wedgwoods dating back from the time of the first Josiah Wedgwood. In 1840 Miss Edgeworth was 73 years old. (Dec. 26, 1840): "Off we went to Mrs Debrizey's, Mrs Darwin's, Mrs Edward Romilly's. Mrs Darwin is the youngest daughter of Jos Wedgwood, and is worthy of both father and mother; affectionate and unaffected, and, young as she is, full of old times. She has her mother's radiantly cheerful countenance, even now, debarred from all London gaieties and all gaiety but that of her own mind by close attendance on her sick husband."

The life of watching and nursing, which was to be my mother's for so long, had now cut her off from the world. London was no longer suitable for either of my parents and they were beginning to think of moving to the country.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

CHÊNE, *Jan.* 26, 1841.

. . . If I had written to you ten days ago I should have told you Sismondi was much better,[2] but within that time his hiccup has returned as violent as ever, and lasts the whole day. He continues to work in spite of it all the

[1] *A Naturalist's Voyage round the World.*

[2] Sismondi's fatal illness began during their stay in England in 1840.

morning, and he will walk out, but he will not see anyone if he can help it. . . .

Lady Bulwer will not let go her correspondence with Sis. He bears it with Christian patience. If he was to publish his letters they would make a good quarto in the year, his journal makes another, and he has completed a thick vol. of his history since his return. I am interrupted this moment by a letter from Patty Smith. She says her sister Nightingale is near neighbour to Ld. Palmerston, who regards Napier as a [second] Nelson. That notwithstanding the great successes with which he [Palmerston] will meet Parliament, anxiety has aged him ten years in these last ten months.[1]

Give our united love to your husband and a kiss to your child. Remember me kindly to Parslow. God bless you, my dear little Emma.

It may be mentioned that the epithet "little" which Jessie Sismondi often uses in writing to my mother does not seem to me characteristic. My mother was not little physically, nor had she the kind of playful or appealing charm which makes the expression suitable.

Her second child, Anne Elizabeth, was born on March 2nd, 1841.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

12, Upper Gower Street, *May* 9, 1841.

. . . We are thinking of going to Maer on the 1st June. It will be delightful to find ourselves there but I rather dread the journey for Charles. I wish he would let me and the babbies and nurses go by ourselves and he by himself, but he says it would look so bad he can't consent to that plan.

[1] Admiral Sir Charles Napier had distinguished himself at the taking of Acre, in the war between the Porte and Mehemet Ali. Our helping the Sultan against his vassal, at the risk of a war with France, was Palmerston's policy, which he had carried through with great difficulty, against the views of the Court and of some of his own colleagues in the Melbourne cabinet.

I have taken to playing a little on the piano and enjoy the feeling of health and being able to play with the little boy and walk about and do what I like, without always thinking about oneself which is very tiresome. Before my confinement I could take so little notice of the little boy that he got not to care a pin for me and it used to make me rather dismal sometimes, but he likes nobody so well as Charles and me now, but I think C. is the prime favourite.

I must tell you a nice thing of Erasmus as you used not to like him, but it is a profound secret so you must not tell anybody. The other day he wrote to Miss Martineau, thinking that owing to her long illness she might be in want of money, to ask if he could help her. He carried about his letter in his pocket for some days without having courage to send it; but he did at last and poor Miss M. was very much gratified by it, though she would not let him help her. She refused very nicely by openly entering on her affairs with him and telling him exactly what she had, to show him that she was not in want. She has nothing but what she has earned. I am afraid she has little chance of recovery, which I am very sorry for. Life was of great value to her, though she seems resigned to quit it. She told him she would let him know if she was in any distress. Goodbye, my dearest aunt J. My best love to my dear uncle.

During part of their stay at Maer my father went to Shrewsbury leaving my mother and the baby at Maer. Willy (called Doddy) must have gone to Shrewsbury first.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin at Maer Hall.

[SHREWSBURY, 1*st July*, 1841.]

I will give you categorical account, and first for my own beggarly self. I was pretty brisk at first, but about four became bad and shivery. I was very desolate and forlorn and missed you cruelly. But to-day I am pretty brisk and enjoy myself. I think my father looking rather altered and aged, though he and the two old chicks appear very well

and charmingly affectionate to me. Doddy's reception of me was quite affecting. He sat on my knee for nearly a quarter of an hour, gave me some sweet kisses and sniggered and looked at my face and pointing told everyone I was pappa. Everybody seems to like him, they say he is so meek and good. When I had had him for about five minutes I asked him where was Mama, and he repeated your name twice in so low and plaintive a tone, I declare it almost made me burst out crying. He is full of admiration at this new house and is friends with everyone and sits on grandpapa's knees. He shows me the different things in the house—dear old Doddy, one could write for ever about him. I am grieved to hear my father, who is kindness itself to him, thinks he looks a very delicate child. I felt quite ashamed at finding out, what I presume you did not know any more than I, that he has had *half a cup of cream* every morning, which my father (who seemed rather annoyed) says he believes is one of the most injurious things we could have given him. When we are at home we shall be able to look more after him. Only conceive, Susan found him when he started in the carriage with his stockings and shoes half wet through; my father says getting his feet wet on the grass, when afterwards changed, is rather a good than a bad thing, but to allow him to start on a journey in that state was risking his health. Last night Susan went into Doddy's room and found no water by his bedside. I tell you all these disagreeablenesses that you may feel the same necessity that I do of our own selves looking and not trusting anything about our children to others.

I hope and suppose I shall hear to-morrow about yourself and little Kitty Kumplings [Annie, 4 months old], who, as I have several times remarked to myself, is not so bad a girl as might be expected of Doddy's rival. Give my kindest love to Elizabeth and to Uncle Jos and Aunt Bessy. Good-bye, my dear. Right glad I shall be to see you on Tuesday.

Your affectionate, C. D.

All through my father's middle age, his large frame, clear grey-blue eyes, and brown out-of-door looking complexion, so deceived many of his friends that they were apt to believe his ill-health to be more imaginary than real. The following letter proves that even a keen doctor's eye might have been at fault.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin, at Maer Hall.

[SHREWSBURY, *July* 3, 1841.]

. . . It seems natural to write you a scrap, though I have *not* to thank you for one. Rather severe I guess. I was very well yesterday, and to-day am looking so well that my father owned he should not have known, if I had been a new face, there was anything the matter with me.

To-day at breakfast there was much scrattle talk, as the annual account was wound up, which amounted to £1380, £10 less than last year. Is not this marvellous, considering my father's personal expenses and presents, and everything except his children's allowances, are included in this? A thunderstorm is preparing to break on your head, which has already deluged me, about Bessy not having a cap, "looks dirty"—"like grocer's maid-servant," and my father with much wrath added, "the men will take liberties with her, if she is dressed differently from every other lady's maid." I generously took half the blame, and never betrayed that I had beseeched you several times on that score. If they open on you, pray do not defend yourself, for they are very hot on the subject. . . . My father seems to like having me here: and he and the girls are very merry all day long. I have partly talked over the Doctor about my buying a house without living in the neighbourhood half-a-dozen years first. You never saw how the girls dote on Doddy, they say he is the most charming of all the children. A frog jumped near him and he danced and screamed with horror at the dangerous monster, and I had a [bout] of kissing at his open, bellowing mouth to comfort him. He threw my stick over Terrace wall, looked at it as it went, and cried Tatta with the greatest *sang froid* and walked away. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

[Chêne, *Sept. 17th*, 1841.]

My nephew and niece Isa[b].[1] and her husband, passed ten or twelve days with us before they left Geneva and I enjoyed their visit. . . . We both like his honest, warm, Welsh heart, Tory as it is, and I found Isab[a]. even more than affectionate, she was tender, considerate, both of the inconveniences of a small establishment as well as of Sismondi's unwellness. . . . They were but one day or two at an inn here, yet in that day they invited Edward Allen[2] to dinner and took him with them to Ferney, while Edward and Adèle [Drewe], in a whole fortnight or three weeks, never found one day to offer him a kindness, even a dish of tea. It might be the difference of English and Welsh hospitality, but that had its difference in warm and cold hearts. I give you these little anecdotes to help my opinion for which I know you will have no respect, "Oh this is Aunt Tusy-musy,[3] that is the way she is wild after the last person and thing."

How glad I am C. Darwin continues to mend, tho' it is but so slowly. The illness of one destroys all companionship when there are but two, and my way of life is become very solitary. I hope as the autumn gives us cool weather I may prevail on S. to walk a little, which he does not now at all. I am very glad indeed Erasmus is better, which is very generous of me, for I am not fond of him, yet more shame to me, for he is an excellent man, and I love much your proofs of it. Miss Martineau was hyperheroic to refuse a pension; not one in the nation would have been a sou the

[1] Daughter of John Allen of Cresselly; she married George Lort Phillips of Lawrenny Park.

[2] Son of Baugh Allen, aged 17.

[3] Leigh Hunt describes how Byron, who apparently invented this word, would "pretend that Braham called 'enthusiasm' *Entoozymoozy;* and in the extraordinary combination of lightness, haste, indifference, and fervour with which he would pitch out that single word from his lips, accompanied with a gesture to correspond, he would really set before you the admirable singer in one of his (then) characteristic passages of stage dialogue."

poorer and many would be the better for every little she had, I take it. I forgot till now that S. asked for a bit of my paper, so God bless thee, my little darling as well as your Charles.

J. S.

Why shame on my wife, if she thinks that is the place I asked her to write, in less than a full page it is impossible to me to put together my ideas. I may take à kiss from you and send a God bless him to your husband, and that is all, but Jessie has given you with her writing much more pleasure than I could have done.

Charles Langton had found that he could not conscientiously continue in the Church, and he and Charlotte came to live at Maer. He was delightfully willing that Charlotte should help Elizabeth in the care of her father and mother. Jessie Sismondi wrote of him, "Mr. Langton is indeed a jewel of a son-in-law. His constant attention to my own Bessy was the prettiest thing I ever saw." Their only child, Edmund, was born on November 22nd, 1841.

Charlotte Langton to Emma Darwin, Fanny and Jessie Wedgwood.

MAER, *Tuesday* [30 *Nov.* 1841].

I think I may venture without any harm to indulge the longing I have to tell my dearest Emma, Fanny and Jessie how I thank them all and each from my heart for their warm participation in my happiness and tender expression of it in all their letters. It is more than I deserve when I recollect how utterly unfeeling I have always been about young babies, and felt inclined to think it hard on the mothers that they should not be prettier and more attractive. . . . Charles's disappointment in its not being a girl was completely swallowed up in other feelings, and I should be most ungrateful if I had the smallest room left for a regret about it. . . . I have not had a drawback or an anxiety about the baby or myself, with the exception of a

little anxiety for two days lest I should not be able to nurse; nobody ever [pulled] thro' so smoothly and I do feel most grateful for my and Charles's great happiness, and now I will stop, for prudence sake, my dear trio, with kindest love to your three husbands.

Ever your affectionate sister, C. L.

This event, happening some ten years after Charlotte's marriage, caused the most intense joy, and the Allen aunts write in a rapture at the thoughts of Charlotte with a baby in her arms. Edmund was almost a son to Elizabeth and was the delight of the Maer household.

In February, 1842, Sophy, the second child of Jos and Caroline, was born. This was an equal subject of rejoicing, as the parents' grief for the loss of their first child had remained quite unappeasable.

CHAPTER IV

1842

A Revolution at Geneva—Taking children to the pantomime—Baron Humboldt—Charles visits Shrewsbury—Elizabeth with Emma at Gower Street—Emma at Maer—The death of Sismondi—Jessie moves to Tenby.

SISMONDI was now seriously ill and Jessie's life was full of sadness and anxiety. Her deafness interfered with her enjoyment of society, and she and Sismondi were miserable at the revolution which broke out in Geneva. Finding he could neither guide nor stem it, he was arranging to leave Geneva and return to Pescia.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CHÊNE, *January 11th* [1842].

. . . Public events have come nearer me and disturbed me more than ever they did before. The storm is passed, but no one yet can tell the ravages it will have made. The *Constituante* continues its sittings daily, but Sismondi has given up attending them and I imagine will be dismissed if he does not dismiss himself. The Radicals are now attacking the national Church, and the Methodists and Catholics unite with them, so that there is little hope but that it will fall with the Constitution, and the Academy after that, in short everything of the old Geneva will be effaced from the earth. There are no concerts, balls, or *soirées* among the Genevoises, one meets no one in the streets or shops. It is exactly as if half the town were dead and the other half in mourning. The evil they have done me individually, and after all one's patriotism,

humanity, general good, &c., is nothing in comparison, is to up-root me from hence, and send me to Pescia, and I shudder to think how unhappy it will make me. My eye has rested so long with such intense admiration on these mountains and lake, they have become friends, family, and country to me. I have formed here valuable friendships, and from time to time I see my loved country-people and sometimes my family; in short, I have built here my poor little remnants of happiness and wish I may not break my heart in leaving.

We are going to dine by and by with the Gr. Duchess[1] —but how that will agree with Sismondi is a doubt that prevents my enjoying anything in the outing line, and then there is not much to enjoy except a little variety. To seduce S. out, he is always promised that he shall meet no one or but one. This does not suit me at all, as I can do nothing and hear nothing in general conversation, but thrown by numbers into a *tête-à-tête* I can still bear my part as well as another.

You ask me for a list of French books. While S. was writing Louis XIV I went through memoirs and letters of those times innumerable. There is a new edition of Mme Sévigné, 12 octavo vols. of which I read every one, and with delight, but the greater part of those you have read too often. Mme de Simiane's letters are worth reading, but in hers one perceives the contrast of the *bel esprit* of the Province and one of the Capital. It shows what Mack. used to say, the necessity of position to letter writing. . . .

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

[1*st Feb.* 1842.]

. . . I went in with the Hensleighs to the pantomime for the fun of seeing the children's pleasure. The first thing was the most dreadful blood and murder thing with a gibbet on the stage, and I thought it would be very bad for Bro's dreams, however, he stood it, and even the pistols going

[1] Grand Duchess of Würtemberg, sister of the Czar Nicholas I.

off very well. Poor Erny put his head down on my lap whenever he expected any firing, or whenever the chief comic character, a beadle with a very red face, was on the stage, whom he seemed to think quite as alarming as any of the murderers. The second piece was more cheerful and when we came to the pantomime Snow and Bro were in extasies and so sorry when it ended at near 12 o'clock. I was surprised at the extreme innocence of even Snow's questions. "Whether they were really killed?" (I forget tho' whether that was Bro or not) "whether the wicked Squire was really a bad man?" and many discussions as to whether Mrs Sanders, the waxwork woman, was nice or not, and they thought all the women so beautiful. If you will have dissipation for children, they certainly enjoy a play ten times more than anything else. The first play ended by the military coming over a wall and shooting almost all the characters dead, to our great relief. It was at the Tottenham theatre, very low.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

12, UPPER GOWER STREET, *Feb. 8th* [1842].

. . . I came up the other day from Maer by myself and minded it no more than a drive to Newcastle. Everybody was civil and gentlemanlike and the policemen at the stations are very obliging. I enjoyed my week at Maer heartily. Charlotte was very much occupied with her baby, and Charles still more so I think; indeed Eliz. says she thinks she never saw a *woman* so fond of a baby as he is. I wish it had been a girl for I think Charlotte's gravity and want of looking at the hopeful side (just like my father) will make her too anxious about a boy. I often fret my soul about our little boy, which is a great waste of fretting, for I dare-say he will be a very good boy, but all men go through an awful ordeal at school and college. It is only wonderful what good souls they turn out after all. At any rate I had better put off my fret for 10 or 15 years.

Last night Charles was at the Athenæum Club to give his vote for Eras, who was to be balloted for and who came in triumphantly without one black ball. They have *soirées* every Monday evening, and as all the literary and scientific men in London are in the Club they must be very pleasant, and I hope C. will soon be able to join them, but he is quite knocked up to-day.

The London air has a very bad effect upon our little boy's v's and w's, he says his name is "Villy Darvin," and "Vipe Doddy's (which is his pet name) own tears away," &c.

I am rather alarmed about America going to war with us, but if it is about the right of search, or not giving up the slave in the "Creole," it will be in a good cause at any rate. That wicked Thiers seems trying to do all he can in the way of mischief too, about the right of search. Charles went to meet Baron Humboldt at breakfast at Mr Murchison's, which he was very anxious to do, as he admires him so very much. He paid C. some tremendous compliments, and talked without any sort of stop for three hours, so that he is not agreeable. . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

SHREWSBURY, *Tuesday* [*March 1st or 8th*, 1842].

. . . I have been telling all about Doddy and Annie, and they like hearing everything. Catherine gives me up altogether as a moral teacher, after I have told her of my pitting Doddy to shew fight to Johnny[1] and after my trying whether Doddy or J. should have last blow. Katty declares she shall always say I was once a good father. They think I probably misuse you very much, otherwise you never could be quiet while I teach my son such pranks. . . . I enjoy the looks of cleanliness and freshness of everything, and I wish you were here to enjoy them. The crocuses are looking quite brilliant. Tell me all about the

[1] The Harry Wedgwoods' eldest boy.

chickens, if you are well enough to scribble a bit. Give my best love to Elizabeth and tell her I expect to see her when I return. She must not leave you a desolate widow. Good-bye, my dearest.

C. D.

I was quite right in saying your scratched out passage would give them plenty of work. Catherine, after having drawn a chair to the window, cried out (as Susan says): "Here is my work for the morning." She first ascertained which were false tails and which real; she then found that many false Hs had been introduced, which made her suspect some word beginning with H. was important; and then on the principle of transparency she deciphered "corn law rhyme," and so guessed the whole. Marianne wrote by return of post in a transport of curiosity to know what it meant. No doubt she well knew that the perseverance of Shrewsbury was not to be baffled.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Sunday [SHREWSBURY] [probably 13 *March*, 1842].

MY DEAR EMMA,

I must go on complimenting you on your letters; it makes me quite proud, reading them (with skippibus) to my Father and Co. . . . I know well you are rather a naughty girl, and do not pipe enough about your good old self. The other day my Father and all of us united in chorus how much pleasanter the piping strain was than the heroic—remember that, though I wish *I* could remember it less. . . .

I have begun my letter rather late, as I and Caroline have been compromising our educational differences, which are much less than I anticipated. I will give a short journal: on Friday I walked beyond Skelton Rough, towards Ross Hall—an immense walk for me. The day was very boisterous, with great black clouds, and gleams of light, and I felt a sensation of delight which I hardly ever

expected to experience again. There certainly is great pleasure in the country even in winter. This walk was rather too much for me, and I was dull till whist, which I enjoyed beyond measure. We sat up talking till ½ past 10. . . .

I think I have picked up some notions by our education-fights; Caroline is enthusiastic about M. Guizot, and says she agrees in all his directions. . . . I have just re-read yesterday's letter: your account of your economy in fires and puddings amused us much. A nice item the new taxes will be—I calculate about £30 per annum; I have half read Sir R. Peel's great speech, it strikes me as very good, and it is very interesting. I am sure I have sent you a dull enough letter to-day, so good-bye, my pattern wife.

C. D.

The income-tax, now imposed for the first time since the great war, was 7*d.* in the pound. £30 at this rate would be the tax on an income of £1,030.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

12, Upper Gower Street [*April* 2, 1842].

My dearest Aunt Jessie,

I should not have left your charming long letter so long unanswered if I had been brisker and not so stupid. I sympathize with all your painful feelings at breaking up all your establishment, and not the least painful one to me would be leaving your little cat. But I trust that your chief comfort will be to find that a complete change will be of the greatest service to M. Sis. . . . My little Annie has taken to walking and talking for the last fortnight. She is 13 months old and very healthy, fat and round, but no beauty. Willy is very much impressed with his own generosity and goodness to her. . . .

We don't mean to move this summer, which you will think a good thing—my inclination for the country does not diminish though. Charles is very busy finishing his

book on Coral islands, which he says no human being will ever read, but there is such a rage for geology that I hope better things. Will you give my kindest love to my Uncle Sis.? God bless you, my dearest Aunt J.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin (at Maer).

Monday Morning [*May*, 1842].

. . . On Saturday I went in the City and did a deal of printing business. I came back gloomy and tired; the government money has gone much quicker than I thought, and the expenses of the Coral volume are greater, being from £130 to £140. I am be-blue-deviled. I am daily growing very old, very very cold and I daresay very sly.[1] I will give you statistics of time spent on my Coral volume, *not* including all the work on board the *Beagle*. I commenced it 3 years and 7 months ago, and have done scarcely anything besides. I have actually spent 20 months out of this period on it! and nearly all the remainder sickness and visiting!!! Catty stops till Saturday; notwithstanding all my boasting of not caring for solitude, I believe I should have been dreary without her. . . . Yesterday I went at 2 o'clock and [had] an hour's hard talk with Horner on affairs of Geolog. Soc., and it quite knocked me up, and this makes my letter rather blue in its early stages. After long watching the postman your letter has at last arrived. You cannot tell how much I enjoy hearing about you all. How astonishing your walking round Birth Hill; I believe now the country will do you good. What a nice account you give of Charlotte's tranquil maternity. I wish the Baby was livelier, for liveliness is an extreme charm in bab-chicks. Good-bye—I long to kiss Annie.

C. D.

[1] An allusion to one of Harry Wedgwood's verses—an epitaph on Susan Darwin.

Here the bones of Susan lie,
She was old and cold and sly.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CHÊNE, *8th June* [1842].

. . . Sis has corrected 4 sheets of his last Vol. 29th, and written a conclusion which I think wise, and very touching —excusing himself from going as far as he had promised, by declaring his inability from suffering, and describing the hard struggle he has made to make his work complete. He judges himself modestly, yet conscious of his merits; he speaks of his unflinching truth, his strict morality, his impartiality, his scorn to flatter any nation at the expense of those virtues, but declares that he has not worked 20 years for a people without becoming attached to them, that he loves the French (I think that is visible enough without his saying it), but it is not sufficient for their grasping vanity. The prize Gaubert was refused him on the ground of his enmity to the French and to the Catholic religion. It is the fashion now in France to be very Catholic without a spark of religion. I think S. never wrote anything better than those few pages of conclusion. There is something profoundly melancholy in the simultaneous disappearance of all, who for these last 20 years, have worked together at that history. The author himself driven from his labour in sight of the goal, only one Vol. more and his task was done, his bookseller and faithful friend, Mons. Wustz, who read over and made his observation on every sheet sent to him for printing, died this week unexpectedly; his printer, Mons. Crapelet, a friend too, and who has worked for him 30 years, correcting himself the proof-sheets before sending them to S., retired from business just at the same time from broken health, and without having made his fortune after 30 years' indefatigable labour. He too goes into Italy to recover, if that is possible, but when physicians send away it is but the knell of death, the avowal they can do nothing. He talks, poor fellow, of meeting us there. . . .

Sismondi died June 25, 1842, at Geneva. Fanny Allen wrote: "There seems a greater destruction of the living principle in Sismondi than in that of any person I ever knew"; and many years later: "I am still reading with continued interest and pleasure Sis's letters, but they bring me a painful reproach that I did not value him as he deserved living; but this, alas! I might say of everyone almost whom I have lost. I find my life one long regret when I look back on it." She had not always behaved well to him in old days, so that it is fair to show that after his death she came to a juster estimate of his character.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

CHÊNE, *Sept.* 10 [1842].

. . . Nothing you could say would give me pain, dearest Emma. You have no allayed feeling to awaken up; my sorrow never slumbers but when I sleep myself. I am astonished I can, but I do, and eat and am well, and *he* gone whom I thought I never could survive. He so filled every instant of my life, that now my feeling of desolation passes all description, but that must necessarily be. If I can but keep off the monster despair, which at times approaches so near it makes me tremble, I shall learn to bear my own deprivation, and if at my age it weans me entirely from this world and makes me pant for that other, there is no harm done. If I could but have Mrs Rich's firm faith that he has only passed from the visible to the invisible world, and already lives and is waiting for me, oh what happiness it would be. With what impatience I should endeavour to make ready.

I am told you have bought a place in the country where you mean to lie in. You must not think of writing to me in your present infirm state, but I long to know you like it, and will be happy in the change. You know that I have agreed to return with Harriet and Eliza next month.

I carry with me too sick a heart and too wearisome a deafness to repay their affectionate reception, and would rather hide myself from my friends, as a poor dying dog does, than show myself to them. But to my purpose in writing. I am always flying off to my complaints, and I am most ungrateful to murmur, for I have many mercies from heaven to be grateful for. My very grief is precious to me, and I would not change it. Like Ld. Southampton of his son, "I would not change my dead husband against any living one," then why complain ?

Sismondi wished you to have his Miltons, that his dear Mr Jos, as he used to call your father, gave him, and he said, "I would give my Camoens to Mr C. Darwin if I found any way of sending them to England." Now I shall send off a box of books for myself, tell me if I shall put in any other books for you ? I have all the English classics, which your father gave me, is there any of them wanting in your library ? God bless my dearest niece.

Jessie came to England after winding up Sismondi's affairs in Geneva and decided to live with Harriet Surtees at Tenby. Fanny Allen wrote (Feb. 8, 1843):

"It was a satisfactory visit which I paid to Jessie and Harriet. I am convinced the former is as happy and comfortable as it is reasonable to expect she could be within a year of the loss of a person who loved her so entirely and passionately as Sismondi did. She told me that she was surprised herself how calm she was. She had suffering and perhaps a violent burst of grief in the course of a few days, but that in the intervals she is frequently cheerful without effort. She is very much engaged every morning, reading and taking out or copying things from his journals that might serve Sir F. Palgrave for his work,[1] or which must be erased from his journals, as they are to be placed at Pescia with the Desideris. I think Jessie is making an idol of him now; it is her nature to do so. It seemed odd to me that when she was mentioning circumstances which required an indulgent feeling for his weak-

[1] An article on Sismondi by Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian, Vol. 72, *Quarterly Review*, 1843.

nesses and prejudices, Jessie was quoting them almost as oracles of undisputed truth. . . ."

Emma Allen describes how much Jessie suffers from the "humiliation" of her deafness, but adds, "I would advise all who love her not to be afraid of coming near her, she has such a power of loving and of exciting love that some way or other I always find it good to be near her."

CHAPTER V

DOWN

Down—The dangerous illness of Josiah Wedgwood—The death of Emma's third child—A visit from Snow, Bro, and Erny—The children get lost in the Big Woods.

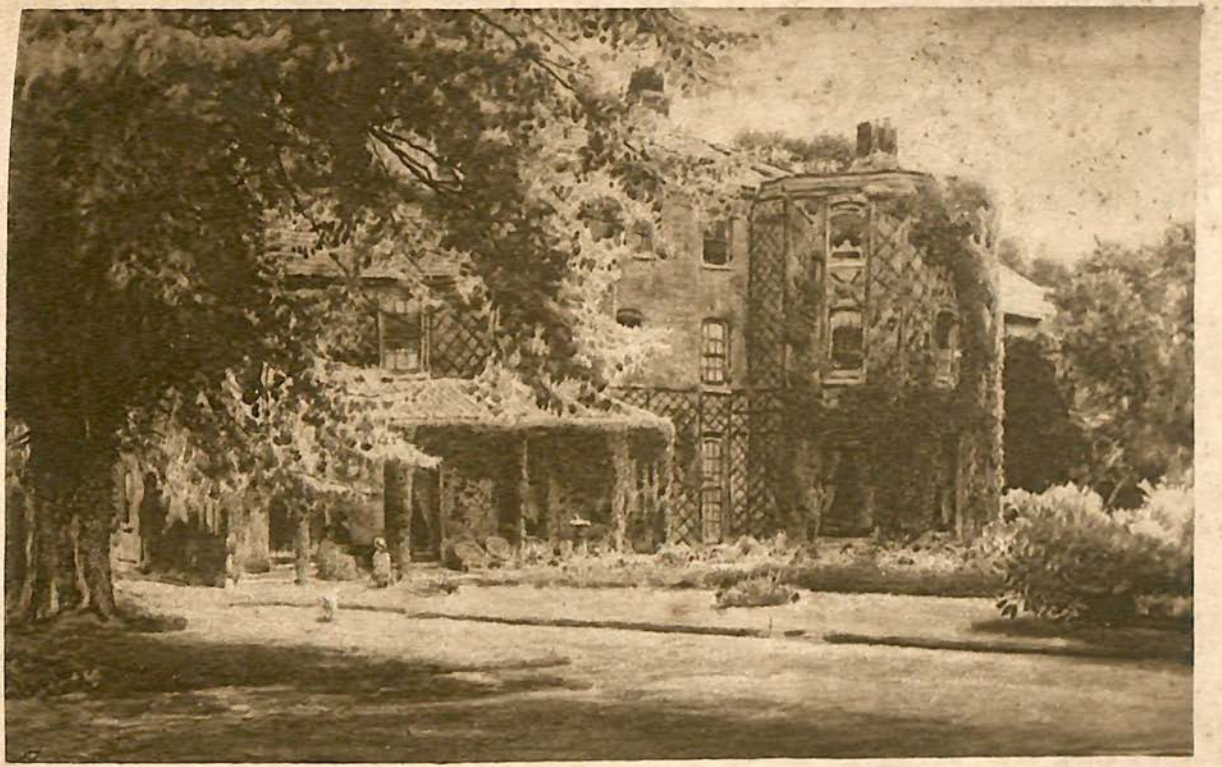
FOR some time my parents had felt a growing wish to live in the country. Their health made London undesirable in many ways and they both preferred the freedom and quiet of a country life. They decided to buy a country-house, but out of prudence resolved upon not going beyond a moderate price; and, as they also wished to be near London, there was a weary search before they found anything at all suitable. In my mother's diary under the date July 22nd, 1842, there is the entry, "Went to Down," and this must have been her first sight of her future home. It was bought for them by Dr Darwin for about £2,200, and the purchase was quickly completed, for they moved in on September the 14th.

Down was then ten miles from a station, and the whole neighbourhood, though only sixteen miles from London Bridge, was entirely rural. To the south there were miles of copse, now cultivated as fruit grounds. My father was delighted with the varied hedges and many flowers of a chalk district, and this charm, which would be slight in the eyes of some, helped to decide the purchase of Down House.

The house was square and unpretending, built of shabby bricks, which were afterwards stuccoed, and with a slate roof. It faced south-west, and stood in about 18 acres of land. It was of moderate size when bought, but was gradually added to, and became in time capable of holding a large party. The rooms were pleasant to live in, both drawing-room and dining-room large and roomy, but entirely unpretentious, and with sashed windows down to the ground. Its principal charm was a row of fine lime-trees

on the west of the house and a large lawn, which sloped slightly upwards, so that the flower-beds made a brilliant effect from the windows. The house became covered with creepers, and shrubberies and orchards sheltered it, except from the south, where there was an open field. A group of walnuts, cherries, and Scotch firs grew in the field near the house, and a few ashes and other trees further off. There was no extensive view, only a little peep of distant woodland. It stood high on the rolling cultivated chalk downs, and must have been bleak enough at first. In south-west gales one could sometimes taste the salt on the drawing-room window-panes, although the sea was forty miles away. An immense pollarded beech of a peculiar mushroom-like shape, which grew in our boundary hedge, was a characteristic landmark.

Many gardens are more beautiful and varied but few could have a greater charm of repose, and nowhere do I know one where it was so pleasant to sit out. The flower-beds were close under the drawing-room windows. They were often untidy but had a particularly gay and varied effect. On the lawn were two yew-trees where the children had their swing, and behind a bay-tree there was a large heap of sand for them to dig in. Beyond the row of lime-trees was the orchard, and a walk bordered with flowering shrubs led to the kitchen-garden and thence to the "Sand-Walk." This consisted of a strip of wood planted by my father; many of the trees were wild cherries and birches, and on one side it was bordered with hollies. At the end there was a little summer-house and an old pit, out of which the sand was dug which gave it its name. The walk on one side was always sheltered from sun and wind, whilst the other was sunny, with an outlook over the quiet valley on to the woods beyond. The view had the characteristic and somewhat melancholy charm of a chalk country—waterless uninhabited valleys, bleak uplands, with occasional yews in the hedges, and here and there a white chalkpit. My brother in his *Life* of my father wrote: "The Sand-Walk was our play-ground as children, and here we continually saw my father as he walked round. He liked to see what we were doing, and was ever ready to sympathise with any fun that was going on. It is curious to think how, with regard to the Sand-Walk in connection with my father, my earliest recollections coincide with my latest: it shows how unvarying his habits have been. . . . He walked with a swinging action using a stick heavily shod with iron which



The House at Downe.

From a Painting by Albert Goodwin

he struck loudly against the ground, producing a rhythmical click which is with all of us a very distinct recollection."[1]

The village of Down was a quarter of a mile to the north of our house. It was a pleasant little village of one street. The church was built of flints with shingled roof and spire, and with fine old yews growing in the churchyard. I quote here these passages from an account of Down written by my father:

1843. May 15th.—The first peculiarity which strikes a stranger unaccustomed to a hilly chalk country is the valleys, with their steep rounded bottoms, not furrowed with the smallest rivulet. . . . Their sides near the summits generally become suddenly more abrupt, and are fringed with narrow strips, or, as they are here called, " shaws " of wood, sometimes merely by hedge-rows run wild. . . .

In most countries the roads and footpaths ascend along the bottoms of valleys, but here this is scarcely ever the case. All the villages and most of the ancient houses are on the platform or narrow strips of flat land between the parallel valleys. Is this owing to the summits having existed from the most ancient times as open downs and the valleys having been filled up with brushwood ? I have no evidence of this, but it is certain that most of the farm-houses on the flat land are very ancient. . . .

Nearly all the land is ploughed, and is often left fallow, which gives the country a naked, red look, or not unfrequently white, from a covering of chalk laid on by the farmer. Nobody seems at all aware on what principle fresh chalk laid on land abounding with lime does it any good. This, however, is said to have been the practice of the country ever since the period of the Romans, and at present the many white pits on the hill sides, which so frequently afford a picturesque contrast with the overhanging yew-trees, are all quarried for this purpose.

The number of different kinds of bushes in the hedge-rows, entwined by traveller's joy and the bryonies, is conspicuous compared with the hedges of the northern counties.

March 25th [1844 ?]. The first period of vegetation, and the banks are clothed with pale-blue violets to an extent I have never seen equalled, and with primroses. A few days later some of the copses were beautifully enlivened by Ranunculus auricomus, wood anemones, and a white Stellaria. Again, subsequently, large areas were brilliantly

[1] *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, pp. 109, 115.

blue with blue-bells. The flowers are here very beautiful, and the number of flowers; the darkness of the blue of the common little Polygala almost equals it to an alpine gentian. There are large tracts of woodland, [cut down] about once every ten years; some of these enclosures seem to be very ancient. On the south side of Cudham Wood a beech hedge has grown to Brobdignagian size, with several of the huge branches crossing each other and firmly grafted together.

Larks abound here, and their songs sound most agreeably on all sides; nightingales are common. Judging from an odd cooing note, something like the purring of a cat, doves are very common in the woods. . . .

The move to Down was made on the 14th Sept., and my mother's third child, Mary Eleanor, was born there on the 23rd Sept., 1842, and died on the 16th Oct.

Emma Darwin to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

DOWN, *Wednesday* [20 *Oct.* 1842].

Thank you, my dearest Fanny, for your sweet, feeling note. Our sorrow is nothing to what it would have been if she had lived longer and suffered more. Charles is well to-day and the funeral over, which he dreaded very much. . . . I think I regret her more from the likeness to Mamma, which I had often pleased myself with fancying might run through her mind as well as face. I keep very well and strong and am come down-stairs to-day.

With our two other dear little things you need not fear that our sorrow will last long, though it will be long indeed before we either of us forget that poor little face. Every word you say is true and comforting.

I think this letter, so simple and sincere, reveals her nature—at any rate it recalls her to me, just as she was, in a way I cannot describe.

Josiah Wedgwood, after a long failure in health, had a dangerous illness this autumn.

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

Sept. 23, 1842.

. . . My father took me for you just now and smiled and said, "Why how did you get leave to come down?" I don't think I have seen him smile twice this two months. If he can but regain a small portion of strength and be free from that terrible shaking and restlessness, what happiness it will be to see him. Hensleigh came down last night by the 9 o'clock train. Jos is here and I have no doubt will stay. He could not keep from tears at one time seeing my father. I feel very anxious to hear that the Dr [Dr Darwin] has not suffered. Nothing could possibly be kinder than he was, and said he would come again at any time, but I hope and trust there will be no need. He was quite affected more than once. I feel very grateful to him for such an exertion. Good-bye my dear Emma. We all feel almost joyous to-day.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

Cresselly, *Nov.* 19 [1842].

. . . There is such hopefulness in your letter, my own Elizabeth, that even when in sorrow yourself, they cheer the soul. Do not let go this virtue for it is a great one. I do not wonder it is placed among the cardinal ones though it might well be thought more a gift than virtue. It has been granted you to be such a comfort, support, nurse, help, to him you love. In the busy part of serving so much of thought and suffering is saved, there is something so delightful to give a cup of cold water in time, or even turn a pillow if wanted, that I cannot but think you blessed of heaven, in the long serving time that has been granted you, and you continue still the object of my envy. You cannot imagine how proud I feel that your dear father thought of me in his extreme weakness, and pronounced my name.

I believe he was the man Sismondi loved best in the

world, I know he was the one he thought highest of. He was speaking even in his last illness of the natural attraction he felt towards him, and lamented it was so little the mode among Englishmen to write to each other. "Now," he said, "I should have liked to have been in regular correspondence with Mr Jos, but I did not venture to ask him, I am sure he would not have liked it." He then drew a character of him with such warmth and truth I regret I had not taken it down.

In the autumn of 1842, Hensleigh Wedgwood had a long illness. Emma, to relieve the strain, took care of three of his children, Snow aged nine, Bro eight, and Erny five. These children with her own two, Doddy aged three, and Annie two, were sent out walking, under the care of a nursery maid, almost a child herself. The result was they all got lost in what we called the "Big Woods"—a mass of hazel-copse with occasional oaks, and traversed by narrow footpaths. It was wintry weather and snow was lying on the ground.

Emma Darwin to her Sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Sunday [DOWN, *6th Nov.* 1842].

. . . Snow will tell you of our agitation of the children losing their way. I was afraid of nothing worse but their all sitting down to cry together. They had only Bessy with them, and Snow and Doddy missed the rest somehow and she brought him home from more than a mile off, dragging him along up to their ankles in mud. She kept him from being frightened or crying and from crying herself, and behaved like a little heroine. Charles and Parslow met them a short way from home and learnt as much as Snow could tell them of where the others were. They then found that Bessie and Annie and the two boys had been enquiring at a farm-house, and in about half-an-hour Charles found them and took them in to the farm-house for a slight refection, and got a man to carry Erny on his back and

Annie in his arms and they all came home in very tolerable spirits. Bro kept up his heart very well. It was in our own valley, but I had given them leave to go into Cudham Wood, which was rash of me, and I have forbidden it in future. I was easy as soon as I saw Snow, as then I was sure Bessy would be hunting after them. Poor Bessy had been carrying Annie for three hours.

The poor little nursery-maid, Bessy, was ill for a year after this adventure. Elizabeth wrote: "We are all in admiration of Snow's steadiness of mind. There is something so dreadful to a child in the idea of being lost that I quite wonder she did not at any rate fall into great distress."

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

[11 Nov. 1842.] Emma's letter told a nice trait of Erny. He had been quarrelling with Isabella about putting on a little warm coat, an old one of Bro's, so Emma told him if he would wear it every day she would give him a shilling. So the next day he came down in it and said, "I don't want to have that shilling, Aunt Emma; this coat is so nice now I have got it on."

This story of Erny and his shilling illustrates my mother's tendency to bribery. I am afraid it sounds immoral, but I do not think it was so immoral as it sounds. There would never have been any bribery as to any action which involved any serious question of right or wrong. No child would ever be bribed to be kind to an animal, or to tell the truth. But it was her view that it was a good thing to avoid struggles over small matters. As a fact we were obedient children, and anything like deliberate disobedience may be said to have never entered our heads. The rules of life were very simple, and when anything could be explained to us it was, and even when it could not we never questioned the absoluteness of a definite command.

CHAPTER VI

1843—1845

The death of John Allen—Emma and Fanny Allen leave Cresselly—Josiah Wedgwood's death—Our nurse Brodie—Henrietta Darwin born Sept. 25, 1843—Charles at Shrewsbury—Madame Sismondi at Chêne—A visit to Combe Florey—Emma at Maer—Mazzini and Carlyle—George Darwin born July 9, 1845—Improvements at Down.

JOHN ALLEN, the brother so beloved by all his sisters, died in April, 1843. Emma and Fanny Allen now left Cresselly, which Seymour, John's eldest son, inherited, and joined Jessie Sismondi and Harriet Surtees at their house in Tenby. Emma Allen wrote (May 4th, 1843): "Among us four to think and talk of him is no pain but all consolation. . . . In my most dear Henry his father's sweet, affectionate character is most observable. My love for him has had a strong increase by seeing what use and comfort he was to his dear father, 'What a blessing and comfort Harry is to me, Emma,' he said one of the last times he mentioned him to me."

Josiah Wedgwood, who had never really recovered from his dangerous illness of the previous year, died peacefully on July 12th, 1843. Emma was able to be at Maer, although she was expecting the birth of her fourth child in September.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAREST ELIZABETH, [*July*, 1843].

I feel it almost as necessary as breathing to me now, to express to you my deep tenderness and feelings for you at this awful time. Among all his children, who have loved

him so well, it is to you, who must feel his death the most, that one naturally turns with the greatest pity. I do not think the religious consolation comes immediately, but in the meanwhile you have the sweetest earthly one, the knowledge that you have been the most helpful, cheerful and affectionate child that ever father was blessed with. . . .

Poor Bessy! I feel for her that she cannot grieve for him as she would have done in time past, the husband whom she loved with such tenderness only a few years ago! to my mind her life is sadder than death. . . .

My mother told me that she felt with Fanny Allen that such a life was sadder than death, but that to Elizabeth the remnant of her mother's lovely soul remained her most precious possession.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood:

SOUTH CLIFF HOUSE [TENBY], *July 19th* [1843].

. . . That I am thinking incessantly of you all just now you will not wonder, and it is a relief to me to do something, tho' it is in fact nothing. But when I have sent off a letter to you however insignificant, I feel lighter, as if I had helped you a little. Every possible case presents itself to my imagination in the constant thought I have of you, and sometimes the fear Bessy might feel a sort of jealousy that all is addressed to you, and nothing to herself, or that she is neglected, set aside as superannuated, and so some mournful feeling be awakened. Then by writing, I so fear to do her harm, to rouse her to a feeling that it is a mercy should lie dormant, that I do not well know what to do. I have at last resolved on writing to her and consigning it to you. . . .

We have been talking over your father's incomparable kindness to us all our lives through, this morning at breakfast. Not one of our obligations to him was forgotten but

the most, the high moral atmosphere into which he introduced us, if I may speak so affectedly, but no other phrase that suits me so well presents itself. The moral standard of Pembrokeshire was so low, how can we suppose we might not have settled under it had we been left to ourselves and to the country? His was so high, so pure, so true and so engaging by his exquisite modesty, that it was impossible it should not have had its effect on us, tho' we had been born brutes. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her sister Mrs Josiah Wedgwood.

Wednesday [*July* 19, 1843].

(Enclosed in the letter to Elizabeth.)

DEAREST BESSY,

Our common loss awakens so many grateful feelings in my heart I cannot help writing to you, tho' I know that a letter is rather a fatigue now than a recreation to you. . . . I have often thought our connection with the Wedgwoods was one of the blessed circumstances of our lives, sent by Heaven to raise our moral natures, if we had the wisdom to profit by it. Some of us, I am sure have. Whether I have or not, I am sure I have never thought of Jos's brotherly affection to every one of us without a warm glow of the heart—his open house to all of us—his ready purse when we wanted help; dearest Bessy, if you had searched the world you could not have found a husband who would have been so kind and dear a brother to your sisters; and you, who were always their stay, support, and sunshine as it were, would not have been happy if you had not been so seconded, seconded as he only could, I believe. My own Bessy, we have so much to be grateful for, it would be sin not to think of our many blessings and be thankful. When we can feel gratitude to Heaven we are not far from happiness.

I often wish now that I had made my mother talk more about old times. I have the impression that she shared in the general reverence for her father's character, deeply loved, and was not afraid of him, but that it was her mother who had the first place in her heart and life.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

TENBY, *9th Sept.* [1843].

. . . Why sorrow should make us shy is inexplicable to me, but I am certain it does. Is it that a strong feeling of any kind keeps oneself in one's own mind perpetually, so that one cannot help feeling as if we were equally in the minds of others, on the stage as it were? Nevertheless I begin to make progress. I felt I had when Harry [Allen] was here the other day. In driving with him and talking to him I felt as if I once more enjoyed something. He coaxed me out in the prettiest way you ever saw, and was like his own dear father in making me talk, and seeming interested in what I said, enjoying with a gentle gaiety everything, "the air, the earth, the sky," so that insensibly he made you sympathize with him. . . .

I was born 25th September, 1843. There were now three children in the nursery.

Emma Darwin to her sister-in-law Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

DOWN, *Wed.* [say *Oct.*, 1843].

. . . We sent the maids to a concert at Bromley on Monday, and it has done Brodie such a wonderful deal of good that if she could but get to a play or two, I think it would cure her. There have been many breezes in that apartment, but I have told Brodie that I shall not keep Bessy if she is pert to her, and matters have gone very smooth since. Very likely now Brodie is so poorly and over-

done she may be cross herself, as she says she is indeed. But whether she is or not, Bessy must put up with it. I am reserving a sledge-hammer for her the next opportunity she gives me by pertness to Brodie. . . .

Brodie, our old Scotch nurse, was an invaluable treasure to my mother and a perfect nurse to the children. Her marked features were deeply pitted with smallpox; she had carrotty hair, china-blue eyes, and a most delightful smile. Her father, the owner, I think, of a small ship at Portsoy, had been one of Napoleon's *détenus*. I have the impression that they heard nothing of him for ten long years. She stayed with us till my sister died in 1851, and then through grief quite lost her self-control, and, indeed, almost her reason, and insisted on leaving. She made a little home for herself in Portsoy in Scotland, from which she paid us long visits, and remained our dear friend till her death in about 1873. I can still see her almost as if she was before my eyes, sitting in the little summer-house at the end of the Sand-walk, and hear the constant click-click of her knitting-needles. She did not need to look at her stocking, knitting in the Scotch fashion with one of the needles stuck into a bunch of cock's feathers, tied at her waist, to steady it. There she sat hour after hour patiently and benevolently looking on, whilst we rushed about and messed our clothes as much as we liked.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin in London.

Wednesday [SHREWSBURY, probably *Oct.*, 1843].

. . . Why did you not tell me how your old self was ? be sure and tell me exactly next letter. As for myself I am very brisk and have just been paying a call upon Nancy, and have been admiring her chateau, which really is very nice. She showed me a letter from Aunt Bessy which came with crockery, and Mme de Sévigné could not, I should think, have written more prettily on such an occasion. . . .

I got into a transport over the thought of Doddy and talked, like an old fool, for nearly an hour about nothing else, and I really believe the girls sympathized with it all.

I ended with protest that although I had done Doddy justice, they were not to suppose that Annie was not a good little soul—bless her little body. Absence makes me very much in love with my own dear three chickens. . . . You were quite right to send me sneers versus Mr Scott. I have amused them here with homœopathic stories. My father observes that as long as he can remember there has always been something wonderful, more or less of the same kind, going on, and there have always been people weak enough to believe, and he says, slapping both knees, he supposes there always will be, so that he thinks Mr Scott no greater a fool than other past and future fools; a more charitable belief than I can indulge in. By the way I told him of my dreadful numbness in my finger ends, and all the sympathy I could get was, " Yes—yes—exactly—tut—tut, neuralgic, exactly, yes, yes ! !" nor will he sympathize about money, " stuff and nonsense " is all he says to my fears of ruin and extravagance. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MAER, *Tuesday* [1844].

I think Willy [aged 4] must have the sweetest and most affectionate disposition in the world. We are all charmed with your anecdote of him, Aunt Sarah especially. I hope he will keep his resolution always to comfy Annie, and I daresay he will easily understand the distinction of duties between himself and Charles.

He did not always charm his great-aunt Sarah. A few years later, to her horror and amazement, he expressed in her presence a fervent wish to have seen an accident which was being mentioned—a dog run over by a train. She had no understanding of boy nature, or indeed of human nature.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

DOWN, *June* 20 [1844].

. . . We came here yesterday, we three and Fan Hensleigh and her baby, filling a nice clean coach. I find even the drive refreshing, how much more this pretty, brilliantly clean, quiet house. The repose and coolness of it is delicious, let alone the sunny faces which met us so lovingly at the door, amongst them Charlotte's sweet one, unchanged, and so young, I am continually confounding it with Emma's. This place and house I find exceedingly pretty, the drawing-room is a charming one, and the dining-room excellent. Emma, always the dearest little hostess in the world, and without any extraordinary out-of-the-way quality, is the most original little person in her way living. I rejoice greatly in getting this bit of Charlotte and finding her so unchanged in every way, except the anxious mother, and even anxiety with her is calm, concentrated, unobtrusive.

Fanny [Allen] saw Syd. Smith for half-an-hour in his very handsome house, mad with spirits, saying he had even now such an exuberance he did not know what to do with himself for very joy. He was pressing Fanny to marry, and recommended a lad of twenty to her. . . . Lady Davy told me she saw little of him, he was very rich, forgot old friendships or never had any, and really his want of moral feeling was painful, there was a time for all things, and it was now become indecorous both his jokes and laughs. . . .

Very soon after the above letter was written Madame Sismondi, accompanied by her sister Emma, set out for Geneva and Chêne.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

CHÊNE, *July* 13*th*, 1844.

. . . I seem so near him here, that the separation does not appear so complete and terrible as when I was in England, where all the regret for him seemed centred in my own

heart. Here his name is in every mouth, and sorrow for him in every heart, as if he had died but yesterday. Here, too, every spot recalls some sweet memory of happiness and love. I am too variable, and it is too soon to judge rightly, but certainly as yet I am less unhappy here, for surely here I made him happy.

Bossi has written an article for the Almanack that pleases me so perfectly, I really think he would be very capable of undertaking the memoirs, but I am afraid to trust to my own judgment, and I distrust his knowledge of a French public, for whom they must be written.

On Tuesday in the boat from Vevay here, I began to suffer almost more than I could bear, when our own familiar mountains showed themselves. Bossi met us with his carriages at the boat, unobtrusively tender as he always is, but when at Chêne I saw those stairs down which my Own so rapidly ran to receive me if I had but taken a walk without him, I thought my heart would break. It swelled so as almost to suffocate me; but this first suffering over I became every day less unhappy. On Wednesday morning as soon as I was awake I went to my beloved grave. It was full of flowers and a crown of everlasting was placed at the head. I recognised the Gr. Duchess in that. She is here, and has sent every day with great tenderness to enquire news of me, saying she would come to me as soon as I could see her without too much emotion. I have written to her, and expect her every minute. I love her, yet would much rather she had been at Berne. I wonder then whether I do really love her, or can there be no amity complete between the little and the great? Locked in the churchyard by this dear grave I pass my best hours. I pray there more fervently and with more hope than elsewhere; no one can see or hear me. I can call upon my Own and talk to him as tho' he lived. I am almost ashamed to tell you, it must seem so weak, but one strong feeling I really believe enfeebles the mind, and I am quite aware I must take arms against it.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, COMBE FLOREY, *Sept.* 5 [1844].

After all the trouble you have taken about furbishing me up fit for a fashionable visit, I owe you the earliest results of my experiment not to let things prized by the world slip from me when an opportunity occurred of my taking advantage of them, and [thus] save myself from future regrets. . . .

Sydney Smith read us this evening a pamphlet he has written, or is indeed now writing on the Catholic Clergy of Ireland, so clever, full of fun, good sense, and real eloquence occasionally, that the evening has passed off very pleasantly, and has recalled many a pleasant past hour of now nearly forty years' standing that authorises in my mind the extraordinary exertion of a long journey to see them. Sydney said to me at dinner to-day, "It is now forty years I think since we have been friends." So these things settle the question of folly which overtook me this morning, and I shall take the good and ill of the hour without a question.

I got here without any difficulty. The stop of nearly two hours at Bristol was tiresome and disagreeable enough, from thence we came to Taunton in an hour and a half. The country is very rich, and this place is lovely. Sydney was in the flower garden and gave us a hearty welcome. Mrs Smith I find affectionate, but she is very unwell and so is Sydney, though it does not quell his gaiety. Luttrell, the wit, was invited to meet Mrs L., the beauty, but he is in the Channel Islands and there have been no tidings of him. Rogers also was asked, but there has been some huff in the case, and the Beauty stands alone as far as guests go, though Sydney performs his part of talking gay nonsense to her. She is very fashionable and handsome, and as vain as you cannot imagine, though others may who have a spice of the same quality. Yesterday Sydney, she, and I were squeezed into a donkey-carriage to go round the grounds,

and very pleasant Sydney was. To-day as we can't get wits, we are to have Somersetshire Squires, and Syd. says he is not responsible for them. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

WOODCHESTER, *Thursday* [12 *Sept.* 1844].
(Her niece Lady Gifford's house near Stroud.)

I left the Smiths (true to my purpose of not exceeding a week there) yesterday morning. They have been kind and affectionate, and have performed their parts as hosts exceedingly well; but these extraordinary efforts of 150 miles to see people whom you are not in the habit of seeing very frequently, are beyond the warmth of my years.

The life at Combe Florey was very easy, pleasant, and epicurean. Sydney is a gay and very happy man, and poor Mrs Sydney is very nearly the reverse. I am convinced that the wife of a wit is under the constant discipline of mortification. She has detailed ruder and more offensive things done to her than I ever heard committed towards anybody. It seems to me that in the gay world they commit more offences against the decencies of society than in the middle classes, and yet they consider themselves as the rulers of *les bienséances*. Mrs L. did not intend to be rude, I dare say, but she did not show common attention to Mrs Smith, who was unwell and infirm. She never sat a single minute with her in the drawing-room, but went below to Sydney in the library, when she talked about the polka much more than listening to him about anything. The power of a handsome woman is quite extraordinary over men, if she is not a wife.

I enjoyed your letter very much. It is very pleasant to get one's letters, as we did at Combe Florey, in our bedrooms at 8 o'clock in the morning. It was pleasant too to have a bit of natural kindness and family affection to fortify oneself with, before one joins a life in which every deep and serious feeling was excluded. The Cecil Smiths were very civil. They hastened their dinner-party to catch me, but I was

inexorable to my day, being convinced that at Combe Florey more than any place "brevity is the soul of a visit." . . .

I have been told by Miss Clarke, the daughter of a neighbouring rector,[1] that in so far as these letters give the impression that Sydney Smith was no longer the kind friend and energetic helper of his parishioners it is unfair to him. Her father and mother were intimate with the Smiths, and she quotes a characteristic sentence from a note of his to her father: "Pray give your servant a *very gentle* admonition respecting leaving open garden doors. He left mine wide open to-day, and the village pigs, taking it as an hint that I wished to see them, paid me a visit."

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Sunday [SHREWSBURY, *Oct.*, 1844].

. . . My visit is going off very pleasantly; and my father is in excellent spirits. I have had a deal of "parchment talk," as Catherine calls it, with my father, and shall have a good deal of wisdom to distil into you when I return, about Wills, &c. . . . My father says that Susan, the evening before she went, was enthusiastic in her admiration of you, in which you know how my father joins. I did not require to be reminded how well, my own dear wife, you have borne your dull life with your poor old sickly complaining husband. Your children will be a greater comfort to you than I ever can be, God bless them and you. Give my love and a very nice kiss to Willy and Annie and poor Budgy, and tell them how much I liked their little notes, which I read aloud to grandpapa. I shall be very glad to see them again. I always fancy I see Budgy putting her tongue out and looking up to me. Good-bye, my dears.

C. DARWIN.

My mother paid a visit to Maer in February, 1845. Her life was at this time almost entirely filled by the cares of husband and children, and I think no reason less strong than that of seeing her mother would have taken her from her home life.

[1] The Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, Rector of West Bagborough.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin at Maer.

MY DEAR WIFE, [DOWN], *Monday night, Feb.*, 1845.

Now for my day's annals. In the morning I was baddish, and did hardly any work, and was as much overcome by my children as ever Bishop Copleston was with duck.[1] But the children have been very good all day, and I have grown a good deal better this afternoon, and had a good romp with Baby—I see, however, very little of the blesseds. The day was so thick and wet a fog that none of them went out, though a thaw and not very cold; I had a long pace in the kitchen garden: Lewis came up to mend the pipe, and from first dinner to second dinner was a first-rate dispensary [dispensation] as they never left him. They, also, dined in the kitchen, and I believe have had a particularly pleasant day.

I was playing with Baby in the window of the drawing-room this morning and she was blowing a feeble fly and blew it on its back, when it kicked so hard that to my great amusement Baby grew red in the face, looked frightened, and pushed away from the window. The children are growing so quite out of all rule in the drawing-room, jumping on everything and butting like young bulls at every chair and sofa, that I am going to have the dining-room fire lighted to-morrow, and keep them out of the drawing-room. I declare a month's such wear would spoil everything in the whole drawing-room.

I read Whately's[2] Shakespeare, and very ingenious and interesting it is—and what do you think Mitford's *Greece* has made me begin, the *Iliad* by Cowper which we were talking of; and I have read three books with much more pleasure than I anticipated.

Tuesday morning. I am impatient for your letter this

[1] This must be some family joke. Bishop Copleston had been a friend of Sir James Mackintosh.

[2] Thomas Whately (d. 1772), uncle of Archbishop Whately, wrote *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakespeare.* The Archbishop called it "one of the ablest critical works that ever appeared."

morning to hear how you got on. I asked Willy how Baby had slept and he answered "She did not cry not one mouthful." . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

[DOWN], *Friday night* [probably *February*, 1845].

MY DEAR EMMA,

I shall write my Babbiana to-night instead of before breakfast. It is really wonderful how good and quiet the children have been, sitting quite still during two or three visits, conversing about everything and much about you and your return. When I said I shall jump for joy when I hear the dinner-bell, Willy said, "I know when you will jump much more, when Mama comes home." "And so shall I," responded many times Annie. It is evident to me that *you must* be the cause of all the children's fidgets and naughtinesses. Annie [*æt.* 4] told me Willy had never been *quite* round the world, but that he had been a long way, beyond Leave's Green. The Babs has neglected me much to-day, and would not play; she could not eat jam, because she had eaten so much at tea. She was rather fidgety, going in and out of the room, and Brodie declares she was looking for you. I did not believe it, but when she was sitting on my knee afterwards and looking eagerly at pictures, I said, "Where is poor Mamma" she *instantaneously* pushed herself off, trotted straight to the door, and then to the green door, saying "Kitch"; and Brodie let her through, when she trotted in, looked all round her and began to cry; but some coffee-grains quite comforted her. Was not this very pretty? Willy told me to tell you that he had been very good and had given Annie only one tiny knock, and I was to tell you that he had pricked his finger.

My own annals are of the briefest. I paced half-a-dozen times along the kitchen garden in the horrid cold wind, and came in and read Monsters and Co., till tired, had some visits from children, had very good dinner and very good negus, played with children till six o'clock, read again

and now have nothing to do, but most heartily wish you back again. My dear old wife, take care of yourself and be a good girl.

C. D.

At night Willy said to me "poor poor laying all by himself and no company in the drawing-room."

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

16, GOWER STREET, *Saturday* [4 *May*, 1845].

. . . Hensleigh and Fanny make their house so pleasant and delightful that it always gives me, and others too, I daresay, the inclination to linger. We had a very pleasant breakfast at Rogers's[1] yesterday morning; Hensleigh would not go, which I was sorry for, as I never saw R. kinder, more interesting or more agreeable. Hensleigh and Fanny had a pleasant dinner-party also yesterday of the two Carlyles, Mr Wrightson, and Mazzini, who was clever and just in a dispute with "Thomas" about music. It was an amusing dispute. T. C. could see nothing in Beethoven's Sonatas, "it told nothing." It was like a great quantity of stones tumbled down for a building, and "it might have been as well left in the quarry." He insisted on Mazzini telling him what he gained by hearing music, and when Mazzini said inspiration and elevation, Carlyle said something not respectful of Beethoven, and Mazzini ended with *Dieu vous pardonne.* It was very amusing. Georges Sand's novels entered also into this dispute, and then C. was right and Mazzini on the wrong side. . . .

Emma's second son, George, was born on July 9, 1845.

[1] Samuel Rogers, banker, art collector, connoisseur, and poet, and for some half-century a leading figure in the world of letters, was at this time 82 years old. His "breakfasts" were celebrated as gatherings of wits, poets, and other eminent persons. He died in 1855, aged 92.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

DOWN, *Wednesday* [*Aug. 27th*, 1845].

Eras came to us on Monday. He is surprisingly well. The children fasten on him all day, which he bears with wonderful patience, and draws demons and imps for them with as great perseverance as he does for his own particular friends Erny and Tiny. . . . Charles has just finished his Journal, which has overtired him a good deal, and he is but poorly, now he has not the excitement of being forced to go on with his work. He has taken a great deal of pains with it and improved it a good deal, leaving out some of the discussions and putting in a few things which are interesting. As you are so much interested in Blanco White ['s *Life*] I must copy what Mr Lyell says about it. "I would advise every scientific man who is preparing a new edition in any rapidly progressive branch of science, in which he has launched many new speculations and theories, to read over the life of St Blanco the Martyr, which I have just finished, and to be grateful that in the department which he has to teach he is not pledged to retain for ever the same views, or that the slightest departure from them need not entail on him the penalty of the loss of nearly all worldly advantages, domestic ties, and friendships. How ashamed ought every lover of truth to feel if mere self-love or pride makes him adhere obstinately to his views, after seeing the sacrifices which such a man was ready to make for what he believed to be truth. This is the moral I draw from the book."

Charles Darwin to his sister Susan Darwin.

MY DEAR SUSAN, *Wednesday*, 3 *Sept.* 1845.

It is long since I have written to you, and now I am going to write such a letter, as I verily believe no other family in Britain would care to receive, viz. all about household and money affairs; but you have often said that you like such particulars.

Erasmus is here yet; he must have found it wofully dull,

but as he was to have gone on Saturday and then on Monday and willingly stayed, we have the real pleasure to think, wonderful as it is, that Down is not *now* duller to him than Park Street.

I have just balanced my half year's accounts and feel exactly as if somebody had given me one or two hundred per annum; this last half-year our expenses with some extras have only been £456, that is excluding the new garden wall; so that allowing Christmas half year to be £100 more we are living on about £1000 per annum; moreover this last year, subtracting extraordinary receipts, has been £1400, so that we are as rich as Jews.

We are now undertaking some great earth-works; making a new walk in the kitchen-garden; and removing the mound under the yews, on which the evergreens we found did badly, and which, as Erasmus has always insisted, was a great blemish in hiding part of the field and the old Scotch firs. We are making a mound, which will be execrated by all the family, viz., in front of the door out of the house. It will make the place much snugger, though a great blemish till the evergreens grow on it. Erasmus has been of the utmost service in scheming and in actually working; making creases in the turf, striking circles, driving stakes and such jobs; he has tired me out several times.

Thursday morning. I had not time to finish my foolish letter yesterday, so I will to-day. Our grandest scheme is the making our schoolroom and one (or as I think it will turn out) two small bedrooms. The servants complained to me what a nuisance it was to them to have the passage for everything only through the kitchen; again Parslow's pantry is too small to be tidy. It seemed so selfish making the house so luxurious for ourselves and not comfortable for our servants, that I was determined if possible to effect their wishes. So I hope the Shrewsbury conclave will not condemn me for extreme extravagance, though now that we are reading aloud Sir Walter Scott's life, I sometimes think that we are following his road to ruin at a snail-like pace. . . .

CHAPTER VII

1846

Emma at Maer—The death of Bessy, March 31, 1846—Elizabeth leaves Maer—Emma and two of her children at Tenby.

BESSY'S health was now failing fast; Emma went for a few days alone to Maer in January, 1846, on this account.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

MAER, *Thursday* [*Jan.*, 1846].

. . . Elizabeth is looking well and in good spirits. She is buoyed up by instinctive hopefulness, though if you were to ask her what it was she hoped, I don't know what she would say, but it makes her go through all the nursing with such zeal and spirit.

I left Charles and the children all well; Willy in a great state over a hideous new pea-jacket with great horn buttons. He puts it on at all times of the day when he can get it safe from Etty, who always insists upon having it on herself when she catches sight of it. He bears it with the greatest good nature and never attempts to take it from her, only keeps it under the sofa that he may get it unknownst. He is getting on a little with his reading, and I find it a great pleasure and interest teaching them. But when I am not well I feel it a great anxiety to be looking after them all day, or else the small quantity of lessons they do I think I could always manage.

Edmund [Langton] is a very pleasant little man, and looking so well it is a pleasure to see him. He is always being some animal which seems to do for him almost as well

as having a play-fellow: yesterday he was hard at work driving away the eagles from taking the ichneumon's jam, and to-day being an elephant taking care of the babies. He is surprisingly independent for an only child and receives any notice socially and pleasantly. My baby is a real beauty, except for looking red and rough with the cold. He has fine dark blue eyes, and I can't conceive how he gets them. I daresay you have forgotten the lecture you gave me on education; I quite agree with your maxims, and really I think I am rather severe than otherwise. I think the nonsense is quite knocked out of Susan and Cath. [Darwin] upon the subject of babies and education. . . . [They are] rather weary of children in general, and I saw Susan when she was at Down was rather uneasy till she had tidied away the children's untidiness as soon as they arose. I might be all day doing that, so I let them accumulate till the room becomes unbearable, and then call Bessy in to do it. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

January 12, 1846.

. . . Your account of your mother was very consolatory to us, never was decline so slow and gentle. That one of us who would be the most tenderly and carefully nursed, is the only one of us allowed to linger beyond the time here. . . . I entirely forget my lecture on education to you. Since you remember it and mean to follow it, I only hope it was a wise one. You are a child after my own heart to like the instructing part, and I only wish you may be allowed intervals that will allow of your being spared the melancholy, the discomfort, and discontent of keeping a governess. With a willing mind it might be done, or how could the French, whose lives are so much more social, accomplish it? An upper maid of confidence, whose manners are gentle and good, who was capable of teaching them to read, would be sufficient for their young years. When they became rational creatures they would be more

a pleasure than a plague to you. I think we English lay much too great stress on bringing children forward in learning, by which we give them longer lessons than their little heads can take in, and only serve to weary the poor teacher. Mrs Somerville, who taught hers, assured me she never gave lessons longer than ten minutes at a time. She said longer was only pernicious, no child could give undivided attention beyond that period. She then sent them out to amuse themselves as they could, and they always succeeded and were fresh to give her their attention for another ten minutes when she called for them. This could not fatigue any mother, not even Mrs Allen. The learning that profits our understanding is of our own acquiring, therefore later. Never mind if your children are dunces. No governess can do what a mother can for their souls, therefore, if possible, my Emma, keep them in your own hands. Could you have learnt anything but good from your nurse, the pious and truthful Molly ? Get such another, only more elegant if you thought necessary. . . .

I find John[1] has been visiting you: I hope he amused you; there is something original about him, but I have no hope he can ever win either of the nonpareils Parthenope or Florence [Nightingale]. I think we English are far too shy of the character of matchmaking. As in this free country there is no forcing them, we only put people in the way of being happy, should they suit each other, by throwing them together. I have been just answering your sweetheart's letter, and I think it so pretty a one, I enclose it to you, to show you what you have lost. Seriously it gave me great pleasure and made me wonder still more than I did when I saw him, that you seemed more disposed to laugh at than like "Tom Appleton."[2] Have the Americans

[1] Her nephew, the youngest son of the late John Allen of Cresselly.

[2] Tom Appleton, an American, brother of Mrs Longfellow, was the most kindly of men. He became, in later years, a strong spiritualist. He was the author of the saying that "good Americans go to Paris when they die." Oliver Wendell Holmes called him "the Sydney Smith of the Boston of his day." He was in no possible sense my mother's "sweetheart," but she always liked him.

no public schools to cool and harden them as we have? They are of our blood and family, I do not see why they should have so much more sensibility, such quicker sympathies, such readier affections, unless it is that our odious schools mar us.

Emma never saw her mother again. She died on the 31st March, 1846. Elizabeth wrote to her sister Emma: "Oh how thankful I am that her death was so gentle! In the evening I heard her saying as I had done before, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' For her own sake no one could wish her half-extinguished life to be prolonged. For us it was still a happiness to be able to look on that sweet countenance, and see a faint gleam now and then of the purest and most benevolent soul that ever shone in any face."

Fanny Allen to Sarah Wedgwood (sister of Josiah Wedgwood of Maer).

PENALLY, *April 6th* [1846].

. . . Fifteen years ago, what grief we should have felt at this event! ever since then we have had a gentle weaning, and dear Bessy's life, though deprived of enjoyment was, heaven be praised! one of little suffering! What a life of kindness I have to be grateful for, when I think of Jos and Bessy's affection and conduct to us! Many, many attentions and kindness that had almost slipped from my memory now rise up before me vividly, with the sweet and affectionate accompanying manner and look. Among the many things that I have to be grateful for through life, the greatest is our union to your family. Bessy's character was perfected by Jos, every generous and affectionate feeling put in action by him. And then they have left us such children, taught by them, that will bless us, and all around them, with the like tenderness and love. I mention now only Jos, but I gratefully remember every one of you—it has been a long stream of kindness from each of you. . . .

Elizabeth Wedgwood to her sister Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA, MAER, *Monday* [6 *April*, 1846].

We have been talking a little of our plans. I think we shall come to the conclusion that as we must break up from here, there is little use in lingering, and that we shall probably not stay more than a month. I don't feel that leaving the place (though I shall never see another I shall like anything like it) will be much of a grief. How glad I should have been if Jos and Harry would have taken to it; I can't help thinking Jos will regret it. It is so unlike any other place, so completely its own self, and with alterations it might be made so very nice a one, and he will find it almost impossible to fix anywhere else. . . . Thank you my dear Emma for your invitation, but I think I shall stick by the Langton's at present. Charlotte wishes it, and Charles Langton gives me great confidence he will like it too.

It is a great pleasure to see how entirely Charles [Langton] understood and loved my mother—how he felt the transparent brightness of her character, and how everybody whom we have heard from felt it. There never was anyone comparable to her. Her look and voice are a brightness gone from the world for ever. I feel it a comfort that she continued so unaltered to the last. Till that one day of insensibility she had no look of pain or illness, and I have not borne to disturb that image in my memory by any sight since. . . . Charles was mentioning yesterday a circumstance that I had never heard before, for I think I could not have forgotten it, a dream she had of being able to walk, and what extreme pleasure it gave her. My father was very much affected at hearing it.

Good-bye, my dear Emma, you may be sure I shall be very glad to go and see you and dear Charles a little further on.—Your affect.

S. E. W.

Charlotte remarks in the letters they receive how many revert to the charm of her mother's smile. Emma wrote:

"The time I remember my mother with most affection was about the time we came from school, and she and my father came to meet us at Stone and gave us such a reception. I shall never forget her warm glow as she embraced us again and again. Soon after she left us at school again, after the midsummer holiday, she went to Shrewsbury, and was very ill there for some time. When I think of the grief I felt then at hearing of her illness, I often wonder at my apathy now, but in fact the first fit she had was almost a greater grief than any I have felt since with respect to her. . . ."

In the summer Emma Darwin went to Tenby, taking her two eldest children, Willy and Annie. This long journey was a most unusual event in her quiet life.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin, at Tenby.

DOWN, *Wednesday* [*June*, 1846].

I was exceedingly glad to get your letter with so wonderfully good an account of your voyage and of the dear little souls' happiness; I am glad you took them. Do you not think you had better come back by land? and had you better not stay more than a fortnight? I propose it to you in *bonâ fide* and wish you to do so, though I do long to have mine own wife back again. . . .

At last the flower-garden is looking very gay. I have been getting on very badly with my work as it has been extremely difficult, and I have had so many letters to write. Etty was very charming, though I did not see much of her yesterday; she is very affectionate to her dolls, but at last got tired of them, and declared with great emphasis that "she would have a real live Baby," and "Mama *shall* buy one for me."

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin at Tenby.

MY DEAR WIFE, *Thursday afternoon* [*June*, 1846].

To-day has been stormy and gloomy, but rather pleasant in the intervals, only I have been sick again but *not* very uncomfortable. A proof has come from the

printers saying the compositor is in want of MS., which he cannot have and I am tired and overdone. I am an ungracious old dog to howl, for I have been sitting in the summer-house, whilst watching the thunderstorms, and thinking what a fortunate man I am, so well off in worldly circumstances, with such dear little children, and such a Trotty,[1] and far more than all with such a wife. Often have I thought over Elizabeth's words, when I married you, that she had never heard a word pass your lips which she had rather not have been uttered, and sure I am that I can now say so and shall say so on my death-bed, bless you, my dear wife.

Your very long letter of Monday has delighted me, with all the particulars about the children. How happy they seem: I will forward it to Caroline, though twice it has "my dearest N."

Trotty is quite charming, though I am vexed how little I can stand her: somehow I have been extra bothered and busy: and this morning I sent off five letters. . . .

"My dearest N," means "My dearest Nigger." He called himself her "nigger" meaning her slave, and the expression "You nigger," as a term of endearment, is familiar to our ears from her lips.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Madame Sismondi.

DOWN, *Sunday* [probably *September*, 1846].

. . . Charlotte writes to me for a receipt for a punishment for Edmund. If she will send me ditto for Etty I will engage to furnish her, but I am quite as much non-plussed as she can be. Since she has been unwell the whims in her little head are wonderful. Now she never will have her night shift on, and it has to be put on after she is asleep. I must come to a downright quarrel I am afraid, but I am always in hopes these fancies will blow over.

[1] Etty, called Trotty Veck.

Photograph by *G. W. Smith*

THE VILLAGE OF DOWN

To face p. 104, Vol. II.

CHAPTER VIII

1847—1848

Elizabeth Darwin born—Sarah Wedgwood settles at Down—Elizabeth Wedgwood and the Langtons leave Staffordshire—Hartfield—Fanny Allen on a round of visits—The French Revolution of '48—Charles Darwin at Shrewsbury—Francis Darwin born August 16th, 1848—The death of Dr Darwin.

ELIZABETH DARWIN was born on July 8, 1847.

This year Sarah Wedgwood left Staffordshire and came to Down to be near my mother, where she lived till her death. Her house, Petleys, was quite secluded, though it was close to the little village street.[1]

I have still a vivid image of my great-aunt Sarah. She was tall, upright, and very thin, and looked as different from the rest of the world as any old lady in *Cranford*. She used to wear a scanty lilac muslin gown, several little capes, or small shawls, and a large Leghorn bonnet. She kept several pairs of gloves by her—loose black ones for putting on coals and shaking hands with little boys and girls, and others for reading books and cleaner occupations. Her life was one of Spartan simplicity. She lived in her books, and the administration of her charities, and her only society was that of my mother and a few old friends and relations. She had no gift for intercourse with her neighbours, rich or poor, and I do not believe ever visited in the village. Neither do I think she cared for her garden or ever went into it; and her horse and phaeton seemed to be kept entirely for our service, though I suppose that it took her few visitors to and from the station—an anxious business, as Jack, her horse, was as old-fashioned as his mistress, and could not be allowed to hear or see a train, or he became quite unmanageable. The solemn visits to our old great-aunt were

[1] The trees of her garden are shown on the left of the picture, and opposite is the gateway of the house where later on my Aunt Elizabeth came to end her days.

rather awful but rare events. Her servants, however, Mrs Morrey, Martha, and Henry Hemmings, were our dear friends, and whenever life was a little flat at home, we could troop off, crossing the three fields that separated our house from Petleys, sure of a warm welcome from them. The flowers that grew in her garden seemed to us to have a mysterious charm, and once a year there was the excitement of gathering bullaces in the hedge of her little field. Mrs Morrey's gingerbread was like no other we have ever tasted before or since, and Martha would sing us songs which only gained by repetition.

All the family but the Frank Wedgwoods had now left Staffordshire. The Harry Wedgwoods settled at The Hermitage, near Woking; the Josiah Wedgwoods at Leith Hill Place; and the Langtons at Hartfield Grove, on the borders of Ashdown Forest, in Sussex, all within a year or two. Elizabeth shortly after built herself a house, The Ridge, about a quarter of a mile from the Langtons. The site was a little group of fields, formerly filched from the open heath and bordered with hollies, beeches, and firs. All the cousins have the happiest remembrance of visits to these two houses; there was the same atmosphere of freedom as there had been at Maer, and the surroundings were particularly delightful for children. There were streams where we fished for minnows, sand to dig in, and wild heathy commons to wander freely about. Lately, when I looked down on both houses from the top of Gill's Lap, a high fir-crowned hill about two miles to the south, I thought that it was even wilder, and more full of charm than I remembered.

Elizabeth built a little school on the edge of her land for the few children near by. They came from little straggling cottages originally belonging to squatters on the forest. It was her regular occupation every morning for an hour or two to teach in this school. Before this, but when does not appear, she had built a little school on Caldy Island, near Tenby, and, I presume, endowed it.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

27 *Aug.*, 1847.

I feel disposed to write to you to-day, dearest, because my head is full of you and of your works, which I believe I was one of the first to think romantic. Let me make

the *amende honorable*. What you have done at Caldy prospers and bears fruit more abundantly than I could have believed possible. Yesterday Emma persuaded me to lay my oldness aside, and make one of a boat party to Caldy with John Allen[1] (School Commissioner) to visit your school, so that you will see it figure in the school report. We found 12 or 13 children. After summoning all in that were at hand there were 17 examined. The school at full amounts to twenty-two. It is, as you know, amply furnished with all the implements of learning; and John Allen was particularly pleased with the little Scriptural prints, in which he examined them with a sort of parental tenderness. They sang several hymns and sang them true. There was a devotional earnestness in one little boy that might have repaid you for all you have done, if you had looked at him.

I enjoyed the sail there and back exceedingly beside all the pleasure I found on the Island itself. We were obliged to climb up an almost perpendicular rock that frightened me to look at, but with the adroit aid of Tom Allen I got up like a goat, and enjoyed it all the more for the difficulty. . . .

Elizabeth's house at Hartfield was now being laid out, and the following letter shows that my mother was proposing to dig up shrubs from the garden at Down for the new place.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Sunday [SHREWSBURY, 31*st Oct.*, 1847].

I had two wretched days on Friday and Saturday. I lay all day upstairs on the sofa groaning and grumbling and reading "The Last Days of Pompeii." I have almost made up my mind to stay here till Wednesday, and I shall not go round by Kew, as Hooker will come to us. I have had

[1] Afterwards Archdeacon Allen, the well-known friend of Fitzgerald and Tennyson.

plenty of time to think of you, my own dearest, tenderest, best of wives. I have no doubt I shall be at home on Thursday. Kiss the dear children for me. . . .

Many thanks for all your *very* nice letters and your amusing one this morning. We all here understand why so many laurels must be dug up, perhaps you would like the Azalea and one of the Deodars for Elizabeth. My dearest, I kiss you from my heart. Won't you dig up a few of the apple trees in the orchard? Are they not too thick?

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

PERRYSTONE, *Sept. 2nd* [1847].

. . . I found W. Clifford on Thursday at the turnpike gate with the little carriage and his man George. On Friday, Mr Cornewall Lewis[1] and Lady Theresa and her 3 children (Listers) came here, and remain till to-morrow, we had also the Dean of St Asaph. Lady Theresa is quite charming—so gay and happy, easy and natural, and I think very clever. She has a good loud voice, and she carries on a lively conversation with Mr Clifford without much effort. If all ladies of quality were like her I should say they were very superior to the run of ladies in our rank. Her son is a nice lad at Harrow, who charms W. Clifford by the sweetness of his countenance; the two girls also are nice little things. He enjoyed himself very much talking nonsense to Lady Theresa last night, and she responded with great gaiety. His love for Violet was the theme. Mr Lewis is a sensible man, rather cold, but he enjoys his wife's sprightliness and laughed very heartily when she took him off; they seem a thoroughly happy family. I thought he criticised Macaulay well and justly this morning—he said he thought he lost sight of truth occasionally from his love of painting strong scenes and saying striking things, but never from

[1] Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Poor Law Commissioner. He was author of the saying "life would be tolerable but for its amusements." He married Maria Theresa (1803—1865), grand-daughter of the 1st Earl of Clarendon, and widow of Thomas Henry Lister.

prejudice. He thought him on the whole very veracious. He is a man of bad or no taste (I forget which), which is observable in his history, or indeed in whatever he writes. . . .

Fanny Allen to her sister Madame Sismondi.

HARTFIELD, *Oct. 3rd* [1847].

. . . I am very glad to hear that you are going to Cresselly for the christening, and that you have a smart bonnet to wear there. Pick up every word of Kitty's and if you could send a scrap of her in every letter what treasures they would be! It is indeed a privilege to have such a child as that. Happy parents!

I have been deep in the old letters of the family for these last ten days—poor Tom's[1] letters are very melancholy and touching, and some of Jos's answers very beautiful. What two men they were! and their attachment to each other so perfect. I have copied off half a sheet of Tom's written from Cote in 1804, desiring Jos not to come there on his account, and giving a character of himself and Jos so true and beautiful both, that it is a pity it should not be more known. It was a cruel blight that passed over the life of a person of such rare excellence. There are a great number of Coleridge's letters, very clever and amusing—in one a very kind message to "Miss Allens, Fanny and Emma," and how pleasant the recollection he had of his stay at Cresselly. Tom Poole's letters are interesting. I never cease regretting that Kitty [Wedgwood] did not accept him. How different would have been her life, to that absurd and ridiculous attachment which bound her to Miss Morgan. Among the mass of letters his are among the most affectionate and from the most healthful mind. There are also [letters] from Wordsworth, Godwin, Campbell, all equally struck by the beauty of Tom's character, and expressive of the deepest attachment to him. He was a "man made to be loved" like Fox.

[1] Tom Wedgwood, brother of Josiah Wedgwood of Maer.

It is very lucky you are not near enough to commit the imprudence of sending me your "white bonnet to be worn at Embley." I shall not want a smart bonnet there, not so much as at Down, and I have got my Leghorn, too smart almost already. Be sure to dress yourself very handsomely at Cresselly. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

THE HERMITAGE, *Thursday 11th* [*Nov.*, 1847].

. . . I was yearning to write to you the few days of my stay at Embley[1] [where] I spent a pleasant time in spite of the greatest of my losses, Florence. I never liked Mr or Mrs Nightingale so much before, and Hilary Carter and Parthe are girls of extraordinary talents and understanding. Mr N. has something of the charm of Mrs Tollet's simplicity. He made us laugh heartily one day at dinner, when some one observed on the character of Sismondi, of the interest he took in people, when Mr Nightingale suspended his knife and fork a little saying, "It is very amiable, but I can *not* for the life of me feel that interest in anybody." He was greeted with much laughter of course, but he continued very grave, protesting his want of power. He made another confession, that he was very malignant, which I do not see any indication of, but he knows best. Florence's letters were great treats. There were three of them during my stay. She sees well and describes well. She mentioned having seen the Nineveh bulls which have lately arrived at Paris. They are exceedingly grand, 20 feet high, and 12 of these are coming to England. What can we do with them? Where place them? They have all been dug up at Nineveh. The Bracebridges and Florence left Paris in the *diligence* for Chalons. This new mode of travelling amuses Flo, and she rather likes difficulties too. What a wife she would make

[1] The house of Mr Nightingale, father of Florence Nightingale and Frances Parthenope, afterwards 2nd wife of Sir Harry Verney. Hilary Bonham-Carter was their first cousin.

for a man worthy of her! but I am not sure I yet know the mate fit for her. I never saw a more enviable talent of drawing than that which Hilary Carter and Parthe have. Everything that catches their eye as beautiful, either in form or colour, they sketch or colour with inconceivable rapidity, and their pencil or colour box is always at hand. . . . I came up here yesterday with Mr Eyre, a neighbour of the Nightingales, and had much conversation with him on the *beau monde* topics. He proposed the *coupé* for us to go in, and it is by far the most agreeable seat in the train, so pray choose it the next time you go. You hear much better too, so that sometimes you may gain a good deal and sometimes lose, as it may be. Yesterday I gained something of the high world talk. Mr Eyre is an intimate of Sydney Herbert and detailed the course of his marriage and the loosening of the tie between him and Mrs Norton, who behaved very well on the occasion and assured him when he married she would never cross his path. She went to Ireland before the marriage took place. Mr Eyre gave some very sensible opinions on marriage. I could not help smiling when I thought how intimate we had got, and we parted affectionately. Our marriage conversation was apropos to the difficulty the two N.'s would have in finding any one they would like well enough to forsake such a home. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

42, CHESTER TERRACE,
Sunday Evening [28 *Nov.*, 1847].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I was sorry to miss your parting kiss and farewell on Wednesday, but when I came down the stairs I had not a minute to lose, so I left you without being able to say the only disagreeable word I can ever imagine saying to you. My dinner at Alderson's was rather dull and heavy. We were a party of 14, and our 3 best men made but bad talkers that day. Alderson was so much occupied with carving that I did not hear him speak, and the time of dinner was

composed of duet talking. The Bishop of Exeter[1] looked the very personification of the evil serpent, gliding about and whispering in deep conversation with the Baron, all with reference to his plot against Hampden. Soon after he sat down to dinner he poured much civility on me. He made me half-a-dozen set speeches, invitations to Torquay and Devonshire, with much formality, and I guess little sincerity. I wanted to have Mr Maurice[2] as my companion, but I got H. Milman.[3] He praised *Jane Eyre* exceedingly, so if you want to order a book get that, the writer is unknown. He and his wife had been at Paris lately and I asked him about the Bulls, that you have been laughing at my version of. They are brazen he said, and he should think their height was about 12 feet; and instead of 12 Bulls for England, he said there were a great many more—so I suppose there are twenty bulls, and I transferred the numbers. Mrs Henry Milman was exquisitely dressed.

Friday I dined at Mrs Sydney Smith's. This was a melancholy contrast to the dinners when Sydney presided. Mrs Sydney was low and seemed to feel the striking difference. Everything was as handsome and elegant as in Sydney's time, but the soul was wanting, which Mrs S. seems to feel every moment. I heard no news there, except great praise of *Jane Eyre*. Fanny [Hensleigh] called for me at ½ past nine to go to Mrs Thompson's literary *soirée*, which consisted of about 18 or 20 people, most of them very black. We had some singing and a little dancing. Sir Edward L. Bulwer's son[4] was there, the most affected young gentleman

[1] The famous "Gorham Case" was just now beginning, in which Phillpotts, the combative and crafty Bishop of Exeter, was trying to keep a clergyman out of a benefice to which he had been presented, on the ground that he was not sound on the question of "baptismal regeneration." The Bishop was a militant Tory of the fiercest type. His wife was a niece of Mr Surtees.

[2] Frederick Denison Maurice (b. 1805, d. 1872), Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. He may be said to be the inspirer of the movement generally called "Broad Church." He also founded the Working Men's College, the pioneer in the cause of the higher education of working men. Gladstone after his death called him "that spiritual splendour," quoting the phrase used by Dante about St Dominic.

[3] Henry Milman, the historian, afterwards Dean of St Paul's.

[4] The 1st Earl of Lytton, born 1831.

of 16 I ever saw. He is very handsome, and shakes back his head of heavy dark curls every time he spoke. His dress was exceedingly *recherché*, he is quite a finished *petit maître*. . To-day we went to hear Pusey in the morning at Dodsworth's Church, and walked afterwards to Lincoln's Inn Chapel. I wish you had been with us to-day. Mr Maurice gave us a beautiful discourse, and I heard every word. It amply repaid me for my walk. It was partly on the forgiveness of our sins and what Luther had done. It is a sermon I should like to read, for it began with our quelling selfishness, but the link that bound that to the latter part of his sermon I cannot recollect. It was a sermon in contrast to Dr Pusey's in the morning, which was striking and terrific, closing with the denunciations of our Saviour to the goats on the left hand. Thus closes my story of the week. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, *Dec.* 26 [1847], [TENBY].

You will be glad to hear how I have found Jessie, so I will begin a letter to you this evening. I want also to close the history of my London annals to you, for if I do not write them when they are tolerably fresh I shall forget them altogether.

Thursday, the House of Commons Day, was a failure. Where you sit is not comparable to the old Ventilator, you cannot easily move, you have a fair sight of the House, but you hear with difficulty. The only person, or the two persons I wished to hear, I did not. H. Drummond did not speak that night, and Julia Smith would not stay long enough for D'Israeli. Then I should say the debate was a cold one. Mr Gladstone spoke fluently, but there was no soul in his words, and indeed there were no giants in the House. Saturday it poured. Hensleigh continued ailing and would not think of going out to breakfast, so we went without him and had a very pleasant morning. Rogers is much more himself, and can manage subjects better in his own house than when he is thrown into a party of 12, where

perhaps he only knows 4 or 5. There was only Mr Ruxton, I am not sure of the name, but he was clever and agreeable. Rogers prophesied that Monckton Milnes would extinguish him, when he should arrive, as he was just come from Madrid, and we should hear nothing but of Spain. This was not quite the case as he seemed to have been much amused by H. Drummond's speech the night before in the House, and he did not seem much struck by Madrid. The Queen is turning out a good-looking woman. Her leisure time is now engaged in copying Raphael's celebrated picture of the Spasimo! M. Milnes is lively and pleasant but he is plain and common looking, so that he must make his way with Florence [Nightingale] by his mind, and not the outward man. Mrs Sara Coleridge told us his confession to her was that he wished to be in love and could not.

We called on poor Mrs Sydney Smith on our way back. How untrue was the report that she was giving parties and going out! She has not dined in company since S.'s death and has given no parties of any kind. She lives but in the thoughts of her past life, and of wishes to transmit something of Sydney to posterity that might show him the gay, kind, good-natured person he was. She said she would show me her manuscripts, what she had collected of his letters, and her own little sketch of her husband's early life. But as this could not be now, she gave me a few books of MSS. to look over before I quitted town. This was good-natured and the reading of them gave me amusement and pleasure. The day was too bad for Anne Marsh to come, as she had intended, so Sara Coleridge sat an hour or more waiting for her. She [Sara] is not a person that hits my taste, she has I suspect too much of her father in her. The dinner at Bunsen's was a very pleasant one. Besides the family there were three gentlemen and their wives and some other learned men. Bunsen introduced one man, a German (Max Müller) who was a great Sanscrit scholar. Another, who sat next me, was a great Northern linguist and scholar, I believe he was an Englishman. All the English names I could make nothing of when Bunsen pronounced them. It was very

amusing hearing all these men talking of learned times and things, which you do not hear at an English dinner-table. There was a frankness in this that was very agreeable. Next to Bunsen, I should think my neighbour, the Scandinavian, was the most learned of the party. He seemed to know all things, so I ventured to try him with my bulls. He was quite *au fait*, told me where they were, not yet arrived in India, from whence they come here by vessels. I asked him what their height was, and he said 16 feet high, so there I shall leave them—a very proper height. He told me they had deciphered also some words on the Babylonian bricks and that Nebuchadnezzar was on every one. The world was created on Sept. 21, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

March 4 [1848].

As great a change has taken place in my feelings since this day week, as there did in Paris almost in those wonderful four days. Then I do not remember ever being made so unhappy by politics, and so I continued until my Galignanis, which were suspended, were returned to me, and a letter from Mme Mojon telling me the romantic turn of the Revolution, the safety of those for whom I trembled, and really, as far as it seems at present, the most sublime political movement that has ever taken place in any country. I go to bed after reading every paper I can lay my hands on, only in impatience to awake again to know and read more. No government is possible now but a republic, whatever one might feel of pity for the poor Orleans, of love and admiration for my heroine, the Duchess. . . . The Revolution is now more a social than a political one. Will they be able to realise their promises to the working classes? and if they cannot, how much may be dreaded from the disappointed vengeance of the monster they have unchained. I see to-day a decree of what Sismondi so unceasingly asked, "a participation of the workman in the gains of what he produces,

however small, so as to have a living interest in the manufactory," but in this very decree I see a blunder by the "mauvaise tête" of Louis Blanc. He talks of the "iniquitous oppression" of the work-masters. It is not true, and if it was, it is not for the rulers of the masters as well as workmen to use such language. At a moment when as you say, "a little spark kindleth such a blaze" how cautiously ought every word to be weighed! I cannot help thinking the hand of God is immediately in this revolution. It is so great, so sudden, so unforeseen, so unmeasured even by those who seem to have made it, that it has the effect of a miracle on the soul.

The most hopeful part of this revolution is the awakening of a religious feeling. Can that be owing only to the piety of one man, Lamartine? One might doubt it if one did not see the immense spread of good by one woman, Mrs Fry, whose memoirs we are now reading, and a very delightful reading it is. What a blessed woman! And what a blessed lot was hers! . . . God bless thee, my beloved child. Ever thy, J. S.

I like much the "thee and thou," it seems so pretty in Mrs Fry.

The following letters were written during a visit to Shrewsbury in May, 1848. Dr Darwin was very seriously ill and this was my father's last visit there during his father's lifetime.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Saturday [SHREWSBURY, probably 20 *May*, 1848].

Though this will not go to-day I will write a bit of Journal, which "in point of fact" is a journal of all our healths. My father kept pretty well all yesterday, but was able to talk for not more than 10 minutes at a time till after dinner, when he talked the whole evening most wonderfully well and cheerfully. It is an inexpressible pleasure that he has twice told me that he is very comfortable, and that his want of breath does not distress him at all like the

dying sensation, which he now very seldom has. That he thought with care he might live a good time longer, and that when he died it would probably be suddenly, which was best. Thrice over he has said that he was very comfortable, which was so much more than I expected. . . .

Thanks for your very nice letter received this morning, with all the news about the dear children: I suppose now and be-hanged to you, you will allow Annie is "something." I believe as Sir J. L. said of his friend, that she is a second Mozart; anyhow she is more than a Mozart considering her Darwin blood. Farewell for to-day.

Sunday. All goes on flourishing. Susan arrived at 8 o'clock in tremendous spirits. The tour had answered most brilliantly. She never saw such trees, such post-horses, such civil waiters, and such good dinners, and as for Frank Parker, she is in love with him. It has done her a world of good.

Monday [SHREWSBURY, *22nd May*, 1848].

. . . I was speculating yesterday how fortunate it was I had plenty of employment (and an employment which *I* do not consider mere amusement) for being employed alone makes me forget myself: really yesterday I was not able to forget my stomach for 5 minutes all day long. I have read, since being here, Evelyn's Life of Mrs Godolphin; it is very pretty, but she is too virtuous, and too nun-like; her great beauty counterbalances some of her virtue: if she had been ugly and so very good she would have been odious. Tell this sentiment to your Aunt Sarah and see what she will say. I am also reading an English translation of Mme de Sévigné and like it much. Give my love to all the dear children and bless them:

Yours, C. D.

The black-caps sing here so beautifully.

[SHREWSBURY], *Tuesday* [23 *May*, 1848].

This lovely day makes me pine rather to be with you and the dear little ones on the lawn. Thank Willy and

Annie for their very nice notes, which told me a great many things I wished to hear; they are very nicely written. Give them and my dear Etty and Georgy my best love. This place is looking lovely, but yet I could not live here: the sounds of the town, and blackguards talking, and want of privacy, convince me every time I come here that rurality is the main element in one's home. . . .

Thursday [SHREWSBURY, probably *25th May*, 1848].

I keep very well, though unusually heavy. My father had a fair night. He was very cheerful at cards, but the day here is almost continual anxiety. The Owens as usual have found me out: the Queen might as well come *incognito* here: I hope the Governor[1] will not come over to-morrow.

Your letters delight me and tell me all the things I most like to hear: I am very sorry that Annie cannot sing, but do not give up too soon. You are a lovely girl, I have just written for you my third note to Mr Blunt.[2] Eras. says that the Ls. having gone to the Queen's Ball, taken with the Prince's speech about the Lodging Houses, show that the Court is determined to encourage the lower orders: I should like to repeat this to the Ls. It is going to be tremendously hot to-day.

Your old Nigger, C. D.

I am in love with Mme de Sévigné; she only shams a little virtue.

My father's words as to his being in love with Madame de Sévigné remind me of the mixture of playfulness, deference, and admiration which made his manner so delightful to any woman who attracted him—with whom he was in love as he was pleased to call it. He was often in love with the heroines of the many novels that were read to him, and used always to maintain both in books and real life that a touch of affectation was necessary to complete the charm of a pretty woman. What he meant is rather difficult to under-

[1] Mr Owen of Woodhouse.

[2] The Shrewsbury chemist, who was believed at Down to be the best chemist in the world.

stand, for he really could not endure affectation. But I think it was a certain grace of manner combined with an intention to please.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Saturday [Postmark *27th May*, 1848].

I was so very glad to get your letter this morning with as good an account of the Baby as could be expected. I am so thankful you had Elizabeth with you; for she of all human beings would be of the greatest comfort to you. Her presence is a blessing and joy to everyone. I am weak enough to-day, but think I am improving. My attack was very sudden: Susan was very kind to me but I did yearn for you. Without you when sick I feel most desolate. I almost doubt whether I shall be able to travel on Monday; but I can write no more now. I do long to be with you and under your protection for then I feel safe. God bless you.

C. D.

Thank my dear Etty for her nice little letter and give my love to all our dear children, whom I shall be so glad to see again.

Francis, my mother's seventh child, was born on August 16, 1848.

Dr Darwin died on November 13th in the same year: I remember feeling awe-struck, and crying bitterly out of sympathy with my father.

Catherine Darwin wrote to her brother Charles (11th Nov., 1848): "My father is perfectly collected, and placid in his mind in every way, and one of the most beautiful and pathetic sights that can be imagined, so sweet, so uncomplaining, so full of everybody else, of all the servants, the servants' children, etc. Susan was up all last night, and the greatest part of the night before; she is wonderfully able to go through her most trying part, all his directions being given to her. He attempted to speak about you this morning, but was so excessively overcome he was utterly unable; we begged him not to speak as we knew what he would have said; the least emotion or excitement exhausts him so, it is quite dangerous. . . ." And the day following,

after telling of the peaceful death, she ends her letter, "God comfort you, my dearest Charles, you were so beloved by him."

My father went down to Shrewsbury, although the journey was a great effort. He stayed the night with Erasmus Darwin in London.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

PARK STREET, 3 *o'clock.*

Here am I and have had some tea and toast for luncheon and am feeling very well.

My drive did me good and I did not feel exhausted till I got near here and now I am resting again and feel pretty nearly at my average. My own dear wife, I cannot possibly say how beyond all value your sympathy and affection is to me. I often fear I must wear you with my unwellnesses and complaints.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

HEYWOOD LANE, *Nov.* 27 [1848].

. . . How wise it is in Susan and Catherine Darwin to decide on remaining at Shrewsbury! no fresh place can give them the satisfaction, and the pleasure too, that the parent nest will. It is also so nice a place in spite of the town, and it will be so endeared to them by the memory of the father, that they will probably like it better than ever they did. . . .

CHAPTER IX

1849—1851

Life at Down—Malvern water-cure—A tour in Wales—Jessie Sismondi on F. W. Newman—The Allens' youthy age—Heywood Lane—Miss Martineau and Mr Atkinson—A party at the Bunsens.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA, 3 *Feb.* [1849], HEYWOOD LODGE.

I should be grateful for anything that brought me one of your sweet letters, and I most gratefully thank you for your affection which has prompted you to send me a souvenir, and though I have no need of one with regard to you, yet I am sure it will perform its pleasant office of putting me in mind of you, whenever I sit down to write, or indeed whenever I look at it. . . . Your anecdote of Willy is charming—so much love and patience with Georgy. Such a character in the eldest child, ensures all the rest being good. You deserve to be a happy father and mother, and you have a fair promise. You are very right, no child can spoil another by kindness. Men and women have great power in spoiling, as I perceived last week when I was at Cresselly.

I hope Mrs Nightingale does not bother her daughter to accept of Monckton Milnes. He is not worthy of her. Have you seen his life of Keats ? T. Macaulay says he never knew what religion he [M. Milnes] was of till he read his book. He expects to find an altar to Jupiter somewhere in his house. We are near the end of Macaulay's *History*, and it is very entertaining reading. I do not see the "new

views " which they talk of in this history. He seems to me to have the same that Fox and Mackintosh had in their fragments. If M. had finished his history, I am sure I should have preferred it, and W. Clifford says the same of Fox. . . .

As I shall be on the right side of the gulf, I shall certainly see you this summer, dear Emma. I fear Tenby is too far for you to venture from Charles and the children. It would keep you anxious, and that neither of us could bear to see you. My very kind love to Charles, who I think will get better as we are coming to a pleasanter time of year. God bless you, dearest E., may everything go as smooth with you, as in your own mind. Yours tenderly,

F. ALLEN.

At the end my mother wrote: " Send me back this nice letter and don't think I take it all for granted either for self or children."

I was now six years old, but my memory is not a good one for events long ago, and I remember but little of the daily life. My impression is that, except for the visits from relations, and the almost daily calls on aunt Sarah, and intercourse with the poor people, my mother was entirely wrapped up in my father and in the children. One memory of my childish days comes back to me as illustrating her calm indulgence. I was very fond of dressing up, especially when my cousin Hope was with us. Our plan was to ask my mother for the key of her jewel box—a simple wooden box in which her jewels, pearls and all, rattled about loose, with no cotton-wool to protect them. The key, too, worked badly, and we had to shake and bang the box violently to get in. Then we locked her bedroom doors to prevent the maids coming in and laughing at us, took out of the wardrobe her long skirts and pinned them round our waists. Out of her lace drawer, we fitted up our bodies with lace fallals, put on the jewels, and then peacocked about the room trailing the silks and satins on the floor. A favourite costume was a silver-grey moiré-antique. When we had done we hung up the gowns, put back the lace, and locked up the jewels, and returned the key, but she never looked to see whether the two little girls had lost or damaged any of the jewels, and, to our credit be it said, we never did.

In the spring of 1849 it was decided to give the water-

cure a trial to see if it would do anything for my father. Many entries in her diaries show how suffering his state had now become. A pleasant house was taken at Great Malvern where we all went. It shows what a quiet life we led that I can remember the intense excitement of even hearing of the proposed journey, and could now show the exact place in the road where I was told of it.

Charles Darwin to the Rev. J. S. Henslow.

THE LODGE, MALVERN, *May 6th*, 1849.

Your kind note has been forwarded to me here. You will be surprised to hear that we all—children, servants, and all—have been here for nearly two months. All last autumn and winter my health grew worse and worse: incessant sickness, tremulous hands, and swimming head. I thought that I was going the way of all flesh. Having heard of much success in some cases from the cold-water cure, I determined to give up all attempts to do anything and come here and put myself under Dr Gully. It has answered to a considerable extent: my sickness much checked and considerable strength gained. Dr G., moreover (and I hear he rarely speaks confidently), tells me he has little doubt but that he can cure me in the course of time—time, however, it will take. I have experienced enough to feel sure that the cold-water cure is a great and powerful agent and upsetter of all constitutional habits. Talking of habits, the cruel wretch has made me leave off snuff—that chief solace of life. . . . We shall stay here till at least June 1st, perhaps till July 1st; and I shall have to go on with the aqueous treatment at home for several more months. One most singular effect of the treatment is that it induces in most people, and eminently in my case, the most complete stagnation of mind. I have ceased to think even of barnacles!

The water-cure did his health great good for a time. Fanny Allen says on the 20th August that he looked so different from what he did before, that "one may call him cured."

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

SHREWSBURY, *August* 28 [1849].

I did enjoy surpassingly the greatest part of my N. Wales tour. Indeed I might say all. I sometimes felt as one intoxicated. I do not believe there is anybody in the world that can so completely turn the key on all that is in the heart as I can. I do not respect myself the more for it perhaps, but how gratefully do I accept the disposition. . . . Emma [Allen] enjoyed her visit here thoroughly and that is a great pleasure to me. She has not feared to make a stay that alarmed me, and that I am very glad comes to an end to-morrow for the Darwins' sake, for nothing can be more luxuriously housed than we are, and the place is so pretty, so exquisitely comfortable, that for creature comforts we could nowhere be so well. But I am ashamed to say of people young enough to be my children, I am in *soggezione* of all the Darwins, men and women. What can be the reason ? for never was there such kind, such tender attention not even in our own nieces, particularly in the dear Susan whom I love. But she too imposes on me. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

42, CHESTER TERRACE, *Wednesday* [29 *Aug.*, 1849].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I was so much shocked that Mrs Rich was engaged to buy me a shawl from you, after all you have spent for me, that I begged that she would not go on with her purchase, but she said her commands were positive. So that the proper thing for me to do now, is to thank you more warmly and tenderly than any words I have at hand can convey, for your ever watchful kindness and your unbounded generosity. I should however have preferred seeing a very beautiful shawl, which Mrs Rich (whose taste in this article is particularly good) has chosen, on your dear shoulders rather than on my own. It is a very elegant

white one, with a rich and harmonious coloured border, no one colour predominating. I hope it will not be long before you yourself will see and admire it. I wish you were half as generous to yourself as you are to others, but I, with this wish in my teeth, would not change a bit in your sweet character, and I thank heaven you are with us, to teach the young as well as us old ones all that is actively kind and generous.

Adieu, my most dear and tender Elizabeth, I will not guarantee that your shawl will not cost me a few tears when I put it on. They will be those of love and tenderness. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

Nov. 20 [1849].

. . . .You were right, dear E., I was too severe on Newman,[1] I was, what I called him, presumptuous. There are many striking, wise and good things in the first part of his book, so that the latter part falls on you with the shock of a shower-bath, and disposes one to think and say hard things. . . . We have none of us to choose our religion. It comes to us by the atmosphere in which we live, we modify it afterwards according to our different minds, and many by our hearts only, as myself, for my mind would help me little, I am afraid. The Trinity which puzzles thinkers does not me, because I feel in myself three distinct parts, mind, body, heart (or the affections properly speaking I suppose). I imagine these in immeasurably greater perfection in the Deity. Why may not He separate or unite them at will? Why may not Love pure and universal have incarnated itself for our redemption? I see no impossibility to God. Neither do I think He requires us to make out His nature clearly to our understandings, indeed Christ has told us we cannot, and I am content to wait.

[1] Francis William Newman (1805—1897), brother of Cardinal Newman. *The Soul* was published in 1847. His views were unorthodox and he was eager for a religion which would include all that was best in all historical religions.

But this I feel, that expiation is a want to me. Pardon is not sufficient, and without expiation I cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of Heaven is a state, not a place—the peace of God in one's own heart. Expiation is a necessity to my own heart, and not to God. There are those who have never wilfully sinned, they cannot therefore feel this want. Christ has said, He was not sent to the Whole, but to the Sick. Therefore it is not true that He considers *all* sinners. . . . I find in the Bible all [my heart] wants, without believing that every word is inspired. History is not inspiration, for example. What puzzles me too much, or appears contradictory, I lay to the faults of the many hands through which it reaches me, and still clasp it to my heart as a divine book, however it may have been perverted by the perverse. . . .

Leonard Darwin, my mother's fourth son, was born on January 15th, 1850.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood at Down.

January 24, 1850.

. . . I have not begun this awful date, a half century is awful, very merrily. The loss of two friends and contemporaries before the year is out of bud, strikes the clock somewhat solemnly. For myself I wish I may pass away as gently, as painlessly as Mrs Waddington. I enclose you Mrs Bunsen's letter. Such a death is worth knowing, and her way of telling it pleases me exceedingly; it is strong feeling concisely and tenderly expressed. Mrs Hughes's death-stroke could hardly be called a sorrow, but the passing away of such a love as hers is very mournful. I can never win such another, fancy or *engouement* as it was, it lasted her poor life, and I regret that, not her death. . . .

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

ST. MARY'S, *March 13th* [1850].

Perhaps you have now that most agreeable of all couples Hensleigh and Fanny, so this weather may not be wasted. I find that I have more of it than I can enjoy myself, unless I had two pairs of legs. I have been reading and enjoying Sydney Smith's *Moral Philosophy*, which Mrs Smith sent me this winter, and I find it a delightful book. The system, I care nothing about, that is to say whether it squares with the generally received opinion on these matters, but the book is exactly what I am glad it is—Sydney Smith's conversational opinions on these subjects, and they are exactly himself in those days when he gave these lectures. His thoughts are thrown out almost carelessly, funny, gay, serious, and witty, and so exactly himself that his voice and manner go along with me as I read. . . .

Jessie Sismondi was now 73, Emma Allen 70, and Fanny nearly 69. The following letter to Elizabeth Wedgwood is another evidence of the vitality and youthful spring so marked in the Allen family. After speaking of the death of Sir Robert Peel and the loss to the nation, Jessie Sismondi continues (5th July, 1850): "So much prosperity and happiness finished at one blow!—poor Lady Peel! but I believe I pity Sir R. more, such is my value of life. I am very glad Emma has been enjoying hers so much ever since she left us. She says she had more of what the world calls pleasure in the last week of her stay in town than in her whole life before, and it was not lost on her; she has enjoyed like a four year old. I believe no lives had ever less of the world's pleasures than we had, which has perhaps been one of the causes of our youthy age. Fan is gone on the water to-day with the Dashwoods, they have a young officer with them, and Fan is the most engaging belle they could give him, for which I feel proud and like the Dashwoods the better for their good taste in thinking so. . . ."

But in spite of her youthful feelings Jessie had shown symptoms of the heart disease which had carried off so many of her family. She wrote a few weeks later: "Truly

though I cannot more take my enjoyed walks on the Penally shore, I look upon myself as a wonderful old woman. One cannot keep entirely from those one lives with day by day all one feels and thinks, but I do not tell E. and F. all I believe. They know enough not to be taken by surprise. At our age there cannot, perhaps there ought not to be, the security of youth, but I should grieve to take from them an atom of what they may reasonably feel now in the enjoyment of their pretty place, in which perhaps I enjoy myself more than either of them. It is a daily, I may say an hourly, enjoyment when the sun shines—for there never was a more cheerful spot."

In every letter during the summer and autumn of 1850 there was mention of Elizabeth's gifts for the house in Heywood Lane into which the Allens were moving. After an outpouring of gratitude Jessie Sismondi wrote (21 Nov., 1850): "Do you know that we have bought a whole equipage since I have written to you, chaise, ass and harness for £9. I am going out presently in it. If you had seen Harry [Wedgwood], the very day he departed, so busy in arranging the purchase for us, you would have doated on him. I really believe he was backwards and forwards between this and Tenby six times, and when he brought it up at half-past 5, his little baby in it, his face glowing with love and pleasure, there was nothing of his own packed, tho' he was to sail at 9. It was impossible to look at his bright face unmoved."

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

CRESSELLY, *March 8th* [1851].

. . . I debated with myself to-day after my dinner whether I would go over to see James [Allen of Freestone] and his wife, or walk down to the wood and enjoy the utter solitude of the place, and I chose the last and realized my age, which is a very useful lesson now in the gloaming. The woods are in nice order, and all the walks and garden very neat. Seymour and his wife are improving the place very much, and making the village, which was truly Irish, more tidy and respectable. I feel somewhat like St Leon, wandering about, a stranger in familiar haunts. What a curious state we have been in politically lately! Patty

[Smith] gives a good deal of political chat, from her sisters[1] in town this morning—"Dizzy," as he is called, seems to be the butt of his aristocratic friends. Lord Stanley says, "I can't feel I have wasted this week. I have made Dizzy cut his hair." The old Duke says, "At all events we have put a Jew's harp out of tune." I hope this has not been told you before, for it is not worth a repetition. It is said the Queen gave such a look at Dizzy, that some one who observed it, said it would make him a republican for the remainder of his life. . . .

Miss Martineau's publication[2] in partnership with Mr Atkinson has shocked all her friends. I saw in a letter of Julia Smith's to her sister that she had not read it, though it was in the house. Some people said that all that was clever in it was the man's and not the woman's. I cannot understand the motive that guided these two criminals in the publishing their miserable theory. . . . I am just finishing Neander's Life of Christ, and I believe I have derived good from it. I did not clearly understand his reasoning on miracles, but this part did not stand in my way, and I passed on, but every now and then I felt a note struck which seemed to waken a spiritual sense within me. Oh what a crime it is to attempt to stifle such in others! It is reported that Miss Harriet Martineau lectured to the poor mountain peasants with closed doors. It might have been Political Economy, but from this publication I suppose it is thought that the subject was her desolating theory. Adieu, it is 10 o'clock and the house begins to feel awfully still, my love to you all.

[1] Her sisters were Mrs Nightingale, Mrs Bonham-Carter and Julia Smith.

[2] "*Letters on the Laws of Man's Social Nature and Development*" were published in Jan., 1851. They were chiefly written by Atkinson, and were severely reviewed by James Martineau, who expressed his pain at finding his sister, Miss Martineau, the disciple of an avowed atheist.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

42, CHESTER TERRACE, *March 26th* [1851].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I am safely housed here you see. I found Fanny laid up with a relapse of the influenza. Hensleigh is well, and has that kind simple manner that makes one love him independent of his other excellences.

The party at the Bunsens last night was very full, and perhaps it might be called brilliant. The Chevalier is exceedingly oldened, and he has lost much of his gaiety. I fancy it is politics that has grieved and saddened him. There were no very notable persons there, a great number of over-dressed ugly old women, ugly from being over-dressed and over-fed. There were several very pretty young girls, but they did not conquer the mass of ugliness about them. I rejoice that the debate is at length over, and I heartily wish we could throw the Cardinal and all his Catholics on the Irish coast and pen him in there. What an *à propos* history is that of Miss Talbot's![1] and how it shows up the lying propensity of the Catholics, perhaps a little owing to the genial soil of Irish flesh and blood. Mrs Seymour Allen spent a day with us last week and Kitty too. The baby is getting about, and Mrs Allen thinks Jones has carried her infant through a dangerous disorder, and it would be wrong, as well as difficult, to shake their faith in the family doctor. How many people are killed by their pet doctors! not that Jones is one at Cresselly, but he kills. . . .

Fanny Allen to her sister Madame Sismondi.

[42, CHESTER TERRACE], *March* 31 [1851].

. . . Charles Darwin dined here yesterday. He has been in town since Friday on his return from Malvern, where

[1] In 1851—the year of Papal aggression—there was some story which got into the papers about a Miss Talbot being forced into a nunnery.

he has been placing Annie. He is looking uncommonly well and stout, and certainly the water cure seems to have been effectual in his case. There is something uncommonly fresh and pleasant in him, I do not know which of the two brothers is the most agreeable. Yesterday was a public day here—an impromptu one. John [Allen] dropped in first, then the two Darwins, and Mr Carlyle, who was very pleasant. . . . Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* is praised in a degree. Carlyle amused me yesterday by his summing up the moral of the book—that you must be a "good and true man" to build a common dwelling-house.

CHAPTER X

1851

Illness and death of Annie at Malvern.

In the summer of 1850, when my sister Annie was nine years old, her health began to break down. We went to Ramsgate in October on her account, but with no success. On the 24th March, 1851, my father took Annie, with me for her companion, under the charge of our old nurse Brodie, to Malvern, to try the effect of the water cure, and in a few days' time we were joined by our governess, Miss Thorley. My mother could not come with us as she was expecting to be confined in May.

Very shortly afterwards Annie fell ill of a fever, and died on the 23rd April. My father was summoned to Malvern, and arrived on the 17th April. I well remember his arrival and how he flung himself on the sofa in an agony of grief.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood, at Jersey.

Dear Elizabeth, Down, *Good Friday* [18 *April*, 1851].

The accounts from Malvern are not so favourable to-day as I had hoped. I believe Emma had more fears than I, after Miss Thorley's letter this morning. You will have the particulars of these two letters from Fanny Hensleigh, who is to forward them to you. I write to-day by Emma's wish to ask you to come to her by the first good steamer. As I am here she is in no excessive hurry. Charles is gone to Malvern, and Dr Gully's opinion last night was "that in some respects Annie was better and in some worse, but there is yet a chance." Poor Emma is very low, but her health is not injured. She is so afraid that this anxiety

may injure Charles's health, which is always affected by his mind, that she has desired Fanny Hensleigh to go down to Malvern. She depends also on her eye for illness. Pray Heaven their child may be preserved to them! I was full of hope till I saw Charles's postscript. Adieu. I came here yesterday. Emma looks well as to health. She is of course very much overcome at times, but she has no fear that her anxiety should bring on her confinement. The post is going, so God bless you.

Affectionately yours,

F. ALLEN.

The following letters tell of the bitter sorrow of the father and mother, in her case terribly aggravated by the anguish of not being able to go to her child's death-bed. The first is evidently written in great haste on his arrival.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

[MALVERN] *Thursday 17th [April].*

. . . Dr. Gully is most confident there is strong hope. . . . My own dearest, support yourself—on no account, for the sake of our other children, *I implore you* do not think of coming here.

MALVERN, *18th April* [1851].

. . . Sometimes Dr G. exclaims she will get through the struggle, then, I see, he doubts. Oh my own, it is very bitter indeed. God preserve and cherish you. We must hope against hope, my own poor dear unhappy wife.

C. D.

MALVERN, *Saturday* 11 *o'clock* [*19th April*, 1851].

My own dear, You will have received before this the electric telegraph message which I despatched at 9 this morning; and it will have much comforted you. . . . You would not in the least recognize her with her poor hard sharp pinched features; I could only bear to look at her by for-

getting our former dear Annie. There is nothing in common between the two. Fanny Hensleigh is here, most kind of course: she does not think badly of her looks. How truly kind of her coming. Poor Annie has just said "Papa" quite distinctly. Etty is gone (Etty never dreamed of danger to Annie) with Hannah to London by the Cheltenham coach. I cannot express how it felt to have hopes last night at 11^h 30′ when Dr Gully came, saw her asleep, and said "she is turning the corner." I then dared picture to myself my own former Annie with her dear affectionate radiant face. Let us hope and be patient over this dreadful illness. . . .

Saturday, 2 o'clock.

We expect Dr Gully every minute, but he is fearfully overworked with 88 patients. Annie has kept just in the same tranquil, too tranquil state: she takes gruel every hour. She begins to drink a little more this afternoon, and I think that is good. 3 o'clock. The Dr has been, he says she makes no progress, but no bad symptoms have appeared: but I am disappointed.

4 o'clock. She has taken two spoonfuls of tea, and no sickness, thank God. I find Fanny an infinite comfort.

5 o'clock. Just the same. I will write before late post if Dr G. comes.

My dearest,

C. D.

Emma Darwin to Charles Darwin.

[DOWN], *Saturday, 19th April* [1851]

. . . The [telegraphic] message[1] is just arrived. What happiness! How I do thank God! but I will not be too hopeful. I was in the garden looking at my poor darling's little garden to find a flower of hers when Griffiths drove up.

[1] The telegram had been sent by messenger from London.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Monday [MALVERN, 21*st April*, 1851].

. . . When the Dr came at 11.30 he pronounced her decisively better. I was in wonderful spirits, but I have been a good deal damped (8 a.m.) by the Dr finding the pulse tremulous. I tell you this, for it will prevent the too strong and ultimately wretched alternations of spirits. An hour ago I was foolish with delight, and pictured her to myself making custards (whirling round) as I think she called them. I told her I thought she would be better, and she so meekly said "Thank you." Her gentleness is inexpressibly touching. Fanny is devoting herself too much, sadly, but I cannot stop her. We are under deep obligations to Fanny never to be forgotten. Poor Annie—she asked for an orange this morning, the first time she has asked for anything except water. Our poor child has been fearfully ill, as ill as a human being could be: it was dreadful that night the Dr told me it would probably be all over before morning. . . .

My own dear, how it did make me cry to read of your going to Annie's garden for a flower. I wish you could see her now, the perfection of gentleness, patience and gratitude, thankful till it is truly painful to hear her, poor dear little soul.

Monday, 7.30 P.M.

Fanny gave her a spoonful of tea a little while ago and asked her whether it was good, and she cried out quite audibly, "It is beautifully good." She asked, so says Brodie, "Where is poor Etty?" The Doctor has been here, everything going on as favourable as possible. She has slept more tranquilly almost all afternoon, perhaps too tranquilly.

Emma Darwin to Charles Darwin.

[DOWN] *Monday 21st* [*April*, 1851].

Your two letters just come. . . . I am confused now and hardly know what my impression is, but I have considerable hopes. . . . Except at post-time my sufferings are nothing to yours.

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

[MALVERN] *Wednesday, 23rd April* [1851].

MY DEAR DEAREST EMMA,

I pray God Fanny's note may have prepared you. She went to her final sleep most tranquilly, most sweetly at 12 o'clock to-day. Our poor dear dear child has had a very short life, but I trust happy, and God only knows what miseries might have been in store for her. She expired without a sigh. How desolate it makes one to think of her frank, cordial manners. I am so thankful for the daguerreotype. I cannot remember ever seeing the dear child naughty. God bless her. We must be more and more to each other, my dear wife. Do what you can to bear up, and think how invariably kind and tender you have been to her. I am in bed, not very well. When I shall return I cannot yet say. My own poor dear dear wife.

C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to Charles Darwin.

MY DEAREST, DOWN, *Thursday* [24 *April*, 1851].

I knew too well what receiving no message yesterday means. Till 4 o'clock I sometimes had a thought of hope, but when I went to bed I felt as if it had all happened long ago. Don't think it made any difference my being so hopeful the last day. When the blow comes it wipes out all that preceded it, and I don't think it makes it any worse to bear. I hope you have not burnt your letter. I shall like to see it sometime. My feeling of longing after

our lost treasure makes me feel painfully indifferent to the other children, but I shall get right in my feelings to them before long. You must remember that you are my prime treasure (and always have been). My only hope of consolation is to have you safe home and weep together. I feel so full of fears about you. They are not reasonable fears: but my power of hoping seems gone. I hope you will let dearest Fanny or Catherine, if she comes, stay with you till the end. I can't bear to think of you by yourself. No doubt you will have sent Miss Thorley home to recover her cheerfulness. I will write to her in a few days to fix her time of returning.

Your letter is just come, and I feel less miserable a good deal in the hope of seeing you sooner than I expected, but do not be in a hurry to set off. I am perfectly well. You do give me the only comfort I can take, in thinking of her happy, innocent life. She never concealed a thought, and so affectionate and forgiving. What a blank it is. Don't think of coming in one day. We shall be much less miserable together.

Yours, my dearest.

Poor Willy sends his love; he takes it quietly and sweetly.

In her diary on the 23rd April she wrote " 12 o'clock," which was the hour of Annie's death.

It may almost be said that my mother never really recovered from this grief. She very rarely spoke of Annie, but when she did the sense of loss was always there unhealed. My father could not bear to reopen his sorrow, and he never, to my knowledge, spoke of her. The following was written by him a week after her death: " I write these few pages, as I think in after-years, if we live, the impressions now put down will recall more vividly her chief characteristics. From whatever point I look back at her, the main feature in her disposition which at once rises before me is her buoyant joyousness, tempered by two other characteristics, namely, her sensitiveness, which might easily have been overlooked by a stranger, and her strong affection. Her joyousness and animal spirits radiated from her whole countenance, and rendered every movement elastic and full of life and vigour.

It was delightful and cheerful to behold her. Her dear face now rises before me, as she used sometimes to come running downstairs with a stolen pinch of snuff for me, her whole form radiant with the pleasure of giving pleasure. Even when playing with her cousins, when her joyousness almost passed into boisterousness, a single glance of my eye, not of displeasure (for I thank God I hardly ever cast one on her), but of want of sympathy, would for some minutes alter her whole countenance.

"The other point in her character, which made her joyousness and spirits so delightful, was her strong affection, which was of a most clinging, fondling nature. When quite a baby, this showed itself in never being easy without touching her mother, when in bed with her; and quite lately she would, when poorly, fondle for any length of time one of her mother's arms. When very unwell, her mother lying down beside her seemed to soothe her in a manner quite different from what it would have done to any of our other children. So, again, she would at almost any time spend half-an-hour in arranging my hair, 'making it,' as she called it, 'beautiful,' or in smoothing, the poor dear darling, my collar or cuffs—in short, in fondling me.

"Besides her joyousness thus tempered, she was in her manners remarkably cordial, frank, open, straightforward, natural, and without any shade of reserve. Her whole mind was pure and transparent. One felt one knew her thoroughly and could trust her. I always thought, that come what might, we should have had, in our old age, at least one loving soul, which nothing could have changed. All her movements were vigorous, active, and usually graceful. When going round the Sand-walk with me, although I walked fast, yet she often used to go before, pirouetting in the most elegant way, her dear face bright all the time with the sweetest smiles. Occasionally she had a pretty coquettish manner towards me, the memory of which is charming. She often used exaggerated language, and when I quizzed her by exaggerating what she had said, how clearly can I now see the little toss of the head, and exclamation of 'Oh, papa, what a shame of you!' In the last short illness, her conduct in simple truth was angelic. She never once complained; never became fretful; was ever considerate of others, and was thankful in the most gentle pathetic manner for everything done for her. When so exhausted that she could hardly speak, she praised everything that was given her, and said some tea was 'beautifully

good.' When I gave her some water, she said, 'I quite thank you'; and these, I believe, were the last precious words ever addressed by her dear lips to me.

"We have lost the joy of the household, and the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly, we do still and shall ever love her dear joyous face! Blessings on her!"

"*April* 30, 1851."

In his *Autobiography* begun in 1876 he wrote: "Tears still sometimes come into my eyes when I think of her sweet ways."

Her tombstone in the old Abbey church-yard at Malvern bears the following inscription:

I.H.S.

ANNE ELIZABETH DARWIN

BORN MARCH 2, 1841
DIED APRIL 23, 1851

A dear and good child.

After my mother's death a little packet of memorials of Annie was found, carefully treasured for the 45 years she outlived her child. A half-finished piece of woolwork, a child's desk, a little paper of texts in a child's hand, and two ornamental pocket-books.

In the same packet there is a copy in my mother's handwriting of a letter sent by my father to Mrs Thorley, our governess's mother:

Charles Darwin to Mrs Thorley.

DEAR MRS THORLEY, DOWN, *April* 26 [1851].

I must beg permission to express to you our deep obligation to your daughter and our most earnest hope that her health may not be injured by her exertions.

I hope it will not appear presumptuous in me to say that her conduct struck me as throughout quite admirable.

I never saw her once yield to her feelings as long as self-restraint and exertion were of any use; her judgment and good sense never failed: her kindness, her devotion to our poor child could hardly have been exceeded by that of a mother.

Such conduct will, I trust, hereafter be in some degree rewarded by the satisfaction your daughter must ever feel when she looks back at her exertions to save and comfort our poor dear dying child. . . .

Horace Darwin was born on 13th May. Fanny Allen wrote to Elizabeth, who was at Down (May 19th, 1851): "We are disappointed at your account of dear Emma. I looked forward with so much hope to this time for the healing influence to her sorrow. However, we must have patience and wait."

CHAPTER XI

1851—1853

The Great Exhibition of 1851—Jessie Sismondi on Mazzini and the Coup d'État—George Darwin—Erasmus Darwin—Fanny Allen goes to Aix-les-Bains with Elizabeth—Jessie Sismondi's death on March 3rd, 1853—The destruction of Sismondi's and Jessie's journals.

THE Great Exhibition of 1851, the first of its kind, was a more important event than this generation, who are used to exhibitions and world-fairs every year or so, can imagine. Fanny Allen wrote: "All other Exhibitions are killed by this Aaron's rod. Did I tell you in my last note that the Yorkes mentioned the Queen having written to someone that the first day of the Exhibition was 'one of the happiest days of her very happy life?'"

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

GREEN ST. [MRS SYDNEY SMITH'S] *Saturday* [*May 10th*, 1851].

. . . The day I came here, Fanny, Hensleigh, and Erasmus Darwin took me to the Grand Exhibition in Hyde Park, and it certainly is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. We were two hours there and yet I did not see the 10,000th part of what is to be seen, not even the grand avenue entirely. The great diamond was the only thing that I should say was a "failure," as old Wishaw would have said. I expected to see a diamond 10 times the size. . . .

Mrs Sydney Smith is affectionate and kind as it is possible to be. She gives me all her husband's papers and correspondence to look over and read, and gives me the drawing-room to read, write, and to receive my company, if I should

have any; and at 2 or half-past we take our dowager drive, and we read and work in the evening. We have seen no one, and it is well it was so, for I have been too deaf and uncomfortable for anything but the quiet life we have been leading—living in the past and having nothing to do with the present. Sydney's correspondence with Lady Holland is very amusing, so full of fun and gaiety, telling her truths, and in so playful a way that could not offend. There are two or three quarrels in which Sydney maintains his dignity and shews her that he will not suffer impertinence. There is a very curious scene between Ld. Melbourne and Sydney, in which the former cuts a poor figure after a most outrageous outbreak and breach of good manners, in which Ld. M. says to him in a crowded assembly, "Sydney, you always talk d——d nonsense, and when you write you are worse." Sydney's letter on the following morning is excellent and very severe, which makes Lord M. wince. He tried to make it up afterwards but in vain. And then his correspondence with Charles James of London [Bishop Blomfield] is very curious, telling him boldly what his opinions are, and what he hears and knows of the unpopularity of the Bishops from their insolence and tyranny to the lower clergy. The Bishop cuts a worse figure in his correspondence than even Lord Melbourne does in his. . . .

On July 30th, my father and mother spent a week with Erasmus Darwin at his house in Park Street, in order to see the Exhibition. My father enjoyed it intensely. My brother George and I were also taken, but I, at any rate, did not make much of it, and remember deciding not to go again, but to stay at home and scrub the back-stairs, as being better fun. Fanny Allen gives the following account of how little other children enjoyed it. "Bro and Erny too came from Rugby yesterday for a couple of days' lark. They are all gone to the Hyde Park Exhibition this morning in three cabs, as every child is gone. I believe it is Erasmus's generosity that treats the children, otherwise they never would be so foolish as to take them a second time. All the children whom I have seen there look wretched

victims of *ennui*, and so it would be with these children except for the sweet cakes and ices, which I believe would please them better if they had them in the gardens here close at hand."

The following letter is written during a visit of the Hensleigh Wedgwoods to Tenby.

Madame Sismondi to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

August 4th [1851].

. . . I drank tea with the Hensleighs on Saturday, and Fanny is so charming I should have had a delightful evening, if I had not set fire to myself in talking (I am glad I am deaf or I should have that horrible remorse oftener). Underneath that refreshing quiet, that delicious calm, Fanny has a lava of living fire that has made her give battle to all the governments in Europe under the banner of Mazzini. She is of his Committee in London! How could Hensleigh permit it? It is so contrary to the modesty of her nature to associate her name with such notoriety that I am sure she will suffer. She has a name, and whatever she does, will be no secret. . . . That presumptuous fool (I wish he was one, he would have done less harm) will boast he has "the daughter of Sir James Mackintosh, doubtless the representative of his opinion, the greatest of Statesmen, and the wife of a Wedgwood, the great representative of the manufacturing interest, on his Committee." He knows how to take advantage of everything that helps on his authority, and those two names are very great on the Continent and will do so. Mazzini, for these twenty years, has been living on what he has duped from the poor Italian exiles, whom he has sent without number to death and dungeon, taking great care to keep himself safe; and now that they begin to understand him and their funds fail, he begins to gull the English. Lift your voice with mine, dear Elizabeth, only do it calmer, wiser, better, but above all do not be betrayed into giving your money tho' but in half-crowns, or even in pence. . . .

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

Janry. 27 [1852].

I write again to accuse myself of being a duped fool to my last hope for France,[1] and to ask your pity. I should feel humiliated for myself, if the feeling was not lost in sorrow. The Beast [Louis Napoleon] has taken the wrong turn, tho' the right was straight before him, and the only possible one that could lead to any glory for him. The fall of France seems decreed by Heaven, and we must submit as to all inevitable things. Now I think everything may be possible, even an invasion. Madame de Staël says the ignorance in which they are kept is most painful. No foreign papers are allowed to enter, not even *Le Journal de Genève.* No paper is published but his own, *Le Constitutionnel.* "There is no government whatever but what is concentrated in his own hand—as he is a Being without one moral sentiment, no one feels secure."

My dear Emma, how I do love you when you talk of your children! you never speak so prettily as then. You are poetic without knowing it, which is the prettiest poetry of all. The drop of water on the cabbage-leaf is delicious. Emma [Allen] cried out on the charms of Georgey, and began telling me instances of his promising genius. She thought him a very remarkable child. She says he has a laugh so hearty, so merry, she would defy anyone not laughing with him. Blessed mother of happy children you are, my Emma; I believe with the Turks there is no cloud without a silver lining. Now that I stand at the end of life, as it were, and commonly called a long one too, the whole appears to me so short, so fleeting, as if nothing was worth thinking of but the Eternity in which we recover all our earthly loves.

[1] The *Coup d'État* was on Dec. 2nd, 1851. France appeared to condone all the horrors which had just taken place, for in the same month Louis Napoleon was re-elected as President for 10 years by 7,000,000 votes. A year later by another plebiscite he became Emperor of the French.

Charles Darwin to his son William at Rugby.

DOWN, *Tuesday*, 24*th* [*Feb.* 1852].

MY DEAR OLD WILLY,

I have not for a very long time been more pleased than I was this morning at receiving your letter with the *excellent* news at your having got so good a place. We are both rejoiced at it, and give you our hearty congratulations. It is in every respect a very good thing, for you will be amongst an older set of boys. Your letter was a very good one, and told us all that we liked to hear: it was well expressed and you must have taken some pains to write it. We are so very glad to hear that you are happy and comfortable; long may you keep so, my dear boy. What a tremendous, awful, stunning, dreadful, terrible, bothering steeple-chase you have run: I am astonished at your getting in the 5th. When next you write, explain how it came that you, a new boy, and Erny, an old boy, came to run together? What boys run, all those in your house? or in your Form? You must write to Mr Wharton:[1] you had better begin with "My dear Sir." Tell him about your examination. End by saying "I thank you and Mrs Wharton for all the kindness you have always done me. Believe me, Yours truly obliged."

Next Sunday when you write here, tell us who your master is, and what books you are in. The more you can write the better we shall be pleased. All the servants enquire about you; and so they did at Aunt Sarah's. . . . We are doing nothing particular: one day is like another: I go my morning walk and often think of you, and Georgy draws every day many Horse-guards, and Lenny is as fat as ever. Farewell my dear Willy; may you go on as well as you have begun. All here send their best loves to you.

Your affectionate Father, C. DARWIN.

[1] The schoolmaster at his preparatory school.

Mddame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

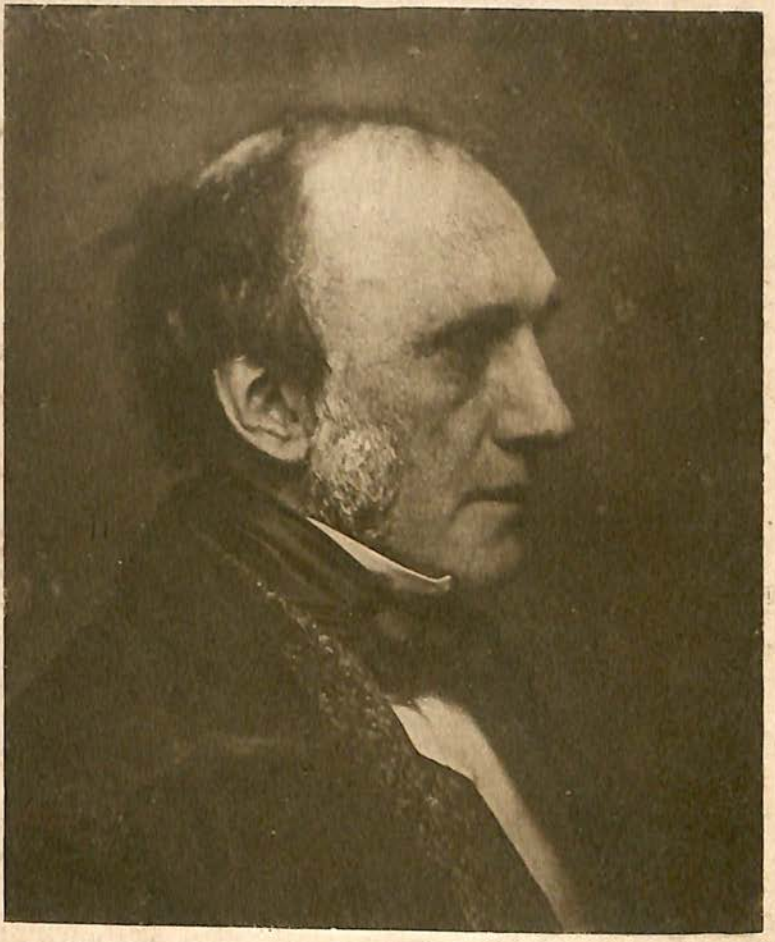
Wednesday [*Summer*, 1852].

I can never tell you how much I enjoyed my Lotte's visit. It made me as merry as in my childhood, when I told stories only to make myself laugh. Her charity to me made her talk, and you know her delicious laugh. Patty [Smith] says, "You never told me what a woman Mrs. Langton is! everybody speaks and knows what an agreeable woman Mrs. Hensleigh Wedgwood is, but Mrs. Langton, what a manner! how clever! Oh, she is a most extraordinary person." Please to send this on to Charlotte. She ought to know herself, none of my nieces do. I always tell them what I hear of them, because they are grossly ignorant of themselves. . . .

I think your little George must be the nicest little fellow that lives. If he will always find work for himself he will surely find happiness, if it is but worsted work.

My brother, afterwards Sir George Darwin, Fellow of Trinity College and Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, who died in December, 1912, inherited my father's power of work. This energy was remarkable when he was a little boy, and his pursuits—playing at soldiers, heraldry, and collecting moths—were carried on with quite extraordinary zeal and persistence. He inherited also much of my father's cordiality and warmth of nature, combined with a characteristic power of helping others. Like my father, he worked under a constant strain from ill-health of a most wearing nature.

This summer Erasmus Darwin came to stay with us at Down. I wish it were possible to give any impression of the charm of our uncle Ras's character. Outside the narrowing circle of those who knew him he will be chiefly remembered by Carlyle's few words of description, and these are to my mind misleading. They are, however, remarkable, inasmuch as Erasmus Darwin is one of the few he speaks of quite without any grudge, or concealed sneer. In his *Reminiscences* (Vol. II., p. 208) Carlyle writes: "He was one of the sincerest, naturally truest, and most modest of men. . . . My dear one had a great favour for this honest Darwin



Erasmus Alvey Darwin

From a photograph by Mr. R. Tait

always; many a road, to shops and the like, he drove her in his cab ('Darwingium Cabbum,' comparable to Georgium Sidus) in those early days when even the charge of omnibuses was a consideration, and his sparse utterances, sardonic often, were a great amusement to her. 'A perfect gentleman,' she at once discerned him to be, and of sound worth and kindliness in the most unaffected form."

He was the very soul of sincerity, but to speak of him as "this honest Darwin" gives an impression of a kind of hearty open-air frankness, which was entirely unlike our refined, sensitive, reserved uncle. His humour, too, was always kind, if penetrating—never grim or sardonic. It irradiated all his talk with a peculiar charm often reminding one of the manner of Charles Lamb. "There was the same kind of playfulness, the same lightness of touch, the same tenderness, perhaps the same limitations," his cousin, Julia Wedgwood, wrote in a letter to the *Spectator* shortly after his death. She also spoke of a strong sense of humour as his most marked characteristic, and added: "I remember his being called 'a universal solvent.' He contributed to intercourse the influence that combines dissimilar elements; where he was the response came more readily, the flow of thought was quicker."[1]

Again, I take exception to the phrase that Mrs Carlyle at once discerned him to be a perfect gentleman. It did not require Mrs Carlyle's penetration to discern what was so obvious. To those whom he did not like, and he did not like everyone, his personality, always impressive, might have been awful. I sometimes wondered at his servants being so deeply devoted to him when I remember his distant manner in giving an order—an order that was to be obeyed with no hesitation or discussion. His whole bearing showed the marks of ill-health. He was very tall and slight, and his movements had a languid grace. He had long, thin hands, which were wonderfully clever and neat in all practical handiwork; everything about him was delicately clean and neat; he had a fine and interesting face lighting up when he spoke from an habitually patient and sad expression. His voice and laugh, too, were delightfully sympathetic. He read much, and had a wider range of interest in literature than my father. Natural history

[1] Bedford College *Magazine*, June, 1902. He was Trustee of this College from the beginning, Chairman of the Council for seven years, and the first Visitor from 1869 to 1879.

had never appealed to him, but in old boyish days he had worked at chemistry, and hence my father still sometimes called him Philos, short for philosopher, his nickname thus earned at school. They were very different in character and disposition, and made admirable foils in their talk with each other. My father always spoke of him with the warmest admiration, and also up to the end of his life with something of a younger brother's reverence. He felt a tender sympathy for his loneliness and ill-health—"poor dear old Philos," I can almost hear him say.

There are some words in an essay by Mrs Meynell,[1] called *A Remembrance*, which strangely bring back his personality, and seem like a remembrance of him: "Men said that he led a *dilettante* life. They reproached him with the selflessness that made him somewhat languid. Others, they seemed to aver, were amateurs at this art or that; he was an amateur at living. So it was, in the sense that he never grasped at happiness, and that many of the things he had held slipped from his disinterested hands. . . . It was his finest distinction to desire no differences, no remembrance, but loss among the innumerable forgotten. And when he suffered, it was with so quick a nerve and yet so wide an apprehension that the race seemed to suffer in him."

His house (6, Queen Anne Street) was a second home to his nephews and nieces, including in this term his dearest of all, the children of Hensleigh Wedgwood. We especially remember the warmth of his welcome. There was indeed something quite unique in his attitude towards the young. We came into that simply furnished, somewhat ascetic London drawing-room, looking out on the bare street, knowing that he was weary and ill, and had been alone, and would be alone again, and yet went away with a glow reflected from his atmosphere—a sense that the world was better for his presence. There was no possibility of forgetting the respect due to an elder, but he met us so entirely on our own level, that in our intercourse with him we felt as free as if he were our own age, and yet there was the added interest due to our being of different generations.

He was a delightful playfellow for little children, and could draw just the pictures children like. In a letter to one of the little Hensleigh Wedgwoods he wrote: "I have nobody to play with, so I hope very soon to see you again when you have done travelling about the country. What a great

[1] *The Rhythm of Life*, by Alice Meynell.

many places you have been to, almost everywhere I think, so you will be able to tell me very long stories indeed—one of those nice stories without any end to them."

He often accompanied the Hensleigh Wedgwoods on their summer outings. In 1852 he seems to have parted company with them at Melrose.

Erasmus Darwin to Mrs Hensleigh Wedgwood.

DEAR MISSIS, LONDON, *Aug.* 23*rd* [1852].

You have probably forgotten everything about Melrose by this time after all your highland wanderings. . . . You did not half see Melrose. I went in the evening to the river side where I sat for more than an hour admiring the sunset reflected in the water. The river there is very broad and shallow and was quite alive with boys fishing up to their knees in water. . . . I had a lady in the [railway] carriage who was on her way to meet some of the smashees in the railway accident in which Mr Grainger was killed, so we had some comfortable talk. Her sister was in the middle seat and hardly felt it, while the lady sitting by her side had her seat torn from under her and her legs broken by the engine slicing off the side of the carriage.

From Berwick, I had the sweetest little angel that ever you saw, a bride apparently not very long, and I was afraid I was *de trop*, but as we got towards York, we became fairly good friends and they hoped I was going on to London with them, as they were in great alarm they should have four blacklegs from the York races. This qualified compliment of keeping out one blackleg put me in despair about York, so I changed my train and went on to Normanton, with five blacklegs all rather brandyfied and all smoking. We had not gone ten minutes when we came to a perfect imbroglio of trains, which delayed us a long time, and we made up time at the rate of about sixty miles an hour, but were too late for the other trains, which caused no few imprecations.

I called at Chelsea on Sunday evening and found Mrs

Carlyle sitting in a corner of the drawing-room, the rest being filled with furniture, the house in the hands of plasterers and painters, the picture of discomfort. She has no maid, only a child, and can get no dinner, so I humanely gave her one to-day. I have but one pleasure here, being able to stretch my legs to their fullest extent, which I have done without ceasing. Excuse the enormous length of this letter, but what can I do, with every book I have in the world packed up ?

E. D.

The allusion to the pleasure of stretching his legs means that, owing to his great height, he constantly found the beds at inns too short, and was miserably uncomfortable in consequence. Lying flat on his sofa, he looked longer than anyone I ever saw.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

IVY BUSH HOTEL, CARMARTHEN [*Autumn*, 1852].

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

It is but a short time since I parted from you, though it seems long since my last look at your dear face. When shall I see it again I wonder ? The journey is but a little thing, when once one grapples with it. This time yesterday I had scarcely left the platform of the Three Bridges [Station] and here I am to-day at the same hour at more than 250 miles apart from you ! I wish life were not made up of partings. The next generation may avoid much of this evil, if they choose, by roosting near each other, and taking advantage of railroads. I had excellent company, fashionable ladies apparently, as they kept quite mute all the way. There was a dense fog at London Bridge Station, which did not show off the old Babylon to the best advantage to us travellers come fresh from France[1] and its fine picturesque old towns. It was however almost sublime from its smoke and fog, as it looked as if you had got to a subterranean

[1] Fanny Allen had been to Aix-les-Bains, accompanied by Elizabeth Wedgwood.

kingdom of his Infernal Majesty. The lights were red and round in the fog, giving no light about them, and the black figures flitting about, with the perpetual roll of wheels and no voices.

I have taken my place in the Tenby coach for ½ past 7, and so my pageant will be over; it has been a very pleasant one, thanks to you. . . .

Her visit to Aix-les-Bains had ended with a tour in Provence, including a pilgrimage to Chateau Grignan. She wrote to Elizabeth: "Are you taking up Mme de Sévigné's letters? Chateau Grignan is so vividly before me that I must begin them again, contenting myself with only two or three before breakfast. That is the way to enjoy the book. That view from the garden at Montélimar often rises up to my mind, with le Mont Ventoux in the distance."

Madame Sismondi to her niece Emma Darwin.

Tuesday, 8th Feb. [1853].

. . . I should like to have looked in on your party of 32 very much. So many merry children would have been a delicious sight. I do not give myself the trouble of reckoning, but I think 15 of those must have been children. . . .

. . . There is a quantity of interesting books just now, and I think the older I get, the more my avidity in reading increases and my curiosity grows. I am watching France with a sort of personal interest, breathless to see what will come of it, unable to form any guess of its future. Is all this for good or for evil I am continually asking myself? willing to believe the first, but doubting it is as the decline of the Romans, a falling away of intellectual power. I have indulged myself this year with the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* All the articles I have read are very clever, with a moral and religious tone. There is an excellent article on Burke, which teaches what true and wise liberty is, and what is new to the French, even to the best of their politicians, the necessity of a high morality in politics. I rather wonder Louis

Napoleon allows such a publication in his Empire. I am very much pleased, as you will guess, by his romantic marriage, and his declaration of his parvenuism. His speeches argue him a man so much more clever than I thought him,[1] that I must ever distrust my judgment, or he must have learnt immensely in his prison, and in his strange and varying life. . . .

This is the last letter from Jessie Sismondi in the Maer collection. Her heart begun to fail on the 28th February, 1853, and she died on the 3rd March. Dr Dyster gave the following account of her last moments. She was giving directions to both her sisters about her last wishes; then she waited a little, and said quite quietly, "I think that is all,"—a pause, and then like a flash, "Sismondi, I'm coming," and she looked up as if she saw him there present before her, and died. Dr Dyster said he had never known consciousness so absolutely retained till the last moment.[2]

Her loss must have been deeply felt by my mother. Years after this time Fanny Allen sent her a photograph of Jessie taken from some picture. "I am very glad indeed to have the photograph of my dear aunt Jessie," she wrote in answer. "It is not a strong likeness, but the look of her sweet eyes is there and the dress looks like her. It is a thing I shall always regret that I did not make an effort to get to Tenby to see her once more." I am often sorry that I never knew how close and how tender was their affection. Reading these old letters is a kind of bringing to judgment of all the blindnesses and errors of one's youth. Now it is easy to realise how much there is we should like to know.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

April 24th [1853].

. . . There is no melancholy in this place that I wish to shun, that I can no longer see *her* here is sad. I long for her image, as I saw it not three months back, walking round

[1] She had known him during his youth at Geneva, and used to say she considered him a pupil of Sismondi.

[2] This account was given me by Mr W. Osborn B. Allen, who had it from Dr Dyster of Tenby.

and round the little garden looking so cheerful. And then the day that separated us is apart from all other days, but it is not grief or melancholy that dwells on it. I feel as if I had been permitted to see something of the rapture of a higher nature "to whose white robe the gleam of bliss was given." It is the loss of her that gives the sadness, there is no other painful recollection connected with her, so that I don't feel afraid that either Emma or I should be here alone.

HEYWOOD LANE, *June 13th* [1853].

It was a painful thing the destruction of her and Sismondi's journals, particularly, I think, the latter (to me), because I believe he wrote his with a vague intention of being made use of for the public eye, and Jessie wrote hers for herself alone. I sometimes feel as if I were in a great empty vault. She has certainly emptied the world to me.

My mother also regretted this destruction of Sismondi's journals, as she was convinced he intended them sometime to be given to the world. But she said that Jessie got into despair over making the necessary excisions, and did not appear to reflect that time makes almost everything harmless. The destruction of Jessie's journals is possibly a greater loss. Her life at Geneva and in Italy brought her in contact with many of whom the world would like to know more intimate details.

CHAPTER XII

1853—1859

Eastbourne and Chobham Camp—Miss Langdon at Hartfield—Sydney Smith's *Life*—A month in London—Florence Nightingale—A High-church wedding—Sarah Wedgwood's death—Our early life at Down—Letters to William Darwin—His speech at Cambridge—Moor Park—The *Origin of Species*—Two letters from my mother to my father on religion.

THIS year we had an unusually dissipated summer, going first for three weeks to Eastbourne and thence to the Harry Wedgwoods. Their house, The Hermitage, was not far from Chobham Camp. At that time summer manœuvres on any large scale were almost unknown, and our visit was planned in order to see what we could of the camp with its mimic warfare. I well remember my father's intense enjoyment of the whole experience. Admiral Sulivan, his old shipmate on board the *Beagle*, showed us about and greatly added to our pleasure. I remember sharing in the glow of my father's happy excitement, and can almost hear the jingle of the galloping horses. We nearly had the same experience as that of Mr Pickwick at Chatham, and had to run for our lives between two advancing armies.

We were now six children at home. I have no clear recollection of my mother's often playing with us, although the picture comes back to me of the furniture pushed on one side, and a troop of little children galloping round the room, whilst she played what was called the "galloping tune," composed by herself, and very well suited for its purpose. Another memory is of several nursery songs she used to sing to us—"When good King Arthur ruled this land," and "There was an old woman as I've heard tell," and a particular lilt for the babies when they were being joggled on her knee. She was courageous, even rash, in what she let her children do. My brother William was taught to ride

Emma Darwin, aged 45

without stirrups and got some bad falls in consequence. George at ten years old went off a twenty mile ride alone to Hartfield, and I, too, wandered about the lonely woods and lanes in a way that was not very safe then, although it would be much less so now, when tramps have greatly increased in number.

About 1854 Elizabeth Wedgwood took charge of her old governess Miss Langdon. None of the family had ever been fond of her, and in her latter days she was certainly the most unattractive old lady I ever saw, nearly stone deaf, with a harsh countenance, and a voice like a parrot's. She lived under our aunt Elizabeth's sheltering care till her death. Fanny Allen wrote: "I admire your benevolence, and your arrangement for Miss Langdon, and I feel assured that you will have the satisfaction that always accompanies acts of this kind. I have no doubt also that you are right as to placing her under your roof. I believe she will be a less *gêne* there than a mile off. And, indeed, it is you alone that can be judge in this matter and what you think best is best, as it touches you alone. I am glad you secure your breakfast undisturbed, and that your evenings also will be, as they have hitherto been, unaccompanied, so that I trust you will find nothing in this plan, save the content of helping a solitary and desolate person who has no power of repayment."

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, *Dec. 15th*, 1854.

It is well for me that you date by the days of the week which saves shame at idleness, not that I have been idle, but rather too busy to write, our leisure hours being taken up with reading Sydney's *Memoirs*. Anything about Sydney Smith interests me and therefore I read with interest Saba's[1] part of the book, and she has done it quite as well as you would expect. It is pleasant to be taken out of the stern reality of life, in which we are now living through the newspapers all the morning, to the light gossip and the playful gaiety of Sydney, and his letters made one forget the miseries of the Crimea and Scutari, after tea at least.

[1] His daughter, Lady Holland.

Yet what a trifling world it was, and what women were his fashionable ladies, in comparison with the noble Flo Nightingale and her companions! Have you heard that she astonishes all the surgeons by her skill and presence of mind? After amputating a limb, they pass on to another, leaving her to take up the artery and do all that is necessary. Miss Stanley is gone out I believe, and the Miss Stewart who so impressed John [Allen] at the hospital he visits, is the Duchess of Somerset's sister, and is going or gone out too, I believe. How good spreads! and what a school of Christianity and humanity is now carried out at Scutari. We are very busy here in Tenby in sending out clothing and necessaries to the Crimea and Scutari. My stock goes to the latter place, Emma's is for the fighting part. . .

In the winter of 1855 we took a house in Upper Baker Street for a month. It was the terrible Crimean winter, and there was a bitter frost almost all the time. Neither my father nor my mother were well, and they did not much enjoy their stay. We came home on Feb. 15, before the great snow-fall of that year had melted. The road in the deep cutting between Holwood and Down had been cut out, and the wreaths of the snowdrifts were a wonderful and beautiful sight. The children could walk on the snow, which was level with the top of the iron railings round the lawn.

In September, 1855, my mother went with my father to the British Association at Glasgow. I remember that she let me (aged 12) trim her a cap for the occasion, and I snipped up lace and ribbon with immense satisfaction. What it was like, Heaven knows! but I believe it was worn.

On the 17 February, 1856, "Finished *Guy Mannering*" was entered in her diary. This means my father finished reading it aloud to us. These evening readings to the children were a happy part of the family life. Whatever my father did with us had a glamour of delight over it unlike anything else.

Charles Darwin to his son William at Rugby.

DOWN, 29*th* [1855 or 1856].

MY DEAR OLD GULIELMUS,

I have been so very sorry for your having been ill this half-year again with the measles: you have been most unlucky. . . . Do not work to tire yourself; you are one of the very few boys to whom I should dare to tell them not to over-exert themselves, for most youngsters are inclined enough to spare themselves, but this has never been your case. Thank goodness it is not now very long to the holidays.

I am going up to London this evening and I shall start quite late, for I want to attend a meeting of the Columbarian Society, which meets at 7 o'clock near London Bridge. I think I shall belong to this Society, where, I fancy, I shall meet a strange set of odd men. Mr Brent was a very queer little fish; but I suppose Mamma told you about him; after dinner he handed me a clay pipe, saying "Here is your pipe," as if it was a matter of course that I should smoke. Another odd little man (N.B. all pigeon-fanciers are little men I begin to think) showed me a wretched little Polish hen, which he said he would not sell for £50 and hoped to make £200 by her, as she had a black top-knot. I am going to bring a lot more pigeons back with me on Saturday, for it is a noble and majestic pursuit, and beats moths and butterflies, whatever you may say to the contrary. . . .

It was for the sake of experimenting on the variation of domestic animals that my father about this time began to keep pigeons, and to associate with pigeon fanciers. He described his experiences in a letter to Mr Huxley (Nov. 27th, 1859): "For instance, I sat one evening in a gin palace in the Borough amongst a set of pigeon fanciers, when it was hinted that Mr Bull had crossed his Pouters with Runts to gain size; and if you had seen the solemn, the mysterious, and awful shakes of the head which all the fanciers gave at this scandalous proceeding you would have recognised how little crossing has had to do with improving breeds."

He became a member of two Pigeon Fanciers' Clubs, and was always treated with great civility at their meetings. They called him "Squire," and he sat with them in a cloud of smoke. No doubt they agreed with one enthusiast who wrote in a treatise on the Almond Tumbler that "If it was possible for noblemen and gentlemen to know the amazing amount of solace and pleasure derived from the Almond Tumbler, . . . scarce any nobleman or gentleman would be without their aviaries," and were pleased to see that my father, at least, understood the truth of these views.[1]

Charles Darwin to his son William.

MY DEAR WILLY, *Tuesday night.*

I am very glad indeed to hear that you are in the sixth; and I do not care how difficult you find the work: am I not a kind father? I am even almost as glad to hear of the Debating Society, for it will stir you up to read. Do send me as soon as you can the subjects; I will do my very best to give you hints; and Mamma will try also. But I fear, as the subjects will generally be historical or political that I shall not be of much use. By thinking at odds and ends of time on any subject, especially if you read a little about it, you will form some opinion and find something to say; and in truth the habit of speaking will be of the greatest importance to you. Uncle Harry was here this morning, and we were telling him that we had settled for you to be a barrister and his first question was "has he the gift of the gab?" But then he added, he has got industry, and that is by far the most important of all. Mamma desires that you will read the chapters [in Chapel] *very well*; and the dear old Mammy must be obeyed. . . .

It appears that there was again talk of our going to Tenby early in 1856. Fanny Allen wrote that she could not be away when Emma came, and mentioned Dr Dyster's delight at the thought of having C. Darwin here. "He met him somewhere and was like many others enchanted with him." Later in the year Fanny Allen wrote from Leith Hill Place,

[1] *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, vol. ii., pp. 52 and 280.

where she was staying: "I am sorry we lose Emma and Charles to-day. Charles is uncommonly agreeable, fresh and sparkling as the purest water."

Fanny Allen in many letters during these years gives expression to her intense admiration for Florence Nightingale and her work in the Crimea. She wrote during a visit to the Hensleigh Wedgwoods in London (Oct., 1856): "Sam Smith[1] called one morning this week and gave some details of Florence N.'s visit to the Queen. He said no one could be kinder than the Queen was. Flo was particularly impressed by Prince Albert's understanding. Every question he put was to the purpose, and he seemed to have understood the details better than all the officials, as if he had read everything. She had an immense mass of work to get through, and she is still far from restored."

December 3rd, 1856.

The Nightingale meeting was successful, I think, on the whole. There did not seem to be much enthusiasm among them, but the time is too far gone for that, and there is a more enduring stamp on Flo and her work which no time will change. Sidney Herbert's speech pleased me most. Those three touching anecdotes of her influence over the minds of the soldiers are beautiful, particularly the one of the soldiers kissing her shadow as it passed over their beds. What woman ever took so high a position as she does now! I was dreaming of her all last night.

April 15th [1857].

I fear from a line in one of the newspapers that Florence Nightingale's life is approaching its end, as Mrs Rich would say. I have been deeply impressed by her life these last few days, which in respect of mine, forms but a fragment in regard of time, and what she has accomplished! I remember her a little girl of 3 or 4 years, then the girl of 16 of high promise when I next met her at Geneva, and which she has most faithfully kept. A high mission has been given her, which has cost her her life to fulfil, and now when I look

[1] Uncle of Florence Nightingale.

back on every time I saw her after her sixteenth year, I see that she was ripening constantly for her work, and that her mind was dwelling on the painful difference of man and man in this life, and the trap that a luxurious life laid for the affluent. A conversation on this subject between the father and daughter made me laugh at the time, the contrast was so striking, but now as I remember it, it was the divine spirit breathing in her. . . .

During a visit to the Hensleigh Wedgwoods, Fanny Allen attended the wedding of a grand-niece, Isabella Alderson.

Fanny Allen to her sister Emma Allen.

Wednesday, Oct. 29th [1856].

. . . Yesterday we were performing "wedding guests" from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon. It was impossible for any marriage to be better "got up" in an artistic point of view, and certainly the ceremony was very impressive. Over the altar was a large cross formed of white flowers. The whole church lighted with large wax lights in high candlesticks, and incense burning, and the organ playing all the time. I had no idea that so entirely catholic a ceremony would have touched me so much. When forms are new they are certainly effective, but when they are used for a little time they wear out the soul within.

It was very operatic when they all ascended in two files the steps of the altar, where the married pair took the sacrament, and the music and voices pealed in in the singing parts of the Sacramental Service, and sounded very fine. Isabella looked nice, and calm. The breakfast was crowded. I got a seat in the corner, Hensleigh, my faithful guardian, securing it for me. Lord Robert Cecil was down in our corner, and Georgy[1] came down more than once to take her seat there, but I do not think there can be anything else than conversation and amusement between them. She was

[1] Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Lord Salisbury) married Georgina Alderson in 1857.

an excellent ballet-mistress and was more occupied with the arrangement of the whole thing than with softer and tenderer feelings. I did not intend to go to this wedding, being out of the way at my age, but the Baron walked down a few evenings ago to hope I would attend, so that it was imperative, and I looked up a bonnet of Fanny's that would do, and a velvet mantle of Effie's, and I did very respectably.

Sarah Wedgwood, the last survivor of the children of Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, died at Down on the 6th November, 1856, aged 80. Forty or more years ago, she had spoken of the then little Emma Wedgwood as having the first place in her affection for children, and her love continued. My mother was beautifully faithful to her, but I think the rigidity of her aunt Sarah's character prevented ease of intercourse and therefore strong affection on my mother's part, although there was much to admire and respect in her.

Charles Darwin to his sons William and George.

DOWN, *Thursday 13th* [*Nov.*, 1856].

MY DEAR WILLY AND GEORGY,

I have thought that you would like to hear about poor Aunt Sarah's funeral. Aunt Elizabeth and Uncles Jos, Harry, Frank, Hensleigh, and Allen all attended, so that the house was quite full. The funeral was at 3 o'clock, and Mr Lewis managed it all. We walked down to Petleys, and there put on black cloaks and crape to our hats, and followed the [coffin], which was carried by six men; another six men changing half way. At the Church door Mr Innes came out to meet the coffin. Then it was carried into the Church and a short service was read. Then we all went out, and stood uncovered round the grave whilst the coffin was lowered, and then Mr Innes finished the service, but he did not read this very impressive service well. Hemmings, Mrs Morrey and Martha attended and seemed to cry a good deal. Then we all marched back to the house, Mr Lewis and his two sons carrying a sort of black standards before us; and we then went into the house and read Aunt Sarah's

will aloud. She desired her funeral to be as quiet as possible, and that no tablet should be erected to her. She has left a great deal of money to very many charities. . . . Hemmings and the maids will stay here about a month more I should think; so that you, Georgy, will see them again, but I fear Willy will not at present. . . .

This had been a suffering year for my mother. Her last child, Charles Waring Darwin, was born on December 6th, 1856. I remember very well the weary months she passed, and reading aloud to her sometimes to help her bear her discomforts. The poor little baby was born without its full share of intelligence. Both my father and mother were infinitely tender towards him, but, when he died in the summer of 1858, after their first sorrow, they could only feel thankful. He had never learnt to walk or talk.

Charles Darwin to his son William.

DOWN, 21*st* [1857].

MY DEAR OLD WILLY OR WILLIAM,

I am delighted that you went to Manchester, and had so prosperous an expedition. You seem to have worked capitally and seen it well. We are amused at your adoration of the haughty Lady.[1] I quite agree with your admiration of Gainsborough's portraits: one of the pictures which has ever most struck me is a portrait by him in the Dulwich Gallery. By the way how stupid it has been of us never to have suggested your riding to Dulwich and seeing the capital publick gallery there. Then, again, there are some few good pictures at Knole. You want a jobation about your handwriting—dreadfully bad and not a stop from beginning to end! After severe labour in deciphering we *rather think* that your outlay was £1. 12. 0. and accordingly I send that, but I hope it is too little to punish you for such a scrawl. I

[1] Mrs Graham by Gainsborough, now in the Edinburgh Gallery. Her husband, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, outlived her many years and, as the story goes, could not bear to see the picture, and had it sealed up behind panelling. It was forgotten and only discovered 60 years after his death.

am glad that you were tipped, but that makes no difference in my repaying your outlay. By the way have you no paper, so that you cross your letter, or do you think your handwriting is too clear? You want pitching into severely.

I have had a letter from Mr Mayor (about his banker's mistake) in which he says he heard so grand an account of your future master's, Mr Temple's attainments, that he wants to persuade me to leave you at Rugby till October. Mr Mayor says he shall *very much* miss you. Think over this well and deliberately, and do not be guided by fleeting motives. You shall settle for yourself; whatever you think will be really best, not pleasantest, shall be done. . . .

In 1857 Fanny Allen wrote: "The summer has been perfect and will long be remembered by the young as if it were the customary summer and not a stray beauty." The wonderful months of sunshine in the summers of 1857 and 1858 are associated in the minds of those whose memories reach back so far, with the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, and in 1858 with the great comet stretching half across the sky.

This year I broke down in health. The entries in my mother's diary show what years of anxiety she suffered, first with one child and then another. Sometimes it is my health which is thus chronicled day by day, sometimes one of the boys. Both parents were unwearied in their efforts to soothe and amuse whichever of us was ill; my father played backgammon with me regularly every day, and my mother would read aloud to me. I particularly associate Cowper's *Winter Walk at Noon* with these readings. Cowper was a great favourite with her—both his letters and poetry. In the summer of 1858, when we were going to the sea on my account, I was allowed to take my kitten. As we went first to Hartfield, then Portsmouth, Sandown, and Shanklin, a sacred kitten, to be thought of first of all, must have added to the troubles of travelling with a sick child. But in spite of all the troubles connected with our ill-health those first fifteen years at Down must have been full of happiness. I see a constant come and go of the relations chronicled in her diary, and a certain amount of sociability with our neighbours—also visits from my father's scientific friends.

I am sorry to say that as growing-up children we were sometimes impatient of her kindness to the unprosperous.

I remember how constant she was in giving invitations to a certain family, who were generally tabooed on account of a disagreeable father, and how we used to say that no one but the Z.s ever came to the house. In later years my father's state was so suffering that intercourse with our neighbours almost ceased, and we children had a rather desolate feeling that we were left out. But I think that my mother never felt this as any loss. She was not essentially sociable as was my father.

The early memories that come back to me seem now to be full of sunshine and happiness. I think of a sound we always associated with the summer, the rattle of the fly-wheel of the well, drawing water for the garden; the lawn burnt brown, the garden a blaze of colour, the six oblong beds in front of the drawing-room windows, with phloxes, lilies, and larkspurs in the middle, and portulacas, verbenas, and other low growing plants in front; the row of lime-trees humming with bees, my father lying on the grass under them; the children playing about, with probably a kitten and a dog, and my mother dressed in lilac muslin, wondering why the blackcaps did not here sing the same song as they did at Maer. This was a perennial puzzle to her, but what the mystery was I have never been able to guess.

Of pleasure, as the world reckons it, there was but little. We often went to stay with Erasmus Darwin for short visits, but London always gave my mother bad headaches and more than half her time was spent in a darkened room. Every now and then there is an entry in her little diary of a concert or a play, but I should think not more than a dozen times in all the years whilst we were children. She had, however, constant enjoyment in country sights and sounds. She made the "Sand-walk," where she accompanied my father on his daily walks, a wild garden. She used to have the Dog's-mercury and Jack-in-the-hedge pulled up by a small boy hired for the occasion, in order to encourage the growth of bluebells, anemones, cowslips, primroses, and especially wild-ivy. One day a new boy misunderstood the orders, and as my father and mother reached the Sand-walk they found bare earth, a great heap of wild-ivy torn up by its roots and the abhorred Dog's-mercury flourishing alone. My father could not help laughing at her dismay and the whole misadventure, but the tragedy went too deep, and he used to say it was the only time she was ever cross with him.

She had a large *clientèle* of the village people from the poorer outlying parishes round Down. It was perhaps

doubtful how much good she did in this way, as there was not enough enquiry and a good many of her friends were people of bad character. There were, however, many wise and good forms of kindness and help in our own village—a lending library for the children, my mother herself giving out the books every Sunday afternoon—small pensions for the old, dainties for the ailing, and medical comforts and simple medicines in case of illness. There was a well-stored "physic cupboard," and an old red book of prescriptions, chiefly by my grandfather, Dr Robert Darwin. I well remember helping to measure and weigh, and the delight of rolling rhubarb pills. A deep respect and regard was felt for her in the village, but her reserve prevented her getting to know many of her poorer neighbours intimately. She would contrast herself in this respect with her old neighbour and friend Georgina Tollet, the author of *Country Conversations*. From her servants, however, no one could have won more devoted love. She would take any trouble to help them or their relations, and in return there was nothing they would not do to please her. In an emergency they would cheerfully work like horses; or any one would change their work; the cook would nurse an invalid, the butler would drive to the station, and anybody would go an errand anywhere or be ready to help in looking after the poor people.

The following letter was written from Dr. Lane's Water-cure Establishment at Moor Park, near Farnham. My father often went there, and was sometimes accompanied by my mother.

Charles Darwin to his son William.

[MOOR PARK, *Monday, May 3rd*, 1858.]

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I have just received your nice note and the hexagon,[1] for which very many thanks, but I hope and think I shall not have to use it as I had intended, which was delicately to hint to one of the greatest mathematicians that he had made a blunder in his geometry, and sure enough there came a letter yesterday wholly altering what he had previously told me.

[1] The hexagon was to be used for the discussion on bees' cells in the *Origin of Species*.

You will, I think, hereafter like Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, and it is a capital book for you, my dear future Lord Chancellor of England, to read. . . . I have been playing a good deal at billiards, and have lately got up to my play, and made some splendid strokes! I have at last got up some strength, and taken two good long walks in this charming country.

My dear old fellow,
Yours, C. D.

DOWN, *Thursday evening* [1858].

MY DEAR GULIELMUS,

Go and have at once a good and deliberate look at my old rooms[1] and if you then prefer them make the change, though it is a confounded bore that money should have been wasted over papering, etc. I much misdoubted at times whether you had chosen wisely. I think what you say about your present stairs being idle and noisy, a real and good reason for your changing. I know well, far too well, what temptations there are at Cambridge to idleness; so I am sure these ought to be avoided. I do hope that you will keep to your *already* acquired energetic and industrious habits: your success in life will mainly depend on this. So much for preachment, but it is a good and old established custom that he who pays may preach; and as I shall have to pay if you move, (as I rather advise) so I have had my preach.

DOWN, 15*th* [1858].

I should like to know whether my old gyp, Impey, is still alive; if so please see him and say that I enquired after him. . . .

I am very glad that you like King's—it used to be a great pleasure to me. You have to see the beautiful pictures in the FitzWilliam. The backs of the Colleges (N.B. not Colle*dg*es as some people spell it) are indeed beautiful; I do not think there is anything in Oxford to equal them.

[1] William Darwin was at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he occupied his father's rooms.

Moor Park, *Saturday* [1859].

I am very glad to hear that you have begun Botany, in the manner in which you have. I know Hooker thinks very highly of G. Henslow, in all ways. It has always been a hobby of mine that nothing could be so improving as the practice of describing plants, teaching accurate observation (a faculty which I am sure is *most* slowly acquired) and conciseness and accuracy of style. I have always regretted that Henslow had not struck on this plan when I was there, that I might have practised. You will always be glad that you began this. By the way, one evening I said to Frank, who is getting on very well in French, that he would be very glad of it all his future life: and a few days after Lenny was dissecting under my microscope and he turned round very gravely and said "Don't you think, Papa, that I shall be very glad of this all my future life."

The following pages are taken from the report of my brother William's speech, given at the Banquet held at Cambridge, on the occasion of the Darwin Centenary. He made no attempt at oratory, scarcely even raising his voice, but his whole manner and the deep underlying feeling made his speech extraordinarily impressive to all who heard it.

Chancellor, your Excellencies, my Lords and Gentlemen, —I need hardly say that this assemblage of distinguished men, met together from all quarters of the world to do honour to his memory, would have almost overwhelmed my father, and I am very conscious of the great difficulties that meet me and of the very great honour that is paid me in being called upon to express the feelings of my family on this occasion. I remember that my father once wrote to Sir Joseph Hooker, whom we are so delighted to have with us in Cambridge to-day, on an occasion when Sir Joseph Hooker had to make an address or after-dinner speech, that he pitied him from the bottom of his soul, and that it made his flesh creep to think of it. I am sure that he would have pitied me tenfold in these very especial circumstances, and I can only trust to your kind consideration, and ask that

my short-comings be not too severely criticised. When I had the honour of being asked to speak to-night I was most kindly given a free field, with no limitations or directions of any kind; but it was clear to me that it would be utterly unfitting and presumptuous on my part if I attempted, before such an audience as this, to speak of my father in regard to his scientific career, even if I were in other respects qualified. Therefore I can only speak of him as a man and as I knew him from a child.

I have been thinking over the characteristics of my father which are quite apart from the qualities on which his influence and his success as a man of science depended, and I think the quality which stands out in my mind most pre-eminently is his abhorrence of anything approaching to oppression or cruelty, and especially of slavery; combined with this he had an enthusiasm for liberty of the individual and for liberal principles. I can give you one or two illustrations, which are very slight in themselves, but one of them has remained impressed on my memory since early boyhood. There was living very near us at Down a gentleman farmer, with whom my father was slightly acquainted. It became reported that this man had allowed some sheep to die of starvation. My father heard of it and at once took up the matter, and though he was ill and weak and it was most painful to attack a near neighbour, he went round the whole parish, collected all the evidence himself, and had the case brought before the magistrates, and as far as I can recollect he got the man convicted. This, I remember, as a boy impressed me immensely; he took it so seriously and devoted himself to it, though his health was in such a bad state. The next case is a personal matter, if you will excuse my referring to myself. At the time of the trial of Governor Eyre I had come from Southampton, where there had lately been held a public meeting in favour of Governor Eyre. One day at Down I made some flippant and derogatory remarks about the Committee which was prosecuting him. My father instantly turned on me in a fury of indignation and told me I had better go back to Southampton. The

next morning at seven o'clock he came to my bedside and said how sorry he was that he had been so angry, and that he had not been able to sleep; and with a few kind words he left me.

What especially impressed me was his hatred of slavery. I remember his talking with horror of his sleepless nights when he could not keep out of his mind some incidents from Olmsted's *Journeys in the Slave States*, a book he had lately been reading; and in many of his letters to Professor Asa Gray he alludes to slavery with the utmost detestation.

I will not detain you with any recollections of his political opinions except to say that he was an ardent Liberal, and had a very great admiration for John Stuart Mill and Mr. Gladstone; at the same time he often deplored the almost total lack of interest in science in the House of Commons.

I think when I was a child my father's health was, perhaps, at its worst, and there is no doubt that it threw a certain air of sadness over the life at Down, but whenever he was a trifle better his natural joyousness and gaiety flowed out, and what we very vividly remember is the delightful playmate he made for us as children. In later life he always treated us with entire trust and freedom, and all our opinions or views or desires he would discuss and consider almost as if we were his equals; and it is touching to recall, though it almost makes one smile, the tone of admiration and gratitude with which he would acknowledge any little help we could give him in botanical or other matters. In later life he used to like to discuss any of the books or topics of the day, and it was always with modesty; he never seemed to think that his opinion was worth very much outside of his own special subjects. One of the great peculiarities I found in him was his immense reverence for the memory of his father; in all cases of health or illness, in many of the other conditions of life he would quote words of wisdom or advice of his father. To be present with him, when he happened to be well, at a small luncheon party with congenial friends, especially if a sympathetic woman were seated near him, will not be easily forgotten by anyone who has experienced it.

He put everyone at his ease, and talked and laughed in the gayest way, with lively banter and raillery that had a pleasant flavour of flattery, and touches of humour; but he always showed deference to his guests and a desire to bring any stranger into the conversation. I can well understand that anyone who had only met him under such circumstances might be led to disbelieve the accounts of his ill-health. . . .

There is one other subject I should like to touch upon, and that is the very hackneyed subject of his loss of interest in poetry and art. I think in this way an unfair slur has been cast upon the influence of the study of natural history; this is no doubt to a great extent due to a want of realization of the state of his health and of his nature.

When he first returned from the voyage on the *Beagle*, he was entirely overwhelmed with the various duties connected with the publication of his journal. . . . In a very few years' time his health failed, and he retired in 1842 to Down. He then began the routine of life which continued for 40 years. Every morning he worked to the very end of his tether, so that he would often have to say in the middle of a sentence: "I am afraid I must leave off now." . . .

As regards his imagination, I think that scenery, the beauty of flowers, and music and novels were sufficient to satisfy it. I remember he once said to me with a smile that he believed he could write a poem on *Drosera*, on which he was then working. I think he could never have written the last paragraph or two of the *Origin of Species* or the passage in the letter to my mother from Moor Park, in which he mentions that he fell asleep in the park and awoke to a chorus of birds, with squirrels in the trees and the laugh of a woodpecker,—and he added that he did not care a penny how the birds or the beasts were made—I think he could never have written either of those two passages without a deep sense of the beauty and the poetry of the world and of life. As regards his interest in art, I think he did keep it up to a certain extent. I remember that at the end of his sofa on which he used to lie, he had a

picture which he had bought himself and which he much enjoyed looking at: he also criticised very acutely a certain engraving. He used to laugh at modern decorative art and always preferred simple forms and pure colours. I remember once when he was staying with me at Southampton, when I and my wife were out of the house, he went through the living-rooms and collected all the pieces of china and chimney ornaments which he thought ugly, and on our return he led us with much laughter into his chamber of horrors. . . .

I am sure my father would have said, though, perhaps, with a tone of apology in his voice, that if there was to be a [Darwin] celebration there could be no more fitting place than Cambridge. He always retained a love for Cambridge and a happy memory of his life here. It was the happiest and gayest period of his life, and it certainly did a great deal for the development of his mind. As regards his academic studies, he used to speak of them with scant respect, and, perhaps, rather unfairly. It is curious to remember that the two subjects which he thought had done most to develop his mind were Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* and Euclid, both of which subjects are, I believe, now superseded as being obsolete. He valued more than any other honour the degree that was conferred on him here, and he spoke to me with pride and pleasure of walking, dressed in his scarlet gown, arm and arm with Dr. Cartmell, the Master of his old College. . . .

Charles Darwin to Emma Darwin.

Sunday, MOOR PARK [probably 1859].

I am very sorry to hear that you are headachy. A scheme just came into my head, viz. that when I am back, that you should come here for a fortnight's hydropathy. Do you not think it might do you real good? I could get on perfectly with the children. You might bring Etty with you. Think of this my own dearest wife. I wish you knew how I value you; and what an inexpressible

blessing it is to have one whom one can always trust, one always the same, always ready to give comfort, sympathy and the best advice. God bless you, my dear, you are too good for me. Yesterday I was poorly: the Review and confounded Queen was too much for me; but I got better in the evening and am very well to-day. I cannot walk far yet; but I loiter for hours in the Park and amuse myself by watching the ants: I have great hopes I have found the rare slave-making species, and have sent a specimen to the British Museum to know whether it is so. I have got some more letters to write, though I wrote six longish ones yesterday. So farewell my best and dearest of wives.

C. D.

During these years we had more than one governess. Our education, as far as book learning was concerned, was not of an advanced type; my mother apparently did not try to get the best possible teaching for us. But from our different governesses we learnt nothing that was not good and high-minded; from all we received real affection, and in more than one instance devoted care in illness. A sentence in a letter of hers to her son Leonard when a schoolboy, illustrates her point of view. She wrote of a governess who had just taken a situation, "I can never be thankful enough that Mrs —— does not know a word of French or German, so that the poor little woman's shortcomings will not be perceived I trust." Her indifference as to education continued. In 1888 she wrote: "Now I must write and decline subscribing to the Shaen memorial at Bedford College, but the fact is that I do not care about the higher education of women, though I ought to do so."

In 1859 the *Origin of Species* was published, and my father got terribly overdone with getting it through the press. My mother helped him with correcting the proof-sheets. When the book was finally off his hands he went to the water-cure establishment at Ilkley and we followed on Oct. 17th. It was bitterly cold, he was extremely ill and suffering, the lodgings were uncomfortable, and I look back upon it as a time of frozen misery. There was much excitement over the letters which he received on its publication, but I remember my mother would not show me Professor Sedgwick's horrified reprobation of it.[1]

[1] The letter is published in *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*.

In our childhood and youth she was not only sincerely religious—this she always was in the true sense of the word—but definite in her beliefs. She went regularly to church and took the Sacrament. She read the Bible with us and taught us a simple Unitarian Creed, though we were baptized and confirmed in the Church of England. In her youth religion must have largely filled her life, and there is evidence in the papers she left that it distressed her, in her early married life, to know that my father did not share her faith. She wrote two letters to him on the subject. He speaks in his autobiography of "her beautiful letter to me, safely preserved, shortly after our marriage." In this she wrote:

The state of mind that I wish to preserve with respect to you, is to feel that while you are acting conscientiously and sincerely wishing and trying to learn the truth, you cannot be wrong; but there are some reasons that force themselves upon me, and prevent my being always able to give myself this comfort. I daresay you have often thought of them before, but I will write down what has been in my head, knowing that my own dearest will indulge me. Your mind and time are full of the most interesting subjects and thoughts of the most absorbing kind, viz. following up your own discoveries, but which make it very difficult for you to avoid casting out as interruptions other sorts of thoughts which have no relation to what you are pursuing, or to be able to give your whole attention to both sides of the question.

There is another reason which would have a great effect on a woman, but I don't know whether it would so much on a man. I mean E. [Erasmus], whose understanding you have such a very high opinion of and whom you have so much affection for, having gone before you. Is it not likely to have made it easier to you and to have taken off some of that dread and fear which the feeling of doubting first gives, and which I do not think an unreasonable or superstitious feeling? It seems to me also that the line of your pursuits may have led you to view chiefly the difficulties on one side, and that you have not had time to consider and study the

chain of difficulties on the other, but I believe you do not consider your opinion as formed. May not the habit in scientific pursuits of believing nothing till it is proved, influence your mind too much in other things which cannot be proved in the same way, and which, if true, are likely to be above our comprehension? I should say also that there is a danger in giving up revelation which does not exist on the other side, that is the fear of ingratitude in casting off what has been done for your benefit, as well as for that of the world, and which ought to make you still more careful, perhaps even fearful, lest you should not have taken all the pains you could to judge truly. I do not know whether this is arguing as if one side were true and the other false, which I meant to avoid, but I think not. I do not quite agree with you in what you once said, that luckily there were no doubts as to how one ought to act. I think prayer is an instance to the contrary, in one case it is a positive duty, and perhaps not in the other. But I daresay you meant in actions which concern others, and then I agree with you almost if not quite. I do not wish for any answer to all this—it is a satisfaction to me to write it, and when I talk to you about it I cannot say exactly what I wish to say, and I know you will have patience with your own dear wife. Don't think that it is not my affair and that it does not much signify to me. Everything that concerns you concerns me, and I should be most unhappy if I thought we did not belong to each other for ever. I am rather afraid my own dear N. will think I have forgotten my promise not to bother him, but I am sure he loves me, and I cannot tell him how happy he makes me, and how dearly I love him and thank him for all his affection, which makes the happiness of my life more and more every day.

And her second letter is:

I cannot tell you the compassion I have felt for all your sufferings for these weeks past that you have had so many drawbacks, nor the gratitude I have felt for the cheerful

and affectionate looks you have given me when I know you have been miserably uncomfortable.

My heart has often been too full to speak or take any notice. I am sure you know I love you well enough to believe that I mind your sufferings, nearly as much as I should my own, and I find the only relief to my own mind is to take it as from God's hand, and to try to believe that all suffering and illness is meant to help us to exalt our minds and to look forward with hope to a future state. When I see your patience, deep compassion for others, self-command, and above all gratitude for the smallest thing done to help you, I cannot help longing that these precious feelings should be offered to Heaven for the sake of your daily happiness. But I find it difficult enough in my own case. I often think of the words, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." It is feeling and not reasoning that drives one to prayer. I feel presumptuous in writing this to you.

I feel in my inmost heart your admirable qualities and feelings, and all I would hope is that you might direct them upwards, as well as to one who values them above everything in the world. I shall keep this by me till I feel cheerful and comfortable again about you, but it has passed through my mind often lately so I thought I would write it, partly to relieve my own mind.

Below are the words:

"God bless you. C. D. June, 1861."

She spoke little to us about her religious feelings. I remember once, when I was a girl, her telling me that she had often felt she could only bear her anxiety by saying a prayer for help. As years went on her beliefs must have greatly changed, but she kept a sorrowful wish to believe more, and I know that it was an abiding sadness to her that her faith was less vivid than it had been in her youth. It would however give a wrong impression, if it was thought that this overclouded her life. Her perfect unselfishness and active goodness gave her rest, peace and happiness.

CHAPTER XIII

1860—1869

A long illness—The death of Charlotte Langton—Scarlet fever—A humane trap for animals—Catherine Darwin's marriage—My father's continual illness—The deaths of Catherine Langton and Susan Darwin—The Huxley children at Down—George a second Wrangler—A month in London—Elizabeth Wedgwood comes to Down—Freshwater—My father's accident out riding—Shrewsbury and Caerdeon.

IN 1860 my poor mother's thoughts and time were engrossed with the care of me in a long illness (probably typhoid fever) lasting with relapses from May, 1860, till Midsummer, 1861. In July I was well enough to be moved to Hartfield, "the kindly hospital for all who are sick or sorry" as Fanny Allen called it. But I soon had a bad relapse and gave her as much anxiety as ever.

Charles Darwin to his son William.

HARTFIELD, *Monday* [*July* 30, 1860].

Poor Etty will long be an invalid, but we are now too happy even at that poor prospect. Your letter has amused us all extremely, and was read with roars of laughter. Etty has not yet heard it; but you cannot think what a pleasure your letters are to her; they amuse and cheer her so nicely. I shall copy your account of dialogue before the Bishop and send it to Hooker and Huxley. You may tell the gardener that I have seen an ant's nest in a tree, but it is rare. . . .

The Review by the Bishop of Oxford and Owen in last *Quarterly* is worth looking at. I am splendidly quizzed by a quotation from the Anti-Jacobin. The naturalists are

fighting about the *Origin* in N. America even more than here, as I see by the printed reports.

My dear old fellow,
Your affect. Father,
C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to Lady Lyell.

DOWN, BROMLEY, KENT, *Aug.* 28 [1860].

. . . We have sent Frank to school, and as yet he has been quite happy there. George is in the first class, and a person of some authority there, so he is a great protection. But I think boys are better than they used to be, and he is sure to be liked by the masters from his industry and zeal. Charles is too much given to anxiety, as you know, and his various experiments this summer have been a great blessing to him, as he can always interest himself about them. At present he is treating Drosera just like a living creature, and I suppose he hopes to end in proving it to be an animal. I have also succeeded pretty well in teaching myself not to give way to despondency but live from day to day. We had the bad luck at Hartfield to fall into the hands of a desponding medical man, and it really was a great injury to us. We had a visit from Sir Henry Holland, who cheered us again, and I fully believe his view is the true one. He has been so constantly kind, and taken so much trouble, that we feel very grateful. . . .

The entries in her little diary at this time almost all refer to me. One is "worked and knit," and that means I worked at a pink and white rug which she always used at Down till she died. She rather characteristically got tired of an imitation "Indian pine," which I had worked on the white strips, and a year or two before her death unpicked these, and then repented that her old rug, which she had known for thirty-six years, did not look the same.

In March, 1861, Mrs Huxley and her three little children came to Down for a fortnight's rest. She was seriously out of health, and unable to recover from her grief at the recent loss of her eldest little boy. My mother hardly

knew her before, and this visit laid the foundation of their friendship.

In June, 1861, we went to Torquay, and there I began to get well. It was a very happy time. My father was fairly well, and the boys were full of enjoyment. We had our customary summer visitors, Erasmus Darwin, and Hope, Hensleigh Wedgwood's youngest daughter.

Towards the end of our time at Torquay my mother took Hope Wedgwood and me a little trip round Dartmoor. It was the only tour she ever took without the family in all her married life.

In the antumn of 1861 Charlotte Langton, whose health had for some time been breaking down, went to St Leonards, where she died in January, 1862, at the age of 65. My mother was twice able to go there to see her during the autumn. Fanny Allen wrote to Elizabeth: "I daily feel a debt of gratitude to you for the precious time I passed with you and Charlotte this last summer. Her patient, calm and thoughtful look as I saw her on your terrace, while we sat round her chair, is ever present to me, and it is pleasant to dwell on it, for it was the same countenance and expression that has gone with her from her childhood, and has the stamp of an heavenly birth on it."

She quotes for its truth Sir James Mackintosh's description of Charlotte as both "gentle and strong," and speaks of loving her since first she saw her in her child's frock. To Elizabeth the loss was irreparable. She came first to Down, and Fanny Allen wrote that this would be her best solace; for "Emma of all others blends cheerfulness and consolation." Charles Langton did not wish to continue living at Hartfield and Elizabeth therefore left the Ridge. It was to us the loss of two houses which were almost second homes.

1862 was another year of anxiety and of illness in the family. Leonard, then a boy of twelve, had scarlet fever most dangerously, and hung between life and death for weeks. The other children were sent away from home with our old Scotch nurse Brodie, who happened to be paying us a visit. At the end of my mother's long period of nursing she caught the fever herself and was very ill. Eventually, however, we all met at Bournemouth, very glad to be once more a reunited family.

About 1863 my mother worked very hard to have some humane trap substituted for the cruel steel trap in common use in game-preserving. She got the *Society for the Preven-*

tion of Cruelty to Animals to move in the matter, and a prize was offered for the invention of a trap which would be both good and humane. I am afraid, however, her efforts did but little direct good. No trap was invented which was portable, cheap, and effective. Indirectly, by stirring up thought on the subject, some good, it may be hoped, was accomplished.

I give the following letter here, although she wrote it many years later. Whether it was ever published I cannot remember, but I think it was sent either to the *Times* or the *Spectator*.

SIR,

Those who sympathise with the sufferings of animals must have felt great satisfaction at the warm interest which has lately been excited on the subject of vivisection.

There is however a kind of suffering, inflicted not in the cause of science but in that of amusement, which seems nearly forgotten. On every one of the great estates of this country steel traps are being industriously prepared and set to catch the vermin which invade man's privilege of killing the game.

If we attempt to realize the pain felt by an animal when caught, we must fancy what it would be to have a limb crushed during a whole long night between the iron teeth of a trap, and with the agony increased by attempts to escape. Few men could endure to watch for five minutes an animal thus struggling with a torn and mangled limb; yet on the well-preserved estates throughout the kingdom, thousands of animals thus linger every night, probably for eight or ten hours.

If it is held that it is degrading to our physiologists to make, and to our medical students to witness, operations upon living animals under anæsthetics, what ought it to be to the gamekeeper, who, night after night, prepares and sets instruments of torture and goes to sleep knowing that, by his means, animals are suffering acute agony until he goes in the morning to release them by killing them?

He has however the consciousness that this is done for

his daily bread. His master does not see it done. Is the responsibility thus to slip between the two ?

No doubt this is the most effectual way of preserving game; but I cannot believe that English gentlemen, who would not themselves give unnecessary pain to any living creature, and are eager to prevent brutality wherever they see it, either on the part of drovers or physiologists, will continue to allow even this motive to weigh against such an amount of suffering.

Yours, &c.,

(Signed) B. C.

In February, 1863, we went to see Fechter and Kate Terry in the *Duke's Motto*. My mother's old taste for the play remained as strong as ever, and she admired Kate Terry with enthusiasm. Of old plays that she had enjoyed, I especially remember her speaking of the *Maid and the Magpie* as delightful. It comes back to me that out of her wish that we should enjoy what gave her such great pleasure, I was sent to the *Corsican Brothers* at so youthful an age that I could only bear the terror of it all by shutting my eyes.

In the autumn we took a house at Malvern Wells, to try if a little mild water-cure treatment would do my father good. But nothing answered, and he was most seriously ill.

Charles Langton, whose wife Charlotte had died in January, 1862, became engaged in the summer of 1863 to Catherine Darwin, my father's youngest sister, and the marriage took place in October of the same year. To us children it came as a shock, for it seemed to us incredible that anyone over fifty should think of such a thing as marrying. Catherine was 53, and had neither good health nor good spirits, and both she and Charles Langton had strong wills, so that my father and mother were doubtful as to their happiness and thought the marriage a somewhat anxious experiment.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

[*October* 7, 1863.]

To-morrow, I hear from one of Emma's nice letters, Cath.'s marriage takes place. I wish they may have a

sunny day to cheer them. I have no doubt that both would prefer a quiet wedding-day, with no reminiscences to sadden either party, and the wedding taking place now will suit you all. . . . Think of Emma D. being, after long deliberation, on the side of the Federals, whom I detest with all the fire that is left me ! their hypocrisy respecting slavery is most odious, and their treatment of the poor negroes atrocious.

The following letter is written in a tiny hand on a little sheet of paper $3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$:

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard at school.

DOWN, BROMLEY, KENT, *Nov.* 13, 1863.

MY DEAR LENNY,

You cannot write as small as this *I* know. It is done with your crow-quill. Your last letter was not interesting, but very well spelt, which I care more about.

We have a new horse on trial, very spirited and pleasant and nice-looking, but I am afraid too cheap. Papa is much better than when Frank was here. We have some stamps for you: one Horace says is new Am. 5 cent.

Yours, my dear old man,

E. D.

Begin your jerseys.

My father continued wretchedly ill all through 1864, though in the autumn there began to be a slight improvement. He appears by her diary not to have left home at all, and she for not more than a day or two. When he was tolerably well I could now be left in charge for a short time. She wrote to Fanny Allen (Nov. 22, 1864): "I suppose you have heard of Charles getting the Copley medal from the Royal Society. He has been much pleased, but I think the pleasantest part was the cordial feeling of his friends on the occasion."

On June 4th of this year Emma Allen died, leaving Fanny alone, the last survivor of her generation.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

Nov. 22 [1864].

I was so glad to receive your dear, affectionate letter, saying you would come and see us. I was thinking how unsatisfactory it would be only to see you for a call or two in London, as I do not feel easy to leave Ch. for a night, he is so subject to distressing fainting feelings, and one never knows when an attack may come on. It will be very nice for him to see you too....

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

DOWN, *Thursday* [*March*, 1865].

MY DEAR BODY,

We can do very well [without you] till Saturday; indeed, as far as I can see, we must. Papa is pretty well and Horace too, and very happy over the alarum which Papa has handsomely devoted. Anne is absorbed in shirts. I have just been down to Spengle[1] to talk about poor people. Found them at breakfast at 10.15.

I am glad you are enjoying yourself so much, my dear. I am glad you see a bit more of aunt Fanny Allen too. I called yesterday on the Stephens. Mr S. thought it only proper respect that the young Lubbocks should not beat their father[2] at billiards, and Mrs S. said her brothers would not like to beat their father: "No, indeed, they had better do no such thing."

In 1865 my father tried Dr Chapman's "ice-cure" with however no permanent good effect. Fanny Allen wrote

[1] The family nickname for the village doctor, who had been devoted to Leonard in his long illness. He was always in difficulties, being too indulgent with his poorer patients. My father used to lend him money, and when the bill came in my father used to pay half and keep half against the debt, which he called "sharing the booty." Mr Engleheart lost his life in Africa, crossing a swollen river at night to attend a patient.

[2] Sir John Lubbock, the father of the first Lord Avebury.

(June 26, 1865): "What a life of suffering his is, and how manfully he bears it! Emma's, dear Emma's, cheerfulness is equally admirable. Oh! that a pure sunshine would rise for them!'

And again (12th July): "I had one of Emma's charming letters yesterday. She had waited for a good moment to Charles, and his *four* days of tolerable wellness had given her spirits to give me the treat of a letter, and that with all her boys about her! I am sure she is a chosen one of Heaven."

My mother's devotion to my father had made a deep impression upon Fanny Allen; she speaks of a friend as the most devoted wife she ever knew, "except Emma, and she is an exception to every wife."

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

[Probably 1865].

. . . I have taken a little to gardening this summer, and I often felt surprised when I was feeling sad enough how cheering a little exertion of that sort is. I also like cutting and carving among the shrubs, but as my opinion is diametrically opposite to the rest of my family, I don't have my own way entirely in that matter. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

Thursday [*Sept.*, 1865].

. . . In the morning Mr Bentham[1] called from Holwood. He is a very nice man. Papa came down for ten minutes. I walked him thro' the kitchen garden, and started him that way, and was sorry to think afterwards that I had given him directions which would effectually prevent his finding his way. I was glad I was in my new gown. Rags do not look well in the sunshine. My new gown is respectable and handsome.

In February, 1866, Catherine, Mrs Charles Langton, died at Shrewsbury, where she had gone to be with her sister Susan Darwin.

[1] George Bentham, the well-known botanist.

Fanny Allen to her niece Elizabeth Wedgwood.

Feb. 9, 1866.

Yours and Fanny's letters on Tuesday brought the intelligence that I expected of the close of poor Cath.'s life. It has saddened some hours of this week to me, and made me think over her character, which was a very high one, and her life was an abortive one with her high capacities.

I remember her father used to joke about Cath.'s "great soul"; what he spoke in jest she had in earnest, but somehow it failed to work out her capabilities either for her own happiness or that of others (perhaps), but this I speak with uncertainty. I have had another sweet note from Caroline this evening, in which she says "few people know her noble and excellent qualities, so true, with strong affections and sympathies." Sad, sad Shrewsbury! which used to look so bright and sunny; though I did dread the Dr. a good deal, and yet I saw his kindness—but my nature was and is fearful.

I have a very grateful remembrance of my aunt Catherine. She was a very kind and stimulating companion, taking interest in my reading and what I was doing. Susan Darwin, my father's only unmarried sister, died in the autumn, and the old house at Shrewsbury passed into other hands. She had been her father's favourite daughter, and was greatly beloved by her brothers and sisters. On the death of her sister Marianne, Mrs Parker, in 1858, Susan had adopted her four nephews and niece, who lived with her at Shrewsbury till her death.

In 1866 my father's health was somewhat better and we paid more than one visit to London.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

QUEEN ANNE STREET, *Sunday* [28 *April*, 1866].

MY DEAREST AUNT FANNY,

Our last days here have been so pleasant and successful that I must write you a scrap. The greatest event was that Charles went last night to the Soirée at the Royal

Society, where assemble all the scientific men in London. He saw every one of his old friends, and had such a cordial reception from them all as made it very pleasant. He was obliged to name himself to almost all of them, as his beard alters him so much. The President presented him to the Prince of Wales. There were only three presented, and he was the first. The Prince looked a nice good-natured youth, and very gentlemanlike. He said something Charles could not hear, so he made the profoundest bow he could and went on. His Dr, Bence Jones, was there, and received him with triumph, as well he might, it being his own doing. My event was nearly as wonderful, going to see *Hamlet* with Fechter. The acting was beautiful, but I should prefer anything to Shakespeare, I am ashamed to say.

Yesterday Eliz. charitably went with me to see poor mad Miss P.[1] We liked the Matron much . . . Dr B. J. is to do me some good too. I am to drive every day, and Charles to ride!

Good bye, my dear, this is but a scrap.

Yours, E. D.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta at Cimiez.

[LONDON], *May* 4 [1866].

. . . Now for news. Monday I drove about and did one set of pictures, which is staring unwholesome work, and did not suit either of our heads, and a little shopping. In the evening Aunt Eliz. and Carry picked me up for the Philharmonic. It was our dear old G minor Mozart, and very charming, and we used to play it quite fast enough (and very well) and gave it quite the right air. A Mlle Mehlig played the P. F. in Arabella [Goddard]'s style, but more beautifully, and I enjoyed it much. Singing hideous, Mlle Sinico sang *Vedrai Carino* as slow as a Psalm tune and as loud as she could. Papa was pretty well done up, and the day before had seen Grove and Lyell. He had a nice evening with Uncle Ras, who has been so nice and cordial, asking us to come again. . . .

[1] A former governess.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

DOWN, *Sunday, May 27th* [1866].

I have just got yours to George. What an enchanting place St Jean is. I am so glad you had the luck to hit upon it. That is the sort of thing I admire more than any degree of Alps and passes.

I despatched a hamper of kittens yesterday, and am not sorry to be free of their meals, poor little ducks. They would all sleep in the mowing machine, and did not look clean, so I was obliged to apologize for them.

St Jean, her ideal of beauty, was a little fishing village, west of Nice. On the evening of which I wrote, the fishing boats, with lateen sails of red and yellow, had come into the rocky harbour, and sails, sea, and mountains were lit by a sunset of unusual splendour.

In the spring of 1867 my mother offered to take charge of the seven children of Mr and Mrs Huxley for a fortnight. Mrs Huxley wrote to me of my mother (January 24, 1904):

Towards your mother I always had a sort of nestling feeling. More than any woman I ever knew, she *comforted.* Few, if any, would have housed a friend's seven children and two nurses for a fortnight, that the friend (myself) should be able to accompany her husband to Liverpool when he was President of the British Association; and in early days of our acquaintance, just after we had lost our boy, she begged me to come to her and bring the three children and nurse, and I should have the old nurseries at Down. I first wrote that I was too weak and ill to be out of my home, that I could not get downstairs till 1 o'clock. Her reply was, that that was the usual state of the family at Down, and I should just be following suit. What wonder that I had for her always the most grateful affection.

I wish, if you think fit, that you would set down these words of mine in your book about her. I should like to acknowledge my debt of love to my dear friend. My heart is very full, and tears dim my eyes as I write of her.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

DOWN, *Sunday* [*Summer*, 1867].

. . . I succeeded in going to Ravensbourne, and it was pleasant. I took the *Lancashire Wedding or Darwin moralized* to read in the carriage. The moral is that it is not wise to give up a pretty, poor, healthy girl you love and marry a sickly, rich, cross one you don't care for, which does not require a conjuror to tell one. The story ought to have been giving up a pretty, sick girl you love and marrying a healthy one you don't care for. It is too dull to give to the [village] library. . . . I have got *Mr Hogarth's Will*, and find it too dull, so we have only Hepworth Dixon's *America* and old Jesse's *George III.*, which is comfortable enough.

The books she mentions would be those then on hand for reading aloud. As a rule they liked one novel and one serious book, travels, memoirs, or something historical if not too stiff, for they were always chosen with a view to resting my father.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

[1867].

Charles's book is done and he is enjoying leisure, tho' he is a very bad hand at that. I wish he could smoke a pipe or ruminate like a cow. Our Persian kitten from Paris is very charming and more confiding than a common one. He is getting very big, but still insists upon sitting on my shoulder and smudging his face against mine.

Charles Darwin to his son George on the occasion of his being second wrangler.

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW, DOWN, *Jan. 24th* [1868]

I am so pleased. I congratulate you with all my heart and soul. I always said from your early days that

such energy, perseverance and talent as yours would be sure to succeed; but I never expected such brilliant success as this. Again and again I congratulate you. But you have made my hand tremble so I can hardly write. The telegraph came *here* at eleven. We have written to W. and the boys.

God bless you, my dear old fellow—may your life so continue.

Your affectionate Father,
CH. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

DOWN, *Sunday* [*January*, 1868].

We had a pleasant interlude yesterday in the appearance of Leo and Horace from school. George's success made a tremendous stir at Clapham.[1] Wrigley had never been seen in such a state. He gave the fact out from the platform as if he was going to cry, and gave a half-holiday and sent them all to the Crystal Palace. Leo however staid at home at his work. . . . When the boys heard about G. in the 1st class room they had a regular saturnalia, and played at football for some time to the great danger of the windows and pictures.

Then the new table came, and it is very lovely, but I foresee that the scratches on it will embitter my life.

In 1868, the month of March was spent in London, at Elizabeth Wedgwood's house, No. 4, Chester Place. My father was fairly well, and my mother heard some music and went to a play or two.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

MY DEAR ELIZ., DOWN, *Thursday* [*Ap.* 2, 1868].

I came home yesterday with Charles alone. I enjoyed the quiet and poking about, and the cat's welcome

[1] The school where all my brothers except William were educated, first under Mr Pritchard and latterly Dr Wrigley. Leonard was working for the entrance examination at Woolwich.

and walking in the new walk in the field. Your servants are charming, and I am so glad you have such a nice set. We had a pleasant party at luncheon on Sunday (Mrs Miles made such elegant luncheons I was quite proud of them); Mr Farrer and the Godfrey Lushingtons. There was *une très bonne conversation*, as poor Sismondi used to say. Mr Farrer is very genial and agreeable, and I liked him for the cordial and appreciative way in which he spoke of you. He offered Fanny [his wife] to sing to Charles, but he could not contrive it those last days; indeed I think his fondness for singing is pretty well merged into Natural Selection, etc. I dined over the way[1] (and Charles also) to meet Miss Cobbe and Miss Lloyd. Miss Cobbe was very agreeable, and told a good deal about Borrow, who lives close by her. He lives the same life among ragamuffins in London as he used to do in Spain. He was quite an unbeliever (and is still) when he went about the Bible in Spain, and the book gave one that impression. Good bye, my dear Eliz., I have much scrattle.

This year Elizabeth Wedgwood made a final move to Down. The beggars in London harassed and fatigued her, and the bustle of the life was too much for her, so she wisely decided to end her days near my mother, and henceforward lived in a pleasant house in the village of Down. There she spent the last twelve years of her life, happy with her garden, her little dog Tony, her devoted servants, helping her village neighbours, and sheltered by my mother's constant love and care.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

MY DEAREST AUNT FANNY, DOWN, *Sat.* [1868].

Eliz. is so bent upon Tromer Lodge that I am sure she will get it, and I think she will be very comfortable there. She will have a little too much noise from the blacksmith's forge and the school-children at play; but they are not

[1] At the Hensleigh Wedgwoods' in Cumberland Place.

uncheerful noises. She must make an outlet from the nearest corner of her garden to get to us, which is much shorter than the road; but I mean to try to persuade her to set up a bedroom and appurtenances here, so that when she spends the evening she shall also sleep here, and not have any conveyance of things. I enjoy the thoughts very much of her settling there. It is always interesting to see how to make things comfortable. Then you must come and see her here, and I shall see all the more of you. . . .

In 1868 we took one of Mrs Cameron's little houses at Freshwater for six weeks. It was a beautiful summer, and we had a very entertaining time. Mrs Cameron, sister of Mrs Prinsep and the beautiful Lady Somers, and friend of Watts and Tennyson, was sociable and most amusing, and put my father and Erasmus Darwin, who was with us, into great spirits. It was there she made her excellent photograph of my father, but the only other two of our party she would take were our uncle Ras and my brother Horace. I wish she would have tried my mother, but she maintained no woman must be photographed between the ages of 18 and 70.

Tennyson came several times to call on my parents, but he did not greatly charm either my father or my mother. They also saw Longfellow and his brother-in-law Tom Appleton, full of the wonders of table-turning, spirits and ghosts. Mr. Appleton described to us how he had impressed Tennyson with his spirit stories, telling them to him after dinner, by the light of a lanthorn in the orchard.

Charles Darwin to his son Horace.

DUMBOLA LODGE, FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT,
26*th* [*July*, 1868].

MY DEAR HORACE,

We do not know Leonard's address, and I must write to someone, else I shall burst with pleasure at Leonard's success.[1] We saw the news yesterday, and no doubt you will have seen it. Is it not splendid ? . . . Everything is

[1] He had come out second in the Entrance Examination for Woolwich.

grand; what a difference between the highest and the lowest number! By Jove how well his perseverance and energy have been rewarded. This is a very dull place, but we like it much better than we did at first. I wish you were coming sooner.

My very dear old man,
Your affectionate Father,
C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, *Wednesday* [*August*, 1868].

. . . Mrs Cameron very good-naturedly took me and Bessy to call on Mrs Tennyson. It was pouring with rain, and the more it rained the slower we walked, so when we got there we left our dripping cloaks in the hall.

Mr Tennyson brought in a bottle of light wine and gave us each a glass to correct the wet. Mrs Tennyson is an invalid, and very pleasing and gracious. After sitting a reasonable time Tennyson came out with us and shewed us all about, and one likes him, and his absurd talk is a sort of flirtation with Mrs Cameron. The only Tennysonian speech was when he was talking of his new house; I asked where it was, and he answered half in joke "I shan't tell you where," also telling that the *Illustrated News* wanted to send an artist to take him laying the first stone. Charles spent a very pleasant hour with him the day before. We ended in a transport of affection with Mrs Cameron, Eras. calling over the stairs to her, "You have left eight persons deeply in love with you." I think she was fondest of Horace. The Madonna[1] was often coming over, "Mrs Cameron's love and would Horace come over?" She wanted him to pack photos, etc. . . .

This autumn was one of unusual sociability. There were pleasant parties of friends and relations staying in the house; and we also had much intercourse with Charles

[1] Mrs Cameron's pretty maid, who often sat for her.

Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., and his family, who were staying for some time at Keston Rectory, a neighbouring parish to Down. A warm friendship sprang up between the two families, and this intimacy led to my brother William's marriage many years later to Mrs Norton's sister, Sara Sedgwick.

About this time we ceased to call our father and mother "Papa and Mamma." "F" from now onwards in my mother's letters means "your father," although she sometimes still speaks of him as "Papa." My father, who was very conservative (although he was a Liberal in politics) said when we spoke about the change, "I would as soon be called Dog."

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

DOWN, *Friday* [probably *Dec.*, 1868].

The Penny Reading did very well last night. We had three dreadful comic songs, not vulgar, but duller than anything ever was heard. Frank and I played twice. Our two black sheep, whom I hate the sight of, little Rob. and Mrs S. were there, and the two yellow sheep (Miss X.'s) also. . . . We have been talking about Wales to Papa, and a house that may be to be had. I think poor F. seems to feel as if the fates would have it so, and I should the less scruple about it as I am sure he would enjoy it so much—not that he has agreed, but we have looked at the map, &c. Leo and Horace are very crazy on the scheme. Goodbye, my dear, I must go out in a gleam of sunshine. . . .

Fanny Allen to her great-niece Henrietta Darwin.

Dec. 18th [1868].

Your letter, my dear Henrietta, gave me great pleasure to-day. I was sure you would not forget me and yet the "booking" of the time gives a certainty to it, that is very pleasant. As many days as you can lawfully spare the

better for me. I could not get up an "entertainment" if I were to try, but I will give you a good selection of books, even some heretical ones, and I will try to give you a more just opinion of my political hero John Bright. I was in great fear when I opened the *Star* this morning and saw the list, and did not catch the name I wanted to see as Cabinet Minister, that Gladstone had forsworn faith and gratitude and left him out; but I was soon relieved from this fear, and I shall hope that the master spirit of England will find its place even in that den. I am sorry that Beale is not in Parliament, but I hope he may still do better work out of it for bringing in the ballot. I will not frighten you with more now.

You seem to have a very disturbed church at Down, and you had better call in Mr Gladstone to disendow it. Give my choicest love to your mother and father, and thanks, with best love to yourself, my dear little one, for thinking of me. Elizabeth cannot find envelopes enough in her box and my drawer for the eager demands "immediate" of her clients for help.

Affectionately yours,
F. Allen.

This was the only time I ever stayed with my great-aunt at Tenby. I remember her a little old lady, upright, and so strong that she would stand for an hour before the fire reading the newspaper. Her talk was full of vigour and point. I have an inscription in a copy of Burns she gave me to wean me from "*Mr* Tennyson—there's sarcasm for you." We dined I believe at 5 o'clock. I had luncheon of some kind, but she took nothing between breakfast and dinner. I may mention that these dinners were extremely good. Her cook, Betsy, had nominally the wage of £12 a year. She had at one time asked for a rise in her wages, but Aunt Fanny had decisively said she had never given more than £12 and she never would,—Betsy might go. But her nieces Elizabeth Wedgwood and Fanny Hensleigh Wedgwood were determined their Aunt Fanny should not lose so good a servant, and quite privately paid Betsy such a sum as would raise her wages to what was then usual. This was kept a secret from Aunt Fanny till her

death. Her surroundings were delightful—the little low white house, the sunny drawing-room, the sleek black spaniel Crab, and the well-cared-for garden, with a wealth of southern shrubs, and peeps of the blue sea beyond.

Fanny Allen to her great-niece Henrietta Darwin.

HEYWOOD LANE, *January 8th* [1869].

Harry, like you, tried in the evening to make me a convert to your beloved Tennyson with no great result, either of you. I am going on with my reading of Shakespeare's historical plays, and yesterday I came on the murder of Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, and the death of Beaufort; and Tennyson's "bland and mild" Shakespeare grated like gravel between my teeth—one, who could so measure such a genius has no wings to soar into the higher regions of poetry; he must content himself to write such things as *Locksley Hall.*

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

MY DEAR AUNT FANNY, *Monday, Feb.* 8 [1869].

You were quite right in telling me I should like Bunsen if I persevered. What an angelic nature he had, and how lucky he was to have a wife quite as high and spiritually minded as himself, and his sons and daughters seem all to have been made of the same stuff. It is consoling to read such an intensely happy life as his was from beginning to end. I believe it was his character, and not his talents, which made him so looked up to. I cannot see any talent in his letters and, when he talks of his own views and aims, he is so hazy and unclear that I have never been able to fathom what his particular aim and study was. I shall be quite sorry to finish the book, and it does one good to enter into such a mind. . . .

Yours, my dearest Aunt F.,

EM. D.

My father had a bad accident in April, 1869. His quiet cob Tommy stumbled and fell, rolling on him and bruising him seriously. It was a great misfortune, for Tommy was soon considered to be unsafe for him to ride, and he never afterwards found a quite suitable horse. We all regretted Tommy, for he was not only perfectly quiet but brisk and willing, and with most easy paces.

We spent some months this summer at Caerdeon, in North Wales, and stayed a night in Shrewsbury on our way there. We visited my father's old home, the Mount, and were accompanied by the owner as we were shown over the house. This was meant in all kindness, but I remember my father's deep disappointment as he said, "If I could have been left alone in that greenhouse for five minutes, I know I should have been able to see my father in his wheel-chair as vividly as if he had been there before me."

CHAPTER XIV

1870—1871

The Descent of Man—Polly the Ur-hund—The Franco-German War—On keeping Sunday—Erasmus Darwin—The marriage of Henrietta Darwin—A wedding-gift from the Working Men's College.

In January, 1870, I went to Cannes. Fanny Allen wrote to my mother: "It is marvellous to me, sitting by the fire rejoicing in the repose, to read of the rushing of the young to all points of the compass in such weather! But in reality at their age, if I had had their power, I should have done the same. I now only wonder at the progress of kindness and indulgence on the parents' part that aid their children in their natural tastes."

Whilst I was abroad the proof-sheets of *The Descent of Man* were sent out to me to read. My mother wrote to me of one of the chapters: "I think it will be very interesting, but that I shall dislike it very much as again putting God further off." To show how delightfully my father took any help his children gave him, I give two letters he wrote to me, although of course the praise is out of all proportion to the real value of my corrections for the press.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta.

My dear H., *Spring*, 1870.

I have worked through (and it is hard work), half of the 2nd chapter on mind, and your corrections and suggestions are *excellent*. I have adopted the greater number, and I am sure that they are very great improvements. Some of the transpositions are most just. You have done me real service; but, by Jove, how hard you must have worked,

and how thoroughly you have mastered my MS. I am pleased with this chapter now that it comes fresh to me.

Your affectionate, and admiring and obedient father,

C. D.

All this is as clear as daylight. Your plan of putting corrections saves me a world of trouble, by just as much as it must have caused you. N.B. You *can* write, I see, a perfectly clear hand, as in *all* the corrections.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta.

DOWN, *Sat., Mar.* 19 [1870].

. . . F. is wonderfully set up by London, but so absorbed about work and all sorts of things that I shall force him off somewhere before very long. F. Galton's experiments[1] about rabbits (viz. injecting black rabbit's blood into grey and *vice versa*) are failing, which is a dreadful disappointment to them both. F. Galton said he was quite sick with anxiety till the rabbits' *accouchements* were over, and now one naughty creature ate up her infants and the other has perfectly commonplace ones. He wishes this experiment to be kept quite secret as he means to go on, and he thinks he shall be so laughed at, so don't mention. Poor Bobby is better to-day and has eaten a little. He looked so human, lying under a coat with his head on a pillow, and one just perceived the coat move a little bit over his tail if you spoke to him.

"Bob" was the half-bred Newfoundland who used to put on his "hot-house face"[2] of despair when delayed in

[1] In Sir Francis Galton's *Memories of My Life* he explains that the experiments on rabbits above mentioned were made in order to test Charles Darwin's theory of Pangenesis; no effect in the breed was produced by the transfusion of blood. He wrote: "It was astonishing to see how quickly the rabbits recovered after the effect of the anæsthetic had passed away. It often happened that their spirits . . . were in no way dashed by an operation which only a few minutes before had changed nearly one-half of the blood that was in their bodies."

[2] See *Life and Letters of C. D.*, 1 vol. edit., p. 70.

starting for his walk by my father's stopping to look at experiments in the hot-house. My dog, Polly, mentioned below, was a little rough-haired fox terrier. After her puppies had been made away with, my mother wrote: "Polly is so odd I might write a volume about her. I think she has taken it into her head that F. is a very big puppy. She is perfectly devoted to him ever since; will only stay with him and leaves the room whenever he does. She lies upon him whenever she can, and licks his hands so constantly as to be quite troublesome. I have to drag her away at night, and she yelps and squeaks some time in Anne's room before she makes up her mind to it."

And later in the year: "Polly has had a great deal to suffer in her mind from the squirrels, and sits trembling in the window watching them by the hour going backwards and forwards from the walnut to the beds where they hide their treasures."

The following geological skit by Mr Huxley gives a characteristic sketch of Polly, with her weak points a little exaggerated, for she was more remarkable for beauty of character than form.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

BASSET, SOUTHAMPTON [*Aug.*, 1870].

We are very comfortable here with William in his little villa, which is cheerful though cockneyish. . . . We talk and read of nothing but the war. I think L. Napoleon's fate might make a tragedy if he was not such a prosaic character himself. I can't help hoping that when he is kicked out—which must happen soon—Prussia may be persuaded to make peace. What an enormous collapse it is of a nation tumbling headlong into such a war, without a notion of what the enemy was capable of. Leo tells us that almost all the Woolwich young men are "French," tho' he owns it is chiefly because they long for war, and they think that more likely if France wins. Leo himself is a staunch Prussian. Charles is very comf. here, and manages to be idle, and gets through the day with short walks and rides. I have been reading Lanfrey's memoirs of Napoleon I. It is refreshing to read a Frenchman's book who cares nothing

Linke Haeckelei-darwinisch

Traum-

des Fräulein Darwin

Hochachtungsvoll

Schweinedenkmal von T.H.H

Regent: noch lebend (oder 'Bacon' geworden)

noch lebend

noch lebend

Schwein-Hund

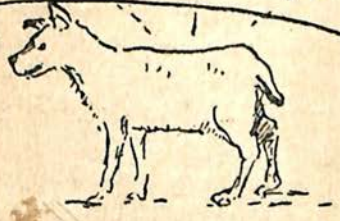
Katzen-hund

Mesolithisch oder Kainolithisch.

Zwischen-Schwein

Zwischen-hund

Paleolithisch



Resistattypus (Huxley)

Ur-hund

(Polly)

for *la gloire*, and it makes one ashamed of Louis Philippe for giving in to such baseness as bringing the body from St Helena and making a sort of saint of him. I should like to know what impression the book makes in France. Some people (F. Galton) are of opinion that truth or falsehood in a nation is merely a question of geography, and that the nations who have not got the article do pretty well without it. I think France shows the contrary. There is no national value for truth, and Napoléon I employed the most elaborate system of lies by means of Fouché to gain his ends—the letters are now extant. . . .

Fanny Allen to her great-niece Henrietta Darwin.

HEYWOOD, TENBY, *Dec. 8th* [1870].

I must send you a barren letter, my dear Henrietta, except of love, to thank you for your most pleasant letter of last week. A visit from you would give me pure joy whenever the time comes that you have leisure; and that you have an inclination to come fills me with gratitude and even some surprise, as age is not attractive, as the old song goes, "crabbed age and youth"—and yet I am checked by the recollection of the reception and pleasant time (too short) that I passed at Down this autumn. [What harm] *la gloire* has done to poor France. I can scarcely bear to read her disasters, and it makes me hate the Germans, who are wallowing in her slaughter. Oh, that a *chasse-pôt* could hit Bismarck. . . .

I am surprised also, as you, at Snow's "low view" of the Eastern Q., now happily settled; she has been led astray, as Lord Palmerston says so many are, by analogies. I believe I should be with her as to private engagements, that is between man and woman, which stands on a different footing to that of all other, because the fulfilment might cause the misery of the two. Francis Horner, who was called "Cato" by his intimates, maintained that that engagement should also be considered inviolate—but between

nation and nation I should have thought no one could have doubted.

God bless you, my dear Henrietta.

My warmest of loves for the "beloved Emma," whom you have the pleasure of calling mother, and to your daddy respectfully, and love to Bessy.

Affectionately yours,

FRANS. ALLEN.

In the years when we were growing up, I believe my mother was often puzzled as to what rules to make about keeping Sunday. I remember she persuaded me to refuse any invitation from the neighbours that involved using the carriage on that day, and it was a question in her own mind whether she might rightly embroider, knit, or play patience. The following was found amongst her papers:

On the side of abstaining from what other people think wrong, tho' you do not.

The fear of loosening their hold on the sanctions of religion with respect to what is really wrong.

They probably do not separate the breaking of the ceremonial observances of Sunday from real sins.

On the side of doing as you think right, without considering the opinion of others.

The sincerity of showing yourself as you really are.

The real good it would do the world not to have artificial sins.

Your opinion that England would be morally the better for some amusements on Sunday.

Whether the servants know you as you are and do not take your opinions as any guide for theirs — whether they learn toleration in short.

All this only applies to my own doings, as I do not feel at all sure enough in any way to interfere with the pleasures of sons of the age of mine.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, *Thursday* [*Feb.*, 1871].

. . . I feel a constantly recurring sense of relief that the war is over. We hear of French families returning at once. They say poor Mme. Tourgenieff is in great despair at the end of everything.

I came to high words with one of our guests, a German. He seemed very sore at the general feeling in England for France. However, we each spit our spite, and then made peace. . . .

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta.

MY DEAR HENRIETTA, DOWN, *March* 28, 1871.

I do not know whether you have been told that Murray reprinted 2,000 [of *The Descent of Man*], making the edition 4,500, and I shall receive £1,470 for it. That is a fine big sum. The corrections were £128!! Altogether the book, I think, as yet, has been very successful, and I have been hardly at all abused. Several reviewers speak of the lucid, vigorous style, &c. Now I know how much I owe to you in this respect, which includes arrangement, not to mention still more important aids in the reasoning. Therefore I wish to give you some little memorial, costing about 25 or £30, to keep in memory of the book, over which you took such immense trouble. I have consulted Mamma, but we cannot think what you would like, and she, with her accustomed wisdom, advised me to lay the case before you and let you decide how you like.

I have been greatly interested by the second article in the *Spectator*, and by Wallace's long article in the *Academy*. I see I have had no influence on him, and his Review has had hardly any on me.

We go to London on April 1st for a few days in order that I may visit and consult Rejlander about Photographs on Expression. I think I shall make an interesting little

vol. on the subject. By the way I have had hardly any letters about the *Descent* worth keeping for you, excepting one from a Welshman, abusing me as an old Ape with a hairy face and thick skull. We shall be heartily glad to see you home again. Good-bye, my very dear coadjutor and fellow-labourer.

Your affectionate Father,

CH. DARWIN.

Erasmus Darwin to his niece Henrietta Darwin.

[6, QUEEN ANNE STREET, *March*, 1871.]

DEAR HENRIETTE,

I was thinking of sending a scolding card when your note pacified me. Your news is not very cheerful, everyone ill, and I hope London will have a good effect upon your constitutions. Olivier has not as yet sent his remedies [concert tickets].

I have been reading Wallace in the *Academy*,[1] and it seems to me there is a good deal to answer in it if possible. I think the way he carries on controversy is perfectly beautiful, and in future histories of science the Wallace-Darwin episode will form one of the few bright points among rival claimants. . . .

Erasmus Darwin to his niece Henrietta Darwin.

[6, QUEEN ANNE STREET, *April*, 1871.]

DEAR HENRIETTE,

I enclose you Lady Bell's note, and you will see that yours was not thrown away. I ought to have sent it before, but have been rather sick and miserable, and paper and envelopes are very lowering to the system.

The world looks very black, for after Monday next there won't be a single day without its pleasure, what with the Royal Academy and what with the International.

[1] A review of *The Descent of Man*.

It is quite refreshing to think of you and Hope, immersed in Geometry and indifferent to the cares of poor, weak mortals. E. A. D.

In June, 1871, I became engaged to Mr. R. B. Litchfield.

Emma Darwin to her sister Elizabeth Wedgwood.

HAREDENE, ALBURY, GUILDFORD, *Sunday* [*July*, 1871].

We were thankful to have Henrietta as courier for the last time, as Charles was so giddy and bad at Croydon I could not leave him. When we got out at Gomshall, Esther, who was in another carriage with the kittens, was not forthcoming, as her part of the train had been detached at Red Hill and she had gone off into space. But she managed well, got out at Tunbridge, and she and the kittens appeared about 6 o'clock very jolly, as if they had done a fine thing.

I was married on the 31st August, and the following letters are to me on my wedding tour:

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST ETTY, DOWN, *Sept.* 4, 1871.

I must write to say how much your nice and affectionate letter from Dover has pleased me. From your earliest years you have given me so much pleasure and happiness that you well deserve all the happiness that is possible in return; and I do believe that you are in the right way for obtaining it. I was a favourite of yours before the time when you can remember. How well I can call to mind how proud I was when at Shrewsbury, after an absence of a week or fortnight, you would come and sit on my knee, and there you sat for a long time, looking as solemn as a little judge.—Well, it is an awful and astounding fact that you are married; and I shall miss you sadly. But there is no help for that, and I have had my day and a happy

life, notwithstanding my stomach; and this I owe almost entirely to our dear old mother, who, as you know well, is as good as twice refined gold. Keep her as an example before your eyes, and then Litchfield will in future years worship and not only love you, as I worship our dear old mother. Farewell, my dear Etty. I shall not look at you as a really married woman until you are in your own house. It is the furniture which does the job. Farewell,

Your affectionate Father,

CHARLES DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Tuesday Evening [*Sept.*, 1871].

MY DEAREST BODY,

It is very pleasant to feel well again after my three days' poorliness, and I can't think what took me. It was not good Mr and Mrs Rowland, as F. of course put it down to (tho' he is dreadfully deaf). . . . If I don't get my head turned amongst you all it will be a wonder; but I feel it like F. making me out to be so very ill always, only a proof of his affection, and therefore he does not succeed in making me think myself so very sick or so very good. On Monday night Horace came very jolly and well. He has been down to the Venerable P.,[1] who is still bad (send him some message, for I think your wedding finished him up). Poor little Cinder [kitten] has been lost for two days. It caused a burst of indignation thro' the house; Jane was sure she was starved, Mrs Tasker turned her out at night, &c. However, she was found safe at John Lewis's; and now the evil tongue takes another direction, viz. that the L.'s meant to keep her, and so did not tell when enquiries were made. . . .

Wednesday morning. Jane is in bed with lumbago and fainting, and I am sure is in for an illness, but Mrs Evans thinks it a capital joke and does all the work. . . . The B.'s

[1] Parslow, the old butler, thus incorrectly nicknamed from the Aged P. in *Great Expectations*.

[called] on Friday—Mrs B. found it almost too tiresome to ask anything about your marriage, so I soon spared her and got on her own affairs, and I like her in spite of manners.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Sunday Evening [*Sept.*, 1871].

. . . Leo has been going over the Joch pass and the Aletsch glacier, sleeping at a hut 10,000 feet above the sea. I suppose boys enjoy such things, but I should have thought it horrid, such a piercing high wind, he could not stop a minute to look about him.

I am taking to some of the St Beuve *Causeries*, and find them very pleasant, especially anything about the time of Louis XIV always amuses me. . . . Mr —— and A. called. A. never knows when to have done with anything. She got upon St Moritz and was quite endless. Now nobody can say that of me.

The following letters refer to a delightful welcome the Working Men's College gave to us on our return. My husband was one of the Founders, and had worked there ever since its foundation with continuous zeal. The wedding gift of the College, a picture by Maccallum, was presented to us, and F. D. Maurice made the speech of the evening.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST ETTY, *November*, 1871.

We were all so rejoiced yesterday; and what a very good girl you were to write us so long a letter. We have been all profoundly interested and touched by your account. Pray tell Litchfield how much I have been pleased, and more than pleased, by what he said about me. When the address and your letter had been read the first thought which passed through my mind was "What a grand career he has run,"—but I hope his career is very far from finished. I congratu-

late you with all my heart at having so noble a husband. What an admirable address, and how well written. Even YOU, Miss Rhadamanthus,[1] could not have improved a word. It is as superior to all ordinary addresses, as one of the old Buccaneer voyages are to modern travels. Good-bye, dearest; keep quiet. Good-bye.

Yours affect.,
C. DARWIN.

Charles Darwin to his son Horace.

6, QUEEN ANNE STREET,
Friday Morning, 8.30 A.M. [*Dec.* 15, 1871].

MY DEAR HORACE,

We are so rejoiced, for we have just had a card from that good George in Cambridge saying that you are all right and safe through the accursed Little Go. I am so glad, and now you can follow the bent of your talents and work as hard at Mathematics and Science as your health will permit. I have been speculating last night what makes a man a discoverer of undiscovered things; and a most perplexing problem it is. Many men who are very clever —much cleverer than the discoverers—never originate anything. As far as I can conjecture the art consists in habitually searching for the causes and meaning of everything which occurs. This implies sharp observation, and requires as much knowledge as possible of the subject investigated. But why I write all this now I hardly know —except out of the fulness of my heart; for I do rejoice heartily that you have passed this Charybdis.

Your affectionate Father,
C. DARWIN.

[1] Rhadamanthus Minor was a nickname Mr Huxley gave me. F.

CHAPTER XV

1872—1876

The Expression of the Emotions—The Working Men's College walking party—Abinger Hall—Dr Andrew Clark—A *séance* at Queen Anne Street—Francis Darwin's marriage—Leonard Darwin in New Zealand—Vivisection—The death of Fanny Allen—Experiments on Teazles.

THE following letter relates to my father's book on the *Expression of the Emotions*, in which my husband gave him some help on expression in music.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAR ETTY, DOWN, *May* 13, 1872.

Litchfield's remarks strike me (ignorant as I am) as very good; and I should much like to insert them. But I cannot possibly give them as my own. I used at school to be a great hand at cribbing old verses, and I remember with fearful distinctness Dr Butler's prolonged hum as he stared at me, which said a host of unpleasant things with as much meaning and clearness as Herbert Spencer could devise. Now if I publish L.'s remarks as my own, I shall always fancy that the public are humming at me. Would L. object to my beginning with some such sentence as follows? "Mr Litchfield, who has long studied music, has given me the following remarks," and then give the remarks in inverted commas.

L. was quite right about there being a good deal of repetition, and two or three pages can be condensed into

one. The discussion does not read so atrociously bad, or inanely poor as I had fancied; but that is the highest praise which can be bestowed on my part.

Yours affectionately,

C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, *Saturday* [probably 1872].

. . . Leonard is bringing a young man from Chatham to-day with the assurance that we shall hate him. Frank is also bringing a friend who is very nice. But I don't feel at ease in the company of young men and feel out of my element. Fanny Hensleigh delivered me your message that I was a wise woman settled on a rock, and Charles desires me to say that it is he deserves that credit (viz. of staying at home) and not me, that I have plenty of gad-about in me.

The following is written after the first anniversary of our wedding-day:

Emma Darwin to R. B. Litchfield.

MY DEAR RICHARD, *Wednesday* [*Sept.*, 1872].

It was very nice of you to write to me. Although we Wedgwoods are so bad about anniversaries, I should have thought of the 31st. There are so many sad things to think of, that I often feel, "Well, there are two belonging to me whose happiness it is a comfort to think of. . . ." I am glad you are reading Plato, as you will be able to tell me whether I could endure any of it; I have always had some curiosity to know something about the ancients.

Yours affectionately, my dear Richard,

E. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, *Tuesday* [27 *Sept.*, 1872].

Yesterday 3 sons went in different directions to look for a house for us, as I have persuaded Charles to leave home for a few weeks. The microscope work he has been doing with sundew has proved fatiguing and unwholesome, and he owns that he must have rest. Horace came home the fortunate one, like the youngest brother in a fairy tale. He has found nice lodgings on Sevenoaks Common, which is uncommonly pretty, and there is Knole Park, too, close at hand. . . .

What an affecting and natural letter poor Jenny's[1] was. There is hardly a pang in life so sharp as hers; but she showed so plainly that she was exerting herself to the utmost to bear up. I was surprised she could think of the new baby as any consolation. It will be the best consolation no doubt; but at first she will feel that no baby will make up in any degree for the right one.

Whilst staying in these lodgings at Sevenoaks they became acquainted with the merits of a verandah, and this led to a large verandah being made at Down. It had a glass roof, and opened out of the drawing-room. So much of all future life was carried on there, it is associated with such happy hours of talk and leisurely loitering, that it seems to us almost like a friend. The fine row of limes to the west sheltered it from the afternoon sun, and we heard the hum of the bees sucking the honey-sweet lime flowers as we sat there. They used to get drunk on the honey and lie half dead underneath—a danger to us as little children playing about on the grass. In front were the flower-beds and the dial, by which in the old days my father regulated the clocks. Polly, too, appreciated the verandah and became a familiar sight, basking in the sun, curled up on one of the red cushions. After my marriage she adopted my father and trotted after him wherever he went, lying on his sofa on her own rug, during his working hours.

[1] Jane, the youngest daughter of Harry and Jessie Wedgwood and wife of Major Carr, had lost her first baby.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, *Tuesday* [21 *Jan.*, 1873].

. . . We are to have Fanny and Hensleigh on Monday, I am glad to say, to meet Moncure Conway. We have just been reading a very grand sermon of his on Darwinism. I sometimes feel it very odd that anyone belonging to me should be making such a noise in the world. . . . Henrietta comes on Wednesday. She has been going to a working-man's ball and danced with a grocer and a shoemaker, who looked and behaved exactly like everybody else and were quite as well dressed. The ladies were nicely dressed but not expensively, and much more decently than their betters are in a ball-room now-a-days.

I have been rather cross at all the adulation about Louis Napoleon. Really Mr Goddard's (the priest at Chiselhurst) sermon might have been preached about a saint, and then would have been thought exaggerated.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA, *February 26th*, 1873.

I had so nice a letter from Henrietta that I feel inclined to tell you so, and to thank you for a dear letter I had from you now a fortnight ago. I keep all your letters and shall leave them to Bessy most likely, or Horace, and this last is missing in consequence of Harry's forgetting to return it. . . . It is now a fortnight since I have been out of doors; it is so mild to-day that I think I shall try a little pacing behind the hedge.

I do not know whether you touch C. Voysey's writings. I was pleased with his last discourse, *Man the only Revelation of God*. I do not know whether it was in this sermon that a word displeased Elizth. With Harriet's reading many a word falls harmless on my hearing. I take the subject in only. Elizth. objects to pathos in novels, and this also falls very harmless on me—the pathos of life kills that—and would never draw a sad feeling from me. . . .

This spring my father and mother took a house near us, 16, Montague Street, for a month's London season. My mother wrote to Fanny Allen, "Charles had much rather stay at home, but knows his place and submits." Mr Huxley at this time was greatly harassed, partly owing to a lawsuit about a house he was building. His health was not in a good state, and he urgently needed a long rest. This necessity weighed much on the minds of his friends; Mrs Lyell suggested to my mother, during this stay in London, that a very few of his intimate friends might privately join in making a gift to him to enable him to get away. My father took eagerly to the scheme, and became its active promoter, whilst carefully avoiding publicity. Two thousand one hundred pounds were at once subscribed, and my father was deputed to write the letter accompanying the gift.[1] "He sent off the awful letter to Mr Huxley yesterday, and I hope we may hear to-morrow. It will be very awful," my mother wrote. It was not, however, awful at all. Mr Huxley took the gift in the spirit in which it was offered.

Elizabeth Wedgwood's sight had been failing more and more for some time, a privation she bore with the utmost patience. But my mother used often to say how sad she felt it to come in and find her doing nothing, when her life had been one of continual activity. My mother gave her her old Broadwood grand-piano, and to fill up some of her weary useless time helped her to learn by heart simple airs to play to herself. She also came more often to spend the evening and stay the night with them, going home after breakfast.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT, *Saturday* [probably 1873].

MY DEAREST AUNT FANNY,

I dare say Eliz. will tell you in her Sunday's letter that her new spectacles do not help her. She had so little hope of them that it is not much of a disappointment. I am glad to see that her sight serves her out of doors to do some gardening. I think the beauty of the flowers is very much lost to her.... I suppose you read long ago the Hare

[1] The letter is given, p. 367, Vol. I., in the *Life of T. H. Huxley*.

Memorials of a Quiet Life. I feel intense compassion for the shortness of poor Mrs Hare's married happiness, not five years, but I cannot bear her notion that God took him away *because* she was so deeply attached to him. Not that I think a person cannot be selfish in their love; but it is not the strength of the love that is the sin, but the selfishness. I wish they had omitted at least half the letters. There is so much sameness in the religious feelings, as of course there must be. But people make the mistake of thinking you cannot have too much of what is good, whereas the quantity of it spoils the whole in a degree.

The household is boiling over with indignation because the mowers, whom we engaged, have broken their word, and forsaken us at the last minute. I think we had better buy a machine as the difficulty of getting mowers is become very general.

Yours, my dear,
E. D.

Six or seven times every summer my husband organized a Sunday walking party of his singing-class and of members of the Working Men's College. We used to go by rail to some place near London, and walk a few miles to a spot suitable for luncheon and a tea picnic. Singing, gathering flowers, games and tea filled up the day, and we used to come home, well tired out, by an evening train. Several times after my marriage, my father and mother invited the party to Down. The first time was in the summer of 1873. These invitations gave great pleasure and there was a large attendance, often as many as sixty or seventy. My father and mother's gracious welcome, an excellent tea on the lawn, wandering in the garden and singing under the lime-trees made a delightful day, ending with a drive home to Orpington Station for the ladies of the party.

This summer my parents spent a week at Abinger Hall, the home of Mr T. H. Farrer, afterwards Lord Farrer, whose second marriage to Euphemia (Effie) daughter of Hensleigh Wedgwood, had recently taken place. This pleasant, friendly house was now added to the very few places where my father felt enough at ease to pay visits. In general, he considered that his health debarred him from such pleasures. He much enjoyed Mr Farrer's talk and the beauty of the

surroundings. The "Rough," a stretch of wild common, was near enough for him to stroll on. Lord Farrer wrote: "Here it was a particular pleasure of his to wander, and his tall figure, with his broad-brimmed Panama hat and long stick like an alpenstock, sauntering solitary and slow over our favourite walks is one of the pleasantest of the many pleasant associations I have with the place."[1]

From Abinger they went to Basset, their *séjour de la paix*, as they called it. I see by my mother's diary how constant she was in driving from Basset to Southampton to see the mother of one of the villagers at Down—a not at all engaging and not too clean old woman—who had gone to end her days there. This reminds me of another instance of her constant kindness; that of writing continually to our poor old nurse Brodie, who had a monomania that she was forgotten. Though receiving a letter only soothed her for a very short time, my mother always thought it worth while to do this, and I believe wrote to her every few days.

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, *Friday* [1873].

. . . Charles has recovered wonderfully from his distressing attack of last week and is moderately at work. I think with invalids, unusual health "goes before a fall." I hardly ever saw him so well as the Sunday and Monday before his attack. I am glad we have made a connection with a Dr, by having Dr A. Clark; and his opinion was very encouraging, that he could do Charles some good and that there was a great deal of work in him yet. . . .

Our visit at Abinger is a pleasant bright thing to look back at. The weather enchanting, shewing off the place—Charles well, enjoying everything and above all Effie, so lighthearted as well as wise. . . . Are not you ashamed of Archbishop Manning giving "plenary indulgence" to all these fools? I am happy to say he also gives plenary indulgence to the fools who stay at home. . . .

[1] Vol. II., p. 392, *More Letters of Charles Darwin.*

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Tuesday Evening [1873].

F. has recovered remarkably quickly and went to the sand walk to-day and did a little work. . . . Dr Clark has not sent the dietary yet and we are rather trembling as to how strict he will be.

I make C. Buxton's book[1] quite my Bible at present. He hits so many small nails on the head that suit my feelings and opinions so exactly, and I think he is so very acute, and sometimes a little cynical to my surprise.

I found George a great comfort to consult with and settle things when I felt uneasy about F. He is so zealous and puts his whole mind to what you tell him. Leo has offered to go as photographer with the expedition to New Zealand. I feel rather flat. One is so awfully used to N.Z. . . .

"Awfully used" is a family expression quoted from Leonard as a little boy, who complained at tea that he was "so awfully used to bread and butter." The following relates to the first visit my father and mother paid us. To make them comfortable we always gave them our bedroom, and moved ourselves into a smaller one.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST BODY, DOWN, *Saturday* [*Autumn*, 1873].

It is a pleasure to receive such a delightfully affectionate invitation and to think that R. joins in it as heartily as you do, and we will come with all our hearts. F. never could bear the thoughts of putting you to so much inconvenience and so had given up thoughts of Bryanston Street, but I tell him *I* don't mind it in the least, and I am sure you and R. don't. Of course I like it much better than Queen Anne Street, as though we should see a good deal of

[1] *Notes of Thought*, published 1873.

you there, there are nooks and corners of time that one catches only by being in the house with you.

But we shall not agree to your tabooing all your friends, as they do not tire F. like seeing his own. I aim at his seeing nobody but the Huxleys and not giving luncheons at all. We will stay a week—I should like to say 10 days, but I don't think I shall compass that. F. is much absorbed in Desmodium gyrans[1] and went to see it asleep last night. It was dead asleep, all but its little ears, which were having most lively games, such as he never saw in the day-time. . . .

Emma Darwin to her aunt Fanny Allen.

DOWN, *A rainy Sunday* [*Autumn*, 1873].

MY DEAREST AUNT F.

We have only Leonard with us to-day and I have just sent down to Eliz. to persuade her to come up as it is dark and dismal. She is uncommonly well and cheerful. I have been looking over some very old letters of hers, and it is not a very cheerful occupation; one gets one's head too full of past times which always entails regrets, and I now feel that we daughters made a mistake in not talking more to my father and getting more into his mind. . . .

We are expecting Hen[a] and her husband to stay a decent time with us, which somehow is of more value than the same split up into short visits.

Spiritualism was making a great stir at this time. During a visit of my father and mother to Erasmus Darwin in January, 1874, a *séance* was arranged with Mr Williams, a paid medium, to conduct it. We were a largish party, sitting round a dining-table, including Mr and Mrs G. H. Lewes (George Eliot). Mr Lewes, I remember, was troublesome and inclined to make jokes and not play the game fairly and sit in the dark in silence. The usual manifestations occurred, sparks, wind-blowing, and some rappings

[1] The "Indian Telegraph Plant," the dwarf leaflets of which move by a series of twitches.

and movings of furniture. Spiritualism made but little effect on my mother's mind, and she maintained an attitude of neither belief nor unbelief.

This summer there was a second marriage in the family. My third brother, Francis, married Amy, daughter of Mr Lawrence Ruck, of Pantlludw. Frank had been educated as a doctor, but did not wish to practise, and took up botany. He was the only one of my father's children with a strong taste for natural history. He now became my father's secretary, and he and his wife came to live at Down.

Leonard, now in the Royal Engineers, went to New Zealand to observe the Transit of Venus.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Darwin.

DEAREST EMMA, *June 30th*, 1874.

Your boy starts on his star-gazing expedition with excellent weather. November is not far off and he may be back almost before Mrs Evans's[1] tears are dried. Eliz[th] says in her letter that she is "going up in her own carriage." She is wise if she indulges herself in this luxury. The Spirits will not do her any harm. She has an unbelieving nature, and say what they will, they are but jugglers after all. Spirits do not meddle with matter, and when furniture or heavy bodies are moved, it is matter that moves them. I am writing shockingly ill—the day is dark and I do not see well, so good-bye, my dear one,

Ever yours,
FRAS. ALLEN.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

MY DEAR LEONARD, *July 7th*, 1874.

I have been so long thinking how disagreeable it would be to see you go, that when I came to the point and saw you so comfortable and composed, I found I did not mind it near so much as I expected; indeed seeing Mrs

[1] Leonard's old nurse.

Evans's tearful face made me feel rather hard and unnatural. In writing to you I shall try to forget how long it will be before you get my letter, and imagine you at Chatham.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

MY DEAR LEO, BASSET, *Sunday, Aug. 23rd* [1874].

We are packing up for to-morrow's start for home at 6.30 a.m.; after a most successful and peaceful stay with dear old William. F. says he has not felt so rested and improved and full of enjoyment since old Moor Park days. George joined us about 10 days ago, and has been able to join all our expeditions, which have chiefly consisted in driving as far as N. Stoneham Park and getting out for a short walk. I had no idea it was so charming and pretty, and F. finds that he was quite mistaken in thinking he had succeeded in crushing out his taste for scenery, or that for a beautiful garden which he saw yesterday in such a blaze of sun. . . . The Bessemer Steam-boat is to be launched in 3 weeks. I don't despair of taking F. across some day.

Yours, my dear old man, E. D.

And after their return she wrote to her daughter Bessy: "William says how quiet and dull the meals are, and how much he enjoyed our visit. I believe he quite misses us, though F. would think that quite too presumptuous an idea, he being a man and we fogies."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard in New Zealand.

Dec. 22, 1874.

Colenso is just returning well pleased with having obtained justice for the Caffre tribes who have been so badly treated. Dean Stanley had the courage to ask him to preach at Westminster Abbey, but Colenso declined, saying he had not come to England to stand up for his own rights, and he would not make a fuss. We enjoy your letters heartily.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAR H., 4 *January*, 1875.

Your letter has led me to think over vivisection (I wish some new word like anæsection could be invented) for some hours, and I will jot down my conclusions, which will appear very unsatisfactory to you. I have long thought physiology one of the greatest of sciences, sure sooner, or more probably later, greatly to benefit mankind; but, judging from all other sciences, the benefits will accrue only indirectly in the search for abstract truth. It is certain that physiology can progress only by experiments on living animals. Therefore the proposal to limit research to points of which we can now see the bearings in regard to health, etc., I look at as puerile. I thought at first it would be good to limit vivisection to public laboratories; but I have heard only of those in London and Cambridge, and I think Oxford; but probably there may be a few others. Therefore only men living in a few great towns could carry on investigation, and this I should consider a great evil. If private men were permitted to work in their own houses, and required a license, I do not see who is to determine whether any particular man should receive one. It is young unknown men who are the most likely to do good work. I would gladly punish severely anyone who operated on an animal not rendered insensible, if the experiment made this possible; but here again I do not see that a magistrate or jury could possibly determine such a point. Therefore I conclude if (as is likely) some experiments have been tried too often, or anæsthetics have not been used when they could have been, the cure must be in the improvement of humanitarian feelings. Under this point of view I have rejoiced at the present agitation. If stringent laws are passed, and this is likely, seeing how unscientific the House of Commons is, and that the gentlemen of England are humane, as long as their sports are not considered, which entail a hundred or thousand-fold more suffering than the experiments of physi-

ologists—if such laws are passed, the result will assuredly be that physiology, which has been until within the last few years at a standstill in England, will languish or quite cease. It will then be carried on solely on the continent; and there will be so many fewer workers on this grand subject, and this I should greatly regret. By the way F. Balfour, who has worked for two or three years in the laboratory at Cambridge, declares to George that he has never seen an experiment, except with animals rendered insensible. No doubt the names of doctors will have great weight with the House of Commons; but very many practitioners neither know nor care anything about the progress of knowledge. I cannot at present see my way to sign any petition, without hearing what physiologists thought would be its effect, and then judging for myself. I certainly could not sign the paper sent me by Miss Cobbe, with its monstrous (as it seems to me) attack on Virchow for experimenting on the Trichinæ. I am tired and so no more.

Yours affectionately,

CHARLES DARWIN.

Fanny Allen to her niece Emma Darwin.

MY DEAR EMMA, *April 27th* [1875].

I have been thinking of trying my hand in writing with a lithographic pencil, but I have not patience to wait, as your pretious letter with its grateful remembrance of the sad April days of 51[1] makes my heart beat with gratitude to you for its recollection—coupled as it was by the memory of your grief for your darling. It is true gaps can never be filled up, and I do not think we should wish them to be filled other ways than as our memory fills them. . . .

Fanny Allen, the last survivor of her generation, died on May 6th, 1875, at the age of 94. She left the following message: "My love to all who love me, and I beg them not to be sorry for me. There is nothing in my death that

[1] Fanny Allen was at Down in April, 1851, when my mother was unable to go to her dying child at Malvern.

ought to grieve them, for death at my great age is rest. I have earnestly prayed for it. I particularly wish that none of my relations should be summoned to my bedside."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard in New Zealand.

Nov. 8, 1875.

F. went to the Vivisection Commission at two. Lord Cardwell came to the door to receive him and he was treated like a Duke. They only wanted him to repeat what he had said in his letter (a sort of confession of faith about the claims of physiology and the duty of humanity) and he had hardly a word more to add, so that it was over in ten minutes, Lord C. coming to the door and thanking him. It was a great compliment to his opinion, wanting to have it put upon the minutes.

Every evening for many years my father and mother played two games of backgammon. This was a very serious function, and, when things were going badly with him, he might be heard to exclaim "bang your bones,"—a quotation from Swift's *Journal to Stella*. He won most games, but she won most gammons. In a letter to Professor Asa Gray (Jan. 28, 1876) he wrote: "Pray give our very kind remembrances to Mrs Gray. I know that she likes to hear men boasting, it refreshes them so much. Now the tally with my wife in backgammon stands thus: she, poor creature, has won only 2490 games, whilst I have won, hurrah, hurrah,

2795 games!"

Charles Darwin to his son Francis.

HOPEDENE, *Monday 30th* [1876].

. . . If your case of Teazle[1] holds good it is a wonderful discovery. Try whether pure water or weak infusion of raw

[1] The leaves of the teasel form cups, in which water collects and drowned insects accumulate. The moving filaments which I observed were supposed to absorb the products of decay and thus nourish the plant. I was probably wrong in believing the filaments to be protoplasmic; their true character remains an unsolved problem. F. D.

meat will bring out the protoplasmic masses. The closest analogy seems to me that of an independent Amœba or Foraminiferous animal etc. which feeds by involving at any point of its gelatinous body particles of organic matter and then rejecting them. A mass of rotting insects would give such particles. Perhaps this is your view. But I do not understand what you mean by a resinous secretion becoming slimy, or about *living* insects being caught. I would work at this subject, if I were you, to the point of death. If an Amœba-like mass comes out of cells and catches dead particles and digests them it would beat all to fits true digesting plants. I never saw anything come out of quadrifids of Utricularia, and I could hardly have failed to see them as I was on look out for secretion. It would be a grand discovery.

Could you chop up or pound scrapings from raw meat, or better half decayed meat and colour the particles first and then you could see them in the protoplasmic masses; for surely you could hardly expect (unless there is a distinct hole) that they should be withdrawn within the cells of glands. The case is grand.

I see in last *Gardener's Chronicle* another man denies that Dionœa profits by absorption and digestion, which he does not deny. It seems to me a monstrous conclusion—but this subject ought to be investigated, especially effects on seed-bearing. Teazles good for this.

Yours affectly.

C. DARWIN.

Are any orifices or orifice visible in cut off summit or gland ? For heaven's sake report progress of your work.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard at Malta.

DOWN, *Saturday, July 22nd* [? 1876].

. . . The summer keeps on blazing away as if we were in Malta, many of the flowers dying, and none of them growing. The evenings delightful under the limes, so sweet. F. has taken to sit and lie out which is wholesome for him.

Friday, August 4th [1876].

The time passes so quickly in our methodical life that I find I have been 10 days without writing to you. . . . F. has finished his Autobiography and I find it very interesting, but another person who did not know beforehand so many of the things would find it more so.

DOWN.

. . . We have been rather overdone with Germans this week. Häckel came on Tuesday. He was very nice and hearty and affectionate, but he bellowed out his bad English in such a voice that he nearly deafened us. However that was nothing to yesterday when Professor Cohn (quite deaf) and his wife (very pleasing) and a Professor R. came to lunch—anything like the noise they made I never heard. Both visits were short and F. was glad to have seen them. . . . Have you read the spiritual trials? I think that the sentence was too severe, at least as to hard labour, viz. 3 months' imprisonment. If people are so credulous some allowance ought to be made for the rogues.

Saturday [1876 ?].

. . . We had two comical visitors on Sunday about 6.30, two Scotch students who were seeing the sights in London and came here (via Greenwich and Beckenham) to see the great man's house and place. When they got here they thought they would also try to see the great man himself, and sent in their names. F. went to speak to them for a few minutes and Horace showed them about and started them to London by a straighter route than their former one. They were very modest and well behaved, and something like gentlemen. Do you remember a working man from Australia who rushed in to shake hands with him a year ago, and was for going straight off again without another word. We have heard of him again from a Canadian who met him on the road to California on foot

with nothing on but drawers and shirt, in the pocket of which he carried his pipe and a letter from F., of which he is very proud and shows to everybody.

Charles Darwin to his son George.

MY DEAR GEORGE, DOWN, *July 13th* [1876].

One line to say how I, and indeed all of us, rejoice that Adams thinks well of your work, and that if all goes well will present your papers to Royal Soc. I know that I shall feel quite proud. I do hope and fully believe that in a few days you will be up to work again. Dr Clark was very nice, when here, and enquired much about you.

Horace goes on Monday to lecture on his dynam. at Birmingham. Frank is getting on very well with Dipsacus and has now made experiments which convince me that the matter which comes out of the glands is real live protoplasm about which I was beginning to feel horrid doubts. Leonard going to build forts.

Oh Lord, what a set of sons I have, all doing wonders.

Ever your Affect.:

C. DARWIN.

CHAPTER XVI

1876—1880

Bernard Darwin—Stonehenge—R. B. Litchfield's illness at Lucerne —William Darwin's marriage—My father's Honorary Degree at Cambridge—A round of visits—Anthony Rich—The Darwin pedigree—A month at Coniston—Horace Darwin's marriage—A fur-coat surprise—The Liberal victory.

In the autumn of 1876 my brother Francis, who was my father's secretary, lost his wife and came with his new-born baby, Bernard, to live in the old home. The shock and the loss had a very deep effect on my mother and I think made her permanently more fearful and anxious. The baby was a great delight to both my parents, and my mother took up the old nursery cares as if she were still a young woman. Fortunately little Bernard was a healthy and good child so there was not much anxiety, but it greatly changed her life. She wrote: "Your father is taking a good deal to the Baby. We think he (the Baby) is a sort of Grand Lama, he is so solemn."

The following letters were written to me at Kreuznach. From now onwards the majority of the letters here given are from my mother to me; when therefore there is no heading, it is to be assumed that this is the case. She wrote to me nearly every day when we were not together, and I have kept all her letters. As years went on she used so many contractions that her letters became almost a sort of shorthand, but it would be both puzzling and tiresome to reproduce these in print and it has seemed best to translate them almost all.

Leith Hill Place, *Monday* [*June*, 1877].

. . . F. was made very happy by finding two very old stones at the bottom of the field, and he has now got a man

at work digging for the worms.[1] I must go and take him an umbrella. Leo went off last night. Aunt Caroline is so ambitious for him that she thinks it a great pity he should settle down to such humdrum work as his present employment;[2] but I don't agree with her. I think, however, I have no ambition in my nature. It would not have given me much pleasure George being a rising lawyer, except as fulfilling his wishes.

Goodbye, my dears,

E. D.

F. has had great sport with the stones, but I thought he would have a sunstroke.

BASSET, *Monday* [*June*, 1877].

. . . We are really going to Stonehenge to-morrow. I may stop at Salisbury and read my book and see the Cathedral, but I shall go if I can. I am afraid it will half kill F.—two hours' rail and a twenty-four mile drive—but he is bent on going, chiefly for the worms, but also he has always wished to see it.

BASSET, *Wednesday* [1877].

. . . We started from here yesterday at 6.45 on a most lovely day only alarmingly hot. We had telegraphed on Monday to George to meet us at Salisbury, and there he was at the station at 8.30 a.m. with our open carriage and pair, looking very bright and smiling, and I think he enjoyed it more than any of us, though he had seen it twice before.

The road is striking and ugly—over great cultivated pigs' backs, except the last two or three miles, when we got on the turf. We loitered about and had a great deal of talk with an agreeable old soldier placed there by Sir Ed. Antrobus (owner), who was keeping guard and reading a devout book, with specs on. He was quite agreeable to

[1] He was observing the effect produced by earthworms in gradually undermining and covering up stones through bringing earth to the surface in the form of castings.

[2] He had left Malta and was Instructor in Chemistry at Chatham.

any amount of digging, but sometimes visitors came who were troublesome, and once a man came with a sledge-hammer who was very difficult to manage. "That was English all over," said he. Prince Leopold had been there. "I wish he would come again, he gave me a yellow boy." They did not find much good about the worms, who seem to be very idle out there. Mrs Cutting gave us a gorgeous lunch and plenty of Apollinaris water. . . . I was not so tired as I expected, and F. was wonderful, as he did a great deal of waiting out in the sun. To-day I am only dead—George came in just now with his lip cut from a fall off the bicycle. It is a long cut but only superficial, and does not want any surgery. I hate those bicycles. . . .

Babsey is a little less troublesome, and if we can keep Frank and Maryanne [the nurse] out of sight he is content for a time. What he likes is to sit on Frank's lap and be surrounded by all the rest, when he is very bold and much amused. . . .

This autumn my husband nearly died of appendicitis at Engelberg, in Switzerland. My mother was boundlessly good in her sympathy and help, even thinking it possible she should come out to us. The following letter was written after we had made our first stage home as far as Lucerne.

Charles Darwin to his daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAREST HENRIETTA, DOWN, *Oct. 4th* [1877].

I must write a line to tell you how deeply I have sympathised with you in all your dreadful anxiety. We were at first quite panic struck, and how we rejoice over Litchfield's much better state. It astonished and delighted us to receive his nice long letter. How I wish you were safe at home, and that a law was passed that no one should go abroad. I want to advise you to take a courier from Lucerne; and so have no bothers on the journey.

There ought to be another law not to ride horses, or play

at lawn tennis. Poor dear old Leo[1] lies on the sofa, a bulky monument of patience, and never grumbles a bit. We have had lately many callers and this has been good for him, as it has made talk.

When you return you had better come to Down; it is safer than London, and in earnest I should think country air must be better for convalescence, and there will be no business to bother Litchfield.

I am tired, so good-bye. Frank and I have been working very hard at bloom[2] and the automatic movements of plants from morning to night, and we have made out a good deal. Good-bye, my dear, love to Litchfield—how I rejoice that your anxiety is over.

Your affect. father,
C. DARWIN.

In the autumn of 1877 my brother William[3] became engaged to Miss Sara Sedgwick. He had first known her in 1868, when she was at Keston with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norton, of Cambridge, Mass. William was a partner in a Bank at Southampton afterwards incorporated in Lloyds.

[1] His son William had had a bad accident out riding, and Leonard had fallen at lawn tennis and injured his knee.

[2] The wax coating on leaves which makes them come out dry after being dipped in water.

[3] This short account of William Darwin was written after his death by his brother Francis: William Erasmus Darwin (1839-1914). His was a perennially youthful spirit, and the sweetness of his expressive face was but little marked by sorrow or anxiety. One seemed to see in it both the happy directness of youth and the delicate gravity of old age. He was fortunate in having many close friends. This is especially true of his later life: I gained the impression that in the early days at Southampton he had not many intimates. However this may be, he could not have been long there without his lovable and transparently honest character becoming known. He gradually came to be employed in various public concerns, *e.g.*, the County Council, the Southampton Water Works, and especially in connection with Hartley College. In these relations his name will not soon be forgotten. As regards his private life—he seemed to be settling down into confirmed bachelorhood. When his mother urged him to marry, he answered in words which became classical: "Why if I did I shouldn't have *any* time to myself." But he sometimes regretted his solitude, and I well remember that on my marriage in 1874, he told me how happy I was in having climbed out of the pit of bachelorhood.

Charles Darwin to Sara Sedgwick.

MY DEAR SARA, DOWN, *Sept. 29th* [1877].

I must tell you how deeply I rejoice over my son's good fortune. You will believe me, when I say that for very many years I have not seen any woman, whom I have liked and esteemed so much as you. I hope and firmly believe that you will be very happy together, notwithstanding that you may find Southampton rather a dull place, about which my son feels such great fears. His dread that you are sacrificing too much in giving up your American home is natural, but I trust will prove groundless. Judging from my own experience life would be a most dreary blank without a dear wife to love with all one's soul. I can say with absolute truth that no act or conduct of William has ever in his whole life caused me one minute's anxiety or disapproval. His temper is beautifully sweet and affectionate and he delights in doing little kindnesses. That you may be happy together is my strong desire, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for having accepted him.

My dear Sara, Yours affectionately,

CHARLES DARWIN.

He was saved from this fate by his marriage recorded above. All that his wife and his home at Basset were to his parents will appear in the text. His wife shared the special affection that united their eldest child to his father and mother.

After Sara's death in 1902 and his retirement from business, he moved to 11, Egerton Place, London, where he welcomed brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces with a self-effacing hospitality which reminded some of them of their uncle Erasmus Darwin. He gave an English home to his American nieces, the Miss Nortons, with whom, as also with the daughters of his brother George, the bond of affection was strong.

In 1900 he lost his leg from a hunting accident—a deprivation borne with unconscious patience. To the end he remained erect and active looking. He was particularly neat in dress, and with his shaven face and small whiskers he had somewhat the air of a naval officer. He read much in a wide range of subjects—biography, history, fiction and science. A familiar occurrence was his being a few minutes late for a meal because he was "just finishing a paragraph." As regards science he had some practical knowledge of geology and of field-botany; his careful observations on the pollination of *Epipactis palustris* are referred to in the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, 2nd Edit., 1877, p. 99. F. D.

Emma Darwin to Sara Sedgwick.

[*Oct. 2nd*, 1877.]

. . . I will not disclaim your opinion of me, but take it as a proof of your affection, and in returning your affection I do not think you will ever find me wanting. . . .

You say you are so American, and so I think you are in the quality that I have always observed in the few Americans I have known (and most strongly in that happy Keston family), viz. a readiness to trust and confide in the liking and good feeling of those they are with.

They were married in November of this year.

Emma Darwin to her son William.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday mg., Nov. 17th*, 1877.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

It was a great disappointment your not coming yesterday to witness the honours to F.,[1] and so I will tell you all about it.

Bessy and I and the two youngest brothers went first to the Senate House and got in by a side door, and a most striking sight it was. The gallery crammed to overflowing with undergraduates, and the floor crammed too with undergraduates climbing on the statues and standing up in the windows. There seemed to be periodical cheering in answer to jokes which sounded deafening; but when F. came in, in his red cloak, ushered in by some authorities, it was perfectly deafening for some minutes. I thought he would be overcome, but he was quite stout and smiling and sat for a considerable time waiting for the Vice-Chancellor. The time was filled up with shouts and jokes, and groans for an unpopular Proctor, Mr ————, which were quite awful, and he looked up at them with a stern angry face, which was very bad policy. We had been watching some cords stretched across from one gallery to another won-

[1] He was given the honorary degree of LL.D. at Cambridge.

dering what was to happen, but were not surprised to see a monkey dangling down which caused shouts and jokes about our ancestors, etc. A Proctor was foolish enough to go up to capture it and at last it disappeared I don't know how. Then came a sort of ring tied with ribbons which we conjectured to be the "Missing Link." At last the Vice-Chancellor appeared, more bowing and hand-shaking, and then F. was marched down the aisle behind two men with silver maces, and the unfortunate Public Orator came and stood by him and got thro' his very tedious harangue as he could, constantly interrupted by the most unmannerly shouts and jeers; and when he had continued what seemed an enormous time, some one called out in a cheerful tone "Thank you kindly." At last he got to the end with admirable nerve and temper, and then they all marched back to the Vice-Chancellor in scarlet and white fur, and F. joined his hands and did not kneel but the Vice-Chancellor put his hands outside and said a few Latin words, and then it was over, and everybody came up and shook hands.

Of all days in the year I had a baddish headache, but managed to go and enjoyed it all. F. has been to Newton's Museum to-day and seen many people—also a brilliant luncheon at George's. J. W. Clark did me a good turn, as I followed his lead in tasting Galantine, which is very superior.

I felt very grand walking about with my LL.D. in his silk gown.

After their return home my father wrote to his son George (Nov. 21, 1877): "I enjoyed my stay at Cambridge to a very unusual degree, owing chiefly to you good boys. If Cambridge newspaper publishes full account of LL.D. do send me a copy."

This June they made a round of visits—a most unusual event.

DOWN, *Monday* [*June*, 1878].

We have settled to go to Leith Hill Place on the 5th, Abinger on 10th, and Barlaston on 15th. It is almost in-

credible that F. should agree, and I am afraid not coming home after the ten days' absence will be very serious. I have been out lamenting over the garden. Yesterday it was so pretty with Eschscholtzia and Linums blazing in the sun, but about 5 o'clock we had the most tropical thunder, hail and rain storm I ever saw. F. was out, but after sheltering several times, came back in a quarter of an hour to find a river over shoe-tops in front of the house. The hail quite hurt his feet as he came home, and if he had had Polly he would have had to try to protect her.

DOWN [*June*, 1878].

I wish you had been here to see Bernard's arrival, it was so pretty. He recognised us all at once so as to have a very sweet modest smile, and directly F. put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, he went and sat on his lap and had the bright spots just as usual. He was perfectly fresh, and in a rapture with the windmill as he came along.

The "bright spots" were made by my father's little pocket magnifying glass.

After Bernard had had some little illness my mother wrote (Oct. 1878): "I daresay he will relapse again and I must school myself not to get so miserable. It is like a bodily ache." And when he was better: "B. is almost more charming poorly than well. He is so attentive and placid and listens to any amount of twaddle. He took to kissing all the pictures yesterday."

[DOWN, *Aug.* 1878].

. . . The two articles in the *Fortnightly*[1] by Greg and Gladstone are very striking; I think the first G. so reasonable and cool and the second so fiery and full of *élan*. I don't

[1] There is no article in the *Fortnightly* by Gladstone in 1878. She probably meant *England's Mission* in the *Nineteenth Century* by Gladstone, and W. R. Greg's paper in a symposium on "Is popular judgment in politics more right than that of the higher classes?" The Eastern question was then exciting great interest in England owing to the "Bulgarian atrocities" (1876) and the war between Russia and Turkey (1877-78) which led to the Treaty of Berlin (July, 1878).

agree with the *Times* that now he had better accept fate, I think he should cry aloud to the end, he may convert someone.

Charles Darwin to his son George.

MY DEAR OLD GEORGE, DOWN, *Oct. 29th* [1878].

I have been quite delighted with your letter and read it all with eagerness. You were very good to write it. All of us are delighted, for considering what a man Sir William Thomson is, it is most grand that you should have staggered him so quickly, and that he should speak of your "discovery &c." and about the moon's period. I also chuckle greatly about the internal heat. How this will please the geologists and evolutionists. That does sound awkward about the heat being bottled up in the middle of the earth. What a lot of swells you have been meeting and it must have been very interesting.

Hurrah for the bowels of the earth and their viscosity and for the moon and for the Heavenly bodies and for my son George (F.R.S. very soon).

Yours affectionately,

C. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Sara.

DOWN, *Thursday* [1878].

MY DEAR SARA,

I did indeed feel for you and thought of you very often. Theodora[1] is such a combination of gaiety, life, and unselfishness and thoughtfulness, that she leaves a terribly large vacancy behind her. I have sometimes thought that there is a sort of reaction, something like relief, when one has no longer to look forward to a dreaded parting. . . .

[1] Theodora Sedgwick, Sara Darwin's sister, was on her way home to America.

Charles Darwin to his son William.

DOWN, *Dec.* 12*th*, 1878.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I have a curious bit of news to tell you. A few days ago Mr Anthony Rich, of Heene, Worthing, wrote to me that he with his sister was the last of his family, and that he had always thought under such circumstances "those should be remembered, whose abilities &c., &c., had been devoted &c., &c., for the benefit of mankind"; with more to the same effect and to my great honour. Therefore he had bequeathed to me nearly all his property after his and his sister's death. I heard from him again to-day with particulars. The property is not of a very inviting kind, viz. a share of houses in Cornhill, which brings in annually rather above £1,100. This bequest, as you may believe, has astonished and pleased me greatly; though in a money sense it will make no difference whatever to me or your mother. Mr Rich is 74 years old and his sister a year younger. I never before heard of a bequest to a man for what he has been able to do in Science.

My dear old William,

Your affectionate father,

CH. DARWIN.

My best love to Sara.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Tuesday [1878].

. . . Bernard is perfectly well and has the most comical games—putting "dole" (gold) pennies and silver pennies under each of the buttons in a certain chair, in and out of his pockick 20 times—this has lasted 3 days. For 2 days, stirring up dry middlings for the birds was quite delightful and very little mess made (considering). . . . I quite agree with you about F.'s signing too readily; even if the object is undeniably good, but especially when I think

the object not a good one, and possibly mischievous, as in the Moncure Conway case. In such a plain case of immorality as he considers the war[1] I think he was right. I consider this war as the outcome of our furious antagonism to Russia, and causing them to seek eagerly for a weak place in our armour, and also for something to force us to keep our Indian troops at home in India. Oh if we had but kept to Lord Salisbury's first programme (or Lord Derby's) of what we should object to, instead of bothering about things that do not concern us, e.g. a large Bulgaria. . . .

Saturday [*Jan.* 1879].

. . . I have been out of doors for two days, and yesterday was quite delightful at the sand walk, and gave one an insane feeling that the winter was over.

I am glad Eliz. is going to 31[2] on Monday. For a wonder I think her spirits are a little failing, and she seems so troubled with the vivid remembrance of old painful things, and said she should like to have everything past wiped out —and yet her youth was exceptionally smooth and happy and busy. It shows rather a morbid state of mind, and what I believe she would have escaped but for the loss of her eyesight. A complete change I am sure will cheer her much.

W. E. Darwin to his mother.

[Bank, Southampton], *March*, 1879.

. . . Our drive with Carlyle was interesting, but it was difficult to catch all he said. He talked about a number of things, especially about his *French Revolution*, which I happened to be reading. His face was quite in a glow with an expression of fury when he talked of it, and he raised his hands and said it was the most wonderful event

[1] It may be presumed my father signed some protest against the Afghan war or steps likely to lead to it.

[2] Her brother Hensleigh Wedgwood's house, 31, Queen Anne Street.

in the world, 25,000,000 rising up and saying "by the Almighty God we will put an end to these shams." He also talked of the frightful difficulty of rewriting the 1st vol. when the manuscript had been burnt; he said it was the hardest job he had ever had, that he had not a scrap of note or reference of any kind and it was like trying to float in the air without any wings, or some metaphor to that effect. He also said that he thought at one time that he should have gone mad with all the horror and mystery of the world and his own difficulties, if he had not come across Goethe. Unfortunately he did not clearly explain and I missed what he said in the rumble of the carriage. He said that Goethe always carried about with him a feeling of the perplexity of things and of the misery of the world, . . . so I said that Goethe had not felt the French Revolution anything to the extent that he had, and then he smiled and said that was true, and afterwards he said that Goethe had always been prosperous, while he had had to struggle with money difficulties. . . . He said that Goethe was far the greatest [man] living in his times, that he was very kind to him, and that every three months or so a box of curiosities, books, &c. used to come to him to Scotland. He spoke with real sorrow in his voice that want of money had prevented him ever seeing Goethe. He said that "Goethe believed he should live again" and that he used to write to him openly [on the subject]; when his son died of drinking at Rome, all he said was that "his son had stayed behind in the Eternal City."

Carlyle talked about Newman being made Cardinal and said he was a kind, affectionate man, who was much afraid of damnation and hoped to creep into heaven under the Pope's petticoats, and then he added "but he has no occiput," and it is very true that Woolner's bust shows he has no back to his head.

I asked him if he ever read any of his own works again, and he said he had read his *Frederick* all through, and seemed to have enjoyed it. As we came away he asked after my father, and said with a grin, "but the origin

of species is nothing to me." Altogether it was very interesting, and he talked very easily and without any condescension, or oracularly.

Good-bye, dear Mother, you will see us at Easter,

Your affec. son,

W. E. D.

Emma Darwin to her son Francis.

Whit Tuesday [*June 3rd*, 1879].

. . . We are expecting the Club and band before long, and Bernard has been very full of it since yesterday, and wanting to know all details, and who will carry the flag—the flag is dead which proved a disappointment. You will be surprised to hear of Babba's[1] sternness. He found Bernard overbearing with little Alice, and not giving her her rights about the slide, and pulled him up short with "Oh, nonsense, &c." B. was astonished, but it quite answered. He is very good and placid, and I have had no temptation to resort to lumps of sugar since the day at Basset; but I will not yield to the temptation in any way, as you do not approve of that method of education. . . . He was most solemn listening to the band holding Babba's hand; but he likes to talk about it to-day. . .

My brothers had been having the pedigree of the Darwins made out by Colonel Chester, an American who had an enthusiasm for such researches.

Charles Darwin to his son George.

MY DEAR GEORGE, *June* 25 [1879].

All your astronomical work is a mere insignificant joke compared with your Darwin discoveries. Oh good Lord that we should be descended from a "Steward of the Peverel"; but what in the name of Heaven does this mean?

[1] Bernard's name for his grandfather.

There is a sublime degree of mystery about the title. But I write now partly to tell you that we go on Saturday morning to Laura's[1] house. She has *most* kindly lent us her house, for your mother says, I believe truly, that I require change and rest.

My mother, on the other hand, wrote to my sister: "The Darwin pedigree raged more than ever last night, as Leonard and George had found out some more things and also Aunt Caroline asked me a multitude of questions, so I curse the old D.'s in my heart." And to me: "F. has received the MS. from Col. Chester carrying the Darwins back 200 years. I don't know how it is, I should care *a little* if it related to Wedgwoods. F. is intensely interested and the old wills are curious, in some cases leaving a shilling."

My father and mother spent the month of August, 1879, at Coniston. My father enjoyed the journey there with the freshness of a boy—the picnic luncheon, and the passing country seen from the train. Even missing the connection at Foxfield, and being hours late, did not daunt his cheerfulness. One expedition was made to Grasmere. My father was in a state of enthusiastic delight, jumping up from his seat in the carriage to see better at every striking moment. During this visit they also had the interest and pleasure of making friends with Ruskin. I remember very well his first call on them and his courteous manner; his courtesy even included giving my father the title of "Sir Charles." Ruskin spoke of the new and baleful kind of cloud which had appeared in the heavens, and his distressed look showed that his brain was becoming clouded.

In the autumn of 1879 my youngest brother Horace became engaged to Ida, only daughter of Lord Farrer, and they were married on January 3rd, 1880. This marriage added a great happiness to my mother's life, as Ida became another daughter to her.

The following letters relate to a plot to buy a fur-coat for my father, for this was an expenditure he would never have made for himself.

[1] Miss Forster of West-Hackhurst, Abinger.

Francis Darwin to his sister Henrietta Litchfield.

MY DEAR HENRIETTA, DOWN, *Jan.*, 1880.

I think the coat exploded very well. I left it on the study table, furry side out and letter on the top at 3, so that he would find it at 4 when he started his walk. Jackson was 2nd conspirator, with a broad grin and the coat over his arm peeping thro' the green baize door while I saw the coast clear in the study.

You will see from Father's delightful letter to us how much pleased he was. He was quite affected and had tears in his eyes when he came out to see me, and said something like what dear good children you all are. I think it does very well being long and loose.

Yours affec.,
F. D.

I told mother just before, so that she might come and see the fun.

Charles Darwin to his children.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, DOWN, 17 *Jan.*, 1880.

I have just found on my table your present of the magnificent fur-coat. If I have to travel in the winter it will be a wonderful comfort, for the last time I went to London I did not get over the cold for 2 or 3 days. The coat, however, will never warm my body so much as your dear affection has warmed my heart.

My good dear children,
Your affectionate Father,
CHARLES DARWIN.

N.B.—I should not be myself if I did not protest that you have all been shamefully extravagant to spend so much money over your old father, however deeply you may have pleased him.

My mother wrote to Leonard: "You will expect to hear whether we are alive; firstly the coat is a great success, and though F. began by thinking it would never be cold enough for him to wear it, he has begun by wearing it so constantly, that he is afraid it will soon be worn out."

Sunday, Ap. 4, 1880.

. . . F. and I are just beginning to find out whether we are on our heads or our heels (politically)[1] but as I am 100 times more pleased than you can possibly be sorry, I think you ought to give up being sorry at all. Our mental champagne has had very little sympathy except from Aunt Eliz., as Frank hardly cares and George cares a little the wrong way; though he says now that he hopes the Liberals may be as strong as possible so as not to have to truckle. Seriously I shall be very glad if my opinions and yours gradually converge, as I have felt it rather painful to have them so diametrically opposite to each other. . . . I rather hope Gladstone will not take office for his consistency's sake. . . .

In the summer of 1880 my parents paid their first visit to their son Horace and his wife at Cambridge. It was arranged that they should go in a through carriage from Bromley, having a special train across London to King's Cross. My mother wrote: "We were shunted backwards and forwards till we were so utterly 'turned round' that when I called out, 'Why there is St Paul's,' F. calmly assured me that it must be some small church, as St Paul's was three miles from Victoria, where we then were. F.'s comfort was a good deal disturbed by the quantity of trouble the shunting gave, but I was hardened and enjoyed the journey."

They both did and saw a great deal, my father especially enjoying a lunch in Frank Balfour's rooms. My mother went to Trinity Chapel to hear the organ. She wrote: "I went to the organ-loft and Mr Stanford shewed the

[1] This refers to the General Election after Gladstone's Midlothian campaign. He became Prime Minister, though Lord Hartington, having been the acknowledged leader of the Liberal Opposition, had a right to that position.

effect of stops, etc. (my bed is quite comf.)." This casual style is very characteristic of her, though what was the connection in her mind between the two ideas no mortal man can tell.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

Summer, 1880.

F. has no proof sheets and has taken to training earthworms but does not make much progress, as they can neither see nor hear. They are, however, amusing and spend hours in seizing hold of the edge of a cabbage leaf and trying in vain to pull it into their holes. They give such tugs they shake the whole leaf.

CHAPTER XVII

1880—1882

Elizabeth Wedgwood's death—A month at Patterdale—Erasmus Darwin's death—The new tennis-court—A visit to Cambridge—The birth of Erasmus, eldest child of Horace—My father's serious state of health—His death on April 19th, 1882.

OUR aunt Elizabeth had a serious illness in the autumn of 1879. From this she never entirely recovered, and died on November 7th, 1880, at the age of 87. Her little bent figure had been a familiar sight to us all as she came into the drawing-room, leaning on her stick and followed by her dog Tony. Her first question was always, "Where is Emma?" My mother would then put by whatever she was doing in order to go to her. This was sometimes difficult, but she never let any sense of hurry appear and was always ready to give her a warm and equable welcome. She shared in all her interests, and made constant attempts to protect her from the beggars and imposters who beset her to the end of her life.

My mother thus describes going to Elizabeth's house after her death:

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

[*Nov.* 20, 1880.]

I went down yesterday and settled some books. The most pathetic thing I saw was the old parasol in its own place; but it did not tempt me to take it away—it would be little to me anywhere else and the maids might care for it. Tony is rather pathetic too, never barking, and wanting notice so much. But when I think what her life might have been this winter, even with something like a recovery,

I feel nothing but joy. . . . Harry Allen's [letter] was peculiarly nice from the moderation of the expressions. I am very near at the end of all my answers. It is rather disagreeable getting into the way of saying the same thing to everybody, thought almost all I wrote to really cared.

Josiah Wedgwood, of Leith Hill Place, had died on March 11th in the same year. The following letter was written when my parents were paying their first visit there after his death.

LEITH HILL PLACE, *Sunday* [*Dec.*, 1880].

I did not perceive that aunt Caroline was agitated on seeing us; she talked cheerfully till we went to unpack. I had a long talk with her after lunch, and F. was in very good spirits and talk as long as he stayed. . . . He is so full of Wallace's affair[1] he has no time for his own, and has concocted provisional letters to Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll. The last I am sure he will send—the first is not quite certain. He is influenced by Huxley feeling so sure that Gladstone would like to oblige him.

[DOWN, *February*, 1881.]

I think I never enjoyed anything so much in politics as when the Speaker at last put his foot down on Wednesday morning,[2] and all the more because it disappointed horrid Mr Biggar and his papers and Blue books. I was out of all patience with the Speaker and the Executive, but Mrs Mulholland, who called here yesterday, said that the reticence was preconcerted in order to give them plenty of

[1] A Civil List pension for Mr Wallace, which was bestowed on January 7, 1881. On receiving a letter from Gladstone announcing the fact my father wrote: "How extraordinarily kind of Mr Gladstone to find time to write under such circumstances. Good heavens! how pleased I am." *Life and Letters of C. D.*, Vol. III., p. 228.

[2] This refers to the forty-one hours' sitting of the House of Commons and the Speaker's so-called *coup d'état*. In order to obstruct the Coercion Bill, the Home Rulers kept the House sitting from Monday, February 7th, to Wednesday morning, February 9th, and would have gone on talking for any conceivable length of time had not the obstruction been ended by the Speaker putting the Motion on his own authority.

rope to hang themselves. She said [her father] Sir John Lubbock has had an unusual quantity of sleep, as most of the members disliked much more getting up early than sitting up late, and so he took that part of the duty on condition of being let off early at night. It was all systematically arranged. . . . I am going down presently in the Bath-chair to see B., who has been in bed for a week without letting us know. You know what my feelings must be about the poor old man, but I am afraid he will recover.

Hurrah for Mr Fegan! Mrs Evans attended a prayer meeting in which old M. made "as nice a prayer as ever you heard in your life."

The sentence about B. alludes to the fact that she was very free in wishing people to die, and sometimes used to say that she believed her wishes were effective. "Old M." was a notable old drunkard in the village of Down, converted by Mr Fegan.

Feb. 17th, 1881.

Yesterday evening a messenger came to say that old Mrs Lyne had died suddenly. Mrs Evans said, "I don't like to tell Missis for fear it should upset her." She little knew my feelings. She is the dirty old woman, and I wish I had looked after her sooner, not by way of keeping her alive though.

Charles Darwin to his son George in Madeira.

4, BRYANSTON STREET, *Sunday, Feb.* 27 [1881].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

We came here on Thursday and have seen lots of people, but there is nothing especial to tell. . . . Thanks for looking out for worm-castings. It is hopeless where the soil is dry. Perhaps you may see some whenever you go into the interior. We came up at this particular time that I might attend Burdon Sanderson's Lecture at the Royal

Institution on the movements of plants and animals compared. He gave a very good lecture. I was received with great honour and placed by De la Rue alongside the chairman and was applauded on my entrance!

One experiment was very striking: the measurement of the rate of transmission in man of the order to move a muscle, and it took about $\frac{1}{200}$th of a second, the distance being a little over 1 foot. I have been trying to have an interview with the Duke of Argyll, who wrote 2 most civil notes to me, dated "Privy Seal Office," and saying that he would see me "here" at 10.30. So I went to the Office, and an old clerk expressed unbounded astonishment, declaring, "Why he never comes here, he has nothing to do here." So I must go to-morrow to Argyll House. . . .

You will have heard of the triumph of the Ladies[1] at Cambridge. The majority was so enormous that many men on both sides did not think it worth voting. The minority was received with jeers. Horace was sent to the Ladies' College to communicate the success and was received with enthusiasm. Frank and F. Galton went up to vote. We had F. Galton to Down on last Sunday. He was splendid fun and told us no end of odd things.

Monday.—I have just returned from a very long call on the Duke of Argyll. He was very agreeable and we discussed many subjects, and he was not at all cocky. He was awfully friendly and said he should come some day to Down, and hoped I would come to Inverary. . . .

Goodbye, dear old George.

Your affectionate father,

CH. DARWIN.

There are many sentences in my mother's letters showing the great happiness her little grandson Bernard gave her. She wrote when he was away on a visit that she was thirsty for "his little round face," and the following letter tells of her sympathetic care for him when he was losing his nurse

[1] In Feb., 1881, a Grace of the Senate was passed by 398 against 32 giving women the right to present themselves for the "Little-Go" and Tripos Examinations.

through her marriage in the spring of 1881: "We had some trouble with poor Bernard yesterday. He mistook his father to say that Nanna would come after he was in bed. So yesterday morning I found I must tell him the truth or really deceive him. At first I told him that she was at Mrs Parslow's and he should go and see her. He said, 'I shall soon have her out of Mrs Parslow's.' When I told him she was going to be married, his poor face crumpled up and he said, 'I don't like it that way at all.' He cried very quietly but could not get over it for some time."

When he first saw his nurse after her marriage he said to her. "You ought to have told me, Nana, you *ought* to have told me."

[*Spring*, 1881.]

I can't think how Gladstone can propose the monument for Lord Beaconsfield with any degree of sincerity. It is not that he thinks Lord B. in the wrong upon almost all public questions. I can fancy getting over that difficulty; but that until ten years ago no party believed him to have *any* principle. I think the handsomeness about him has been rather immoral. Every Liberal vyeing with the rest to do him honour. The Dean's sermon seems to have been outspoken in some degree.

On June 2nd we all went to a house at Patterdale taken for a month. I think that this second visit to the Lake country was nearly as full of enjoyment as the first. It was an especial happiness to my mother for the rest of her life to remember her little strolls with my father by the side of the lake. I have a clear picture in my mind of the two often setting off alone together for a certain favourite walk by the edge of some fine rocks going sheer down into the lake.

[PATTERDALE] *Sunday* [*June*, 1881].

The day has turned out even more beautiful than the first Sunday. We all, but F., went in the boat, as far as the How Town landing-place, where we got out. Bernard was with us, dabbling his hand in the water and very quiet and happy. It was very charming up among the junipers and rocks. William was much delighted but is rather troubled

Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc.

Mrs Darwin.

by wishing for Sara. F. got up to his beloved rock this morning, but just then a fit of his dazzling came on and he came down.

In my mother's diary there is the entry: "Down, July 16. Litches, Lushingtons, Miss North." It was one of those ideal days when we could sit under the limes all day. My father was in his happiest spirits, responding to Mrs Lushington's charming gaiety, and enjoying her grace and beauty and her enchanting music. This is a happy memory of the last summer of the Down of our youth.

Erasmus Darwin died on August 26th, after four days' illness. He was weary of life, and the constant burden of ill-health, but for us all the loss was irreparable. He was buried at Down.

W. E. Darwin to his mother.

August 27, 1881.

Next to coming to Down, one of my greatest pleasures was going to see dear Uncle Eras whenever I was in London. He seems to me much more than an uncle, and from quite a little boy I can remember his steady kindness and pleasantness, always knowing how to make me feel at ease and be amused. After I grew up, it year by year was a greater happiness for me to go and see him. To me there was a charm in his manner that I never saw in anybody else.

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Ida.

Down, *Monday* [*Aug. 29th, 1881*].

It will be very delightful to us to have you here, my dear child, and I hope you will come before the funeral. I don't know any that we shall have in the house, but if we had we have plenty of room for you. I am sure it must be a happy thought to you that he knew how much you loved him, or rather that he loved you (for I don't think he thought much about other people's affection—he knew of his own feelings).

Charles Darwin to his son George.

WEST WORTHING HOTEL, *Sept. 8th* [1881].

. . . I have had a long and pleasant talk with Mr Rich, and there is something about him which pleases me much; he is so simple and modest. I think that I told you that I thought myself bound to tell him of the large fortune from Erasmus, and that under such changed circumstances I considered him *most fully* justified in altering his will. I begged him to consider it for a week, and then let me hear his decision. But he would not let me finish, and protested he should do nothing of the kind and that with so many sons I required much money. In this I heartily agree, though your mother is quite sorry! I now feel convinced that nothing will induce him to change.

This autumn a strip of field was bought to add to the garden beyond the orchard. One chief object was to have a hard tennis-court, but the new piece of ground added greatly to the pleasantness of the garden. My mother wrote: "We are boiling over with schemes about the tennis-court, and as soon as they are matured they are to be broken to F."

My husband and I had been to Florence this year. My mother wrote on our return: "It will be nice seeing you, but I feel as if you had but just gone—not exactly the style of Mme. de Sévigné."

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Sara.

DOWN, *Friday* [*Oct.*, 1881].

. . . I think F. is quite set up by our happy week at Cambridge. We saw many pleasant people, and F. called on old Dr Kennedy, of Shrewsbury, who was particularly pleased to see him. We went to see the red picture,[1] and I thought it quite horrid, so fierce and so dirty. However,

[1] Sir W. B. Richmond's picture of Charles Darwin in the Library of the Philosophical Society.

it is under a glass and very high up, so nobody can see it. Our chief dissipation was going to King's, for which the tram was very handy.

F. and I often reflect how well off we are in daughters-in-law and how easily our sons might have married very nice wives that would not have suited us old folks, and above all that would not really have adopted us so affectionately as you have done. I never think without a pang of the third that is gone. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Wednesday, Nov. 23, 1881.

F. is at last getting some reward for these months at the microscope, in finding out something quite new about the structure of roots. However, it makes him work all the harder now. Among his idiotic letters, a good lady writes to ask him whether she may still kill snails, which do her so much damage, or are they as useful as worms. Also a gentleman from Australia to enquire why the blackened and white stumps of trees all about do not affect the colour of the lambs as they did in Jacob's time. I thought he must be joking, but F. said he was quite serious.

We are very much charmed with Lord G. Paget's account of the Crimean War, a subject I dislike so much that I am surprised to like it so much; but he only tells what he saw himself, and he was in England at the worst of the horrors. F. is very much in love with Lady G. too, who was there part of the time. His passion for her has to feed upon very little; but he is convinced she is beautiful by the way she was coaxed and fêted, and Marmora's Italian Band to play to her everywhere. All about Cardigan is amusing. Lord G. thinks it such surprizing good luck if he behaves decently, and you escape coming to a quarrel with him. He speaks constantly of the extreme beauty of the Crimea. We have also begun Lyell ['s *Life*]. The scrap of autobiography is pleasant. He hated all his

schools very much, and no doubt there are fewer disagreeables now. I horrified F. the other day by saying that I thought the French plan of having supervision in the dormitories was very good. What can boys do better at night than hold their tongues and go to sleep. It is no advantage that they should have uproarious games, and if bullying takes place it is sure to be at that time. G. was very miserable as a little boy, till they got that room to themselves (not to mention all the bad talk).

Erasmus, the eldest child of Horace Darwin, was born on December 7th, 1881.

Emma Darwin to Horace and Ida Darwin.

Sat. [DOWN, *Dec.* 10, 1881].

MY DEAREST IDA AND HORACE,

This is only to be the shortest line to say how delightful it is and has been at all odd times ever since that blessed Thursday letter to think of you with little Eras. by your side. In the night it has been my first and last thought. Now I shall prose to Hen., and she may read you what she likes.

Your loving mother,

E. D.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Friday Morning [LONDON, *Dec.*, 1881].

I went this morning early to Dr Clark. He is resolved to come and see F., for his own pleasure, I think. I told him about the pulse, and he said that shewed that there was some derangement of the heart, but he did not take a serious view of it. He spoke affectionately of George, and said he felt confident he was attaining rather a higher standard of health, and of his wonderful energy and industry, and that he thought his mind in his line was equal to his father's. My best love to H. and Ida. I should have liked to see her with her baby before it gets the least stale.

My father's health had given much cause for uneasiness in the autumn of 1881, but in the beginning of 1882 he was for a time somewhat better. My husband and I were about to buy a larger house, partly with a view of making their visits to us more comfortable.

Sunday [*Jan.* 21, 1882].

I am glad you have taken the step in favour of Kensington Square. I have no doubt that F. will get used to its ways and find it come quite natural after a bit.

I have been reading such old letters of my mother's, about going to school; it is like looking into a forgotten picture of myself. I sent a commission to aunt Eliz. in London to buy me a gown for not more than 10/- (a cotton one).

At the end of the month my father's health relapsed. All February and March he did not dare to walk far from the house for fear of the heart pain seizing him. He had, however, happy times, sitting with my mother in the orchard, with the crocus eyes wide open and the birds singing in the spring sunshine.

Dr Andrew Clark came on the 10th March to see him. On the 13th I see my mother entered in her diary "looked out of window," as if that was a step; then there came a rally of a fortnight. Dr Norman Moore was also coming at intervals. On the 17th April she wrote, "Good day, a little work, out in orchard twice." On the 18th, "Fatal attack at 12."

I arrived on the morning of the 19th and found him being supported by my mother and by my brother Frank. She went away for a little rest, whilst we stayed with him. During that time he said to us, "You are the best of dear nurses." But my mother and my sister soon had to be sent for, and he peacefully died at half-past three on the 19th April.

My mother was wonderfully calm from the very first, and perfectly natural. She came down to the drawing-room to tea, and let herself be amused at some little thing, and smiled, almost laughed for a moment, as she would on any other day. To us, who knew how she had lived in his life, how she had shared almost every moment as it passed, her calmness and self-possession seemed wonderful then and are wonderful now to look back upon. She lived

through her desolation alone, and she wished not to be thought about or considered, but to be left to rebuild her life as best she could and to think over her precious past. This wish for obscurity came out in her eager desire to get the first sight of her neighbours over, and then, as she said, "they will not think about me any more."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

Friday.

MY DEAREST LEO,

It is always easier to write than to speak, and so, though I shall see you so soon, I will tell you that the entire love and veneration of all you dear sons for your Father is one of my chief blessings, and binds us together more than ever. When you arrived on Thursday in such deep grief, I felt you were doing me good and enabling me to cry, and words were not wanted to tell me how you felt for me.

Hope [Wedgwood] expresses a feeling that I should not be pitied after what I have professed and had been able to be to him. This is put very badly in my words; but hers gave me great happiness.

My father wrote in his Autobiography: "You all know your mother, and what a good mother she has ever been to all of you. She has been my greatest blessing, and I can declare that in my whole life I have never heard her utter one word which I would rather have been unsaid. She has never failed in kindest sympathy towards me, and has borne with the utmost patience my frequent complaints of ill-health and discomfort. I do not believe she has ever missed an opportunity of doing a kind action to anyone near her. I marvel at my good fortune, that she, so infinitely my superior in every single moral quality, consented to be my wife. She has been my wise adviser and cheerful comforter throughout life, which without her would have been during a very long period a miserable one from ill-health. She has earned the love and admiration of every soul near her."

Shortly after my father's death, my mother wrote down notes of memories that she wished to keep fresh in her mind, some in the form of a little diary of what they had done together; from these I give the following extracts:

"Happy Cambridge visit. Joyous arrival at 66 [Hills Road, the Horace Darwins]—admiring the house—pretty well all the time. . . .

"His pleasure in the kind zeal of his sons in 'giving up the study' to him.[1] This remained fresh with him to the last. Lying on sofa in drawing-room looking at what he called Henrietta's shrine.[2]

"I will put down some things for fear I should forget if I live long. Always speaking a gracious and tender word when I came up at night—'It is almost worth while to be sick to be nursed by you.'

"'I don't know what he said to which I answered, 'You speak as if you had not done just the same for me.'

"Oh that I could remember more—but it was the same loving gratitude many times a day.

"Constantly suggesting my staying with the others. His tenderness seemed to increase every day. George returned from West Indies on Ap. 10 [1882]. C. not up to talking for very long, but enjoyed George's news. . . .

"On Tuesday, 18, at 12 at night, he woke me, saying, 'I have got the pain, and I shall feel better, or bear it better if you are awake.' He had taken the anti-spasmodic twice.

"I will only put down his words afterwards—'I am not the least afraid of death.' 'Remember what a good wife you have been to me.' 'Tell all my children to remember how good they have been to me.' After the worst of the distress he said, 'I was so sorry for you, but I could not help you.' Then, 'I am glad of it,' when told I was lying down. 'Don't call her; I don't want her.' Said often 'It's almost worth while to be sick to be nursed by you.' . . .

"2 *May*, 1882.

"I can call back more precious memories by looking only a short while back. . . . On Sunday, Jan. 8 [1882], the 'Sunday Tramps.'[3] C. was delightful to them and enjoyed their visit heartily. . . . Mar. 3. His state was now more languid, walking short distances very slowly. (I remember one walk with him to the Terrace on a beautiful, still, bright day, I suppose in Feb.). . . . A peaceful time without much suffering—exquisite weather—often loitering out with him.

[1] Meaning that they insisted on his taking the billiard-room for his study and giving up his old small one.

[2] My arrangement of some old china and pictures that faced him as he lay on the drawing-room sofa.

[3] Walking parties arranged by Sir Leslie Stephen, Sir F. Pollock and others

"I used to go to bed early when he suffered so much from fatigue, and often read some time. Also got up early and read to him early after my breakfast—generally found him doing nothing, but the two last mornings he occupied himself for a short time and felt more like recovery. . . ."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

MY DEAR LEO, DOWN, *Friday.*

I have very little to tell you except how beautiful the weather is . . . I feel a sort of wonder that I can in a measure enjoy the beauty of spring. I am trying to get some fixed things to do at certain times. Bernard's lessons are a great help to me, and some reading with Bessy; but oh, how I miss my daily fixed occupation, always received when I went to him with some sweet word of welcome.

I often admired the courage and energy with which she filled up her day and let no one perceive that she missed the framework of her occupation for almost every hour of the day. "I had my work to hold hard to and felt it was everything to me," a nephew, who had lost his wife, wrote to her, "but yours is a double loss."

During my father's last years her whole day was planned out to suit him, to be ready for reading aloud to him, to go his walks with him, and to be constantly at hand to alleviate his daily discomforts.

He breakfasted early, and came out from his study to read his letters between nine and ten, have a little reading aloud, and then went back to work till nearly twelve o'clock. He would then come into the drawing-room till it was time for his walk. My mother would, when her strength and the weather allowed, go with him round the "sand-walk."

After luncheon at one, he read the newspaper, then came letter writing by dictation, which was often her task, and at about three in the afternoon he would go upstairs to rest and have reading aloud. Afterwards there would be another walk together; he would then do an hour's more work, have another rest and then more reading aloud. His evening was passed in the drawing-room if they were alone. He read a little scientific German to himself and then there would be reading aloud again or sometimes music.

From about this time onward my mother's health was less good, and she was not able to spend so much time out of doors. Thus there was a long day to be filled up with reading, writing, or other occupations, for to the end of her life she could hardly endure doing nothing even for a quarter of an hour. But I think the years of her widowhood were happy ones. She herself said to me, "I feel I can bear your father's loss. I felt I *couldn't* bear Amy's."[1] And then she added that this was her own loss and that in the past "she had had so much." The only regret I ever heard her express was that she had not told him how much pleased she was at his putting up her photograph by the side of his big chair in his study, so that he saw it as he looked up from his work.

Emma Darwin to her son William.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM, DOWN, *May* 10, 1882.

Your dear letter was a great happiness to me. I never doubted your affection for an instant, but this has brought such an overflow of it that it makes me feel that you could not spare me, and makes my life valuable to me—and in every word I say to you, I join my dear Sara.

Two or three evenings ago they all drew me in the bath-chair to the sand-walk to see the blue-bells, and it was all so pretty and bright it gave me the saddest mixture of feelings, and I felt a sort of self-reproach that I could in a measure enjoy it. I constantly feel how different he would have been. I have been reading over his old letters. I have not many, we were so seldom apart, and never I think for the last 15 or 20 years, and it is a consolation to me to think that the last 10 or 12 years were the happiest (owing to the former suffering state of his health, which appears in every letter), as I am sure they were the most overflowing in tenderness.

I felt secure about him, and any little drawback was felt [by him as well as by me] to be temporary. How often he has enjoyed his study and said how good. "the boys" were to make him take it. I can look back on every visit we

[1] Her son Francis's wife who had died after Bernard's birth.

ever paid you, and have only the impression of peaceful happiness and very little unwellness. Pleasant excursions or short drives, and the pleasant change of you returning from your work with a little news—sitting on your lawn, which I always imagine in sunshine.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Saturday, May 13th, 1882.

I am trying to make stages in the day of something special to do. It often comes over me with a wave of desolate feeling that there is nothing I need do, and I think of your true words, "Poor mother, you have time enough now." The regularity of my life was such an element of happiness, and to be received every time I joined him by some word of welcome, and to feel that he was happier that very minute for my being with him. Some regrets will still come on, but I don't encourage them. I look forward to Wednesday, my dearest, and feel it such a comfort to write and tell you everything.

June 8th, 1882.

. . . I can quite understand that the change to home gave you a fresh set of painful and melancholy feelings. I am sure you will like to hear, my dear one, that I do quite well without you, though it is a never ceasing comfort to have you. Just when I parted with you I had a vivid and painful regret which sometimes returns and sometimes is softened away, and so it made me feel your going more. Sara being here these two days when I was uncomfortable was a great comfort, as she made it pleasant for Hensleigh and Fanny. . . I like to think how often you were here with him all these years, and how he liked your coming. "If we had known" everyone may say—but then there would not have been the security of all these years, which itself is such a great part of happiness. . . .

LEITH HILL PLACE, *June* 12 [1882].

It feels very dismal doing anything for the first time so differently. F. always used to enjoy a railway journey when once started, and always was so bright and pleasant at Leith Hill Place. I shall be glad to get home. I seem to be making more contrasts in my own mind here than there. . . . I feel sure you never forget, my dearest. Sometimes I feel it selfish that my regrets should be so much confined to what I have lost myself. To feel there was one that I could *almost* always make more happy. . . . But life is not flat to me, only all at a lower pitch; and I do feel it an advantage not to be grudging the years as they pass and lamenting my age.

CHAPTER XVIII

1882—1884

A letter to Anthony Rich and his answer—Leonard Darwin's marriage—The purchase of the Grove at Cambridge—Francis Darwin working at the *Life* of his father—His marriage to Ellen Wordsworth Crofts—George Darwin's marriage—The Greenhill and Stonyfield.

AFTER my father's death his children agreed that the following letter should be sent to Mr Anthony Rich.

W. E. Darwin to Anthony Rich.

MY DEAR MR RICH, [*May*, 1882].

Since my father's death my brothers and sisters and I have been thinking much over your generous intention of leaving your property to my father, and, as we understood, to us as his heirs. We wish to tell you how truly grateful we feel to you for this emphatic recognition of his services to science and the world. It deeply gratified him, and we never shall forget this. I gather that it was your intention that his death should make no difference in the disposition of your property, but we want you to be assured that we feel that a new state of things has arisen, and one of which you could not calculate the effect until it actually came. No one as long as they live can help acquiring new interests, and it is impossible for you to foresee what may happen in the years I hope you may still have to live.

We, therefore, earnestly beg you to remember that if you should see fit to alter the disposition of your property,

we shall never feel that we owe you any less gratitude for your generous intentions towards our dear father; and we ask you to keep this letter, in order that you may always bear in mind that this is our most deliberate request.

I am,

Yours always gratefully and sincerely,

W. E. DARWIN.

Anthony Rich to W. E. Darwin.

DEAR WILLIAM DARWIN, *May* 17, 1882.

Yours of yesterday just received. I answer it at once without leaving the table at which I was sitting while reading it.

First of all: many thanks for the photograph of your father, which is exceedingly good, both for the likeness and the execution. The one which your brother Leonard gave me of his own taking, I have had framed and hung up in my room, where it reminds me daily of the actual presence of one for whom I seemed to feel a positive affection, as well as veneration and respect. . . .

I made my will before writing to your father to tell him the dispositions I had made; and nothing could induce me to alter it in that respect. It is a source of pleasure and pride to me to think that it could have been in my power to do anything which would give him ever so small an amount of gratification, and I am equally pleased to think that, when my course is also run, property which belonged to me will descend to the worthy children of so noble a man. I do not usually keep letters after answering them, but I may perhaps leave this one of yours in my desk, not for the purpose you suggest, but as an evidence, if wanted, of the dignified disinterestedness of yourself and brothers and sisters. Possibly I may see you here some day or other, in the fulness of time? . . . . I hope that you and your brother George will send me a line now and then, just to keep me *en rapport* with you all. In the monotony of my daily life, I never

can screw up courage enough to take an initiative in anything: but I am scrupulously exact in answering; that I promise you—and that

I am,

Very sincerely yours,

ANTHONY RICH.

Leonard Darwin married Elizabeth Fraser, the sister of a brother officer (now General Sir Thomas Fraser), in the summer of 1882. Leonard was working at the Staff College at Camberley.

My mother spent the summer of 1882 at Down, but she felt that the winters in the great empty house would be lonely, and she therefore decided to spend part of each year at Cambridge, where two of her sons, George and Horace, were living, and where her son Francis could better go on with his botanical work.

She therefore bought "The Grove," a pleasant house on the Huntingdon Road, a mile from great St Mary's, and there she spent the winters till her death. She thus described the garden: "I think the Grove garden is the very place for an old person, such nooks and corners for shelter and seats." It had old walls and spreading wych elms which gave it charm and individuality.

Before she left Down, Sir Joseph Hooker came to pay her a visit. My father had been more attached to him than to anyone outside his own family. She wrote that he was a good deal agitated on coming in. Another farewell visit was from Lady Derby. "At 12 came Lady Derby all the way from London and straight back again. She was quite depressed almost all the visit, and I felt impelled to talk a little openly to her, and everything she said was so feeling and tasteful. Then Frank came in and she discussed the difficulties of the *Life* with him and was very nice."

A great pleasure to her at Cambridge was the little baby Erasmus, then eleven months old. She wrote: "It is pleasant work feeding Erasmus. I was giving him little crumbs of cake and he standing giggling for more. He sits every day in his chair at luncheon and insists upon having a great deal of pudding besides his own broth, flapping his fins between each mouthful."

My father and mother were so little separated after marriage that she had but few letters besides those written

during their engagement. It was a deep regret to her that she had not kept his scraps of notes when they were apart for a day or two. But the letters I have already given and some others she called her "precious packet," and always took with her wherever she went. When William, on looking through his own letters, found one to her from my father, she wrote to me: "It felt like a fresh treasure; you shall see it."

My brother Francis was now engaged in writing the *Life* of my father. My mother had beforehand a shrinking dread of the publicity, but the truth and feeling with which it was written changed her fear into satisfaction, and it became only a happiness to her.

Jan. 18, 1883, *Cambridge.*

It is true that I don't care for art, but I do care about a poor widow, so you must keep the £10. On Sunday I took two little walks, and altogether I am quite at my best. Rasmus called in his pram., driven by Ida. I was pleased at his putting out his arms to me as soon as he saw me and trotting about the room quite tame. . . .

I have been reading Frank's notes on F., and I am quite delighted with them. The picture is so minute and exact that it is like a written photograph, and so full of tender observation on Frank's part. The whole picture makes me feel astonished at myself that I can make out a cheerful life after losing him. He filled so much space with his interest, sympathy and graciousness, besides his love underlying and pervading all. I think Frank has done so wisely in writing down *every*thing. I wrote a little note to him, as I knew I should break down in telling him what I felt. . . .

SPRINGFIELD, CAMBRIDGE, *Friday* [*Feb.* 1883].

Well, our dinner was most elegant. The soup was universally admired after the company went. It was all pleasant and easy—but what a difference I now feel in company talk. I used sometimes to feel that it was too impersonal for my taste; but now it is utter gossip from first to last, and you feel such a want of a real interest coming out through the merriment that used to be so delightful. . . .

In April she wrote to me after the anniversary of my father's death: "It seems to me that the actual anniversary does not bring so much to one's mind as the time before it. Sometimes it feels to me nearer than it did six months ago."

I think Down and the past was always in the back of her mind, though she was happy in the present. She rejoiced in all old associations, even caring for the "dear old azaleas," brought from Down, saying, "I know their faces so well."

In a letter to me she wrote: "Bourne's wife is dead, and he has brought home a very sweet-looking turnspitish dog." I do not know how it would strike anyone else, but to her children it seems very characteristic. It was to her an interesting fact that she would meet a "sweet-looking dog" with the gardener.

My brother Francis, who lived with my mother, had become engaged to Ellen Wordsworth Crofts, in the summer of 1883, and they were married in the same autumn. She had been a lecturer at Newnham College.

Emma Darwin to her son Francis.

MY DEAR FRANK, DOWN, 1883.

This is only a line to say I have received your happy letter and your dear Ellen's most feeling and charming expressions to Bessy and me. . . . Miss Clough greeted Ida, "So you have robbed me of my lecturer," as if it were Ida's fault. She was very nice and sympathetic about it. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

DOWN, *July 7th*, 1883, *Saturday*.

I took a holiday from letters yesterday and loitered about the haystack, etc. Our strawberries are grand, and there are some in the house who certainly enjoy them. I found we were spending 5*s*. a day on cream and milk, so Mrs B. and I were equally shocked and are not going to be so magnificent. To-day I have a nice novel and nice work, and I mean to fill up my time by looking over the wine and doing any other unpleasant thing I can think of. . . .

DOWN, *Sept. 10th*, 1883.

Yesterday such a lovely day, every leaf shining. Bernard spent almost all day on his tricycle, going to the end of the kitchen garden and back whilst Frank timed him with his watch. He is now gone out alone, and I am going to time him presently.

Old women are turning up, so good-bye, my dear.

This autumn they were to move straight to the Grove, and of course there was much settling and arranging, which however she took very calmly, as her custom was. She was more interested in landscape gardening than furnishing, and the cutting down of the trees was entirely decided by her. She wrote: "I attended the downfall of the great elm over the lodge and it really was a grand sight, especially when it took the matter into its own hands and resolved to crush a good-sized sycamore, instead of going the way they were pulling."

Francis Darwin after his marriage was planning to build a house on part of the Grove fields. This would of course enable my mother to see Bernard almost as often as if he still lived with her.

Emma Darwin to her son Francis.

DEAR FRANK, [1883.]

I can always write pros and cons easier than speak them; and I want you and Ellen to consider whether it is not rash of you to take so irrevocable a step as to begin your house at once—whether it would not be wiser to wait six months and see what your occupation at Cambridge would eventually be, and whether if something permanent was within your power elsewhere you had not better hold yourself loose for a time. There is another point to be considered, viz., the relations between Ellen and Bernard; and I think everything else, and above all the pleasure which Bessy and I should have in the constant running in and out of Bernard, ought to give way to the best way of Ellen's obtaining his affection and obedience, and also the feeling that your house should be his real home. . . . I don't fear

anything of that sort, as Bernard is ten times as fond of you as of anyone else.

Of course my wish is to have you as near as possible at once; but I should be quite content the other way, and I think you have hardly given consideration enough to these two points. You can tell me what you think. At my age, 75, I cannot look on any arrangement as very durable for me, and it is no effort to me to give up what would be the pleasantest present plan if it does not seem to be wisest; and in this feeling Bessy joins, though she would feel the weaning from Bernard much more painfully than I should do.

Yours, my two dear children, E. D.

I don't in the least mind talking about it, but I can write more clearly than speak.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Friday night [*Dec.*, 1883.]

Bessy and Mrs Myers are gone to the *Electra* of the young ladies at Girton. We were talking about the play before Bernard when he said, "Is it nice?" I answered, "Yes, very nice."

B.: What is it about?

Me: About a woman murdering her mother.

This account of a *nice* play was too much for Jackson's gravity. I have been reading your father's letters to William which he has kept. There is a great deal of anxiety about the health of you. What a blessing science was to him through all his anxieties and his bad health. It made him able to forget all for a few hours.

Wednesday [1883].

Mrs Carlyle[1] is almost too sad, chiefly from such terrible bodily sufferings, but how she could write such *disloyal* letters about him, and still more how he could bear to publish them!

[1] *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle.*

Thursday [1883].

I do so want to talk over Mrs Carlyle with you, and I hope you will get it soon. It is most interesting and entertaining, but what a coarse woman, though only to a husband. But one gets fond of her through everything. She has Carlyle's taste for very disagreeable personal observations.

Saturday [*March*, 1884].

I am deep in Maurice,[1] and if I could keep to my resolution of never even trying to understand him, I should quite enjoy the book. I think his influence must have arisen entirely from what he was and not from what he taught. . . .

I find I do get more glimmerings about Maurice's opinions; but why could not he be happier ? One feels almost angry with all his self-reproach about his wife, whom he evidently adored. Man was certainly intended to be made of stouter stuff. It is comical to read Swift's journal along with Maurice, so undoubting and passionate, angry and affectionate.

April [1884].

I think it horrid of M. not to come and devote herself entirely to Ellen. I am afraid she is working out her own salvation, which I agree with Maurice in thinking so wicked.

I got Gordon on the brain last night and he bothered me very much—more than the *Daily News* can set straight, I fear.

George, her second son, was now engaged to be married to Maud Dupuy, of Philadelphia.

[1] *Life of F. D. Maurice* by his son, General Sir F. Maurice.

Emma Darwin to Maud Dupuy.

MY DEAR MAUD, THE GROVE, *Tuesday* [1884].

This is only a line to wish you good-bye. I have been so vexed at George's attack, which is so ill-timed and prevents the enjoyment of your last days together.

Your visit here was a great happiness to me, as something in you (I don't know what) made me feel sure you would always be sweet and kind to George when he is ill and uncomfortable. . . .

My dear Maud,

Yours affectionately,

E. DARWIN.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

May 21st [1884].

As far as I make out you will naturally be with us till the Whit Tuesday, and I hope you and R. might be tempted to stay and see the first day's race. I don't know whether you feel above such frivolities, but I should like it even at my age but for being tired. Bessy and I had a pleasant tea at the Myers'. She showed me many photos., one lovely one of Mrs Langtry with nothing particular on. My two old gents[1] came quite fresh and not tired, and were quite ready to talk all evening. Their first impression in driving here was of meanness and smallness in the streets.

THE GROVE, *Monday* [1884].

The Hookers' visit has been very pleasant. William came late on Friday night. He and Sir Joseph had a great deal of talk with Frank about the *Life*. Sir J. pleased me last night by saying: "The *boys* are not a bit altered—just as nice as they were at Down."

[1] Her two brothers Harry and Frank, who probably had not been in Cambridge since they were there as undergraduates some sixty years since.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

CAMBRIDGE, *Friday* [1884 ?].

. . . Our garden party, thanks to the weather, looked very pretty, and there was plenty of talk. If it were not for the bother of talking, and still more of listening, I should like it very well, but my mind is not free enough. I pretended to know everyone, and only came to dire disgrace on one occasion by rashly mentioning a name.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

DOWN, *Tuesday* [*July*, 1884].

To-day by my request Miss A. is going to bring the Miss B.'s, their next-door neighbours, the family with the horrid brother. They feel quite like pariahs in the village, nobody speaking to them, owing to the brother, who is something like insane and imbecile and violent and ill-behaved. I explained not calling, owing to my age.

My mother was always ready to hold out a helping hand to people in a position less interesting than the "poor," those just a little below herself in cultivation and social rank. She could of course do very little for these girls; but she knew that her asking them to her house would in some degree soothe their mortified feelings. The details of her thought and care for others would be tedious to relate, but it would not be giving a true picture of her life if it were not told how constantly her mind was occupied with arrangements for giving pleasure or saving suffering.

The following letter relates to the school at Down, where the schoolmaster was too severe to the children. Mrs Skinner, her coachman's wife, had children at the school.

DOWN, *Monday* [*Aug.*, 1884].

. . . I went to Mrs Skinner about the school, and she had put down the dates of the punishments. It was four times in the week, besides a violent flogging for some moral offence.

One caning was for blotting his copy-book ! ! one for talking, and others for not doing dictation or sums right.

I have written to Mr Forrest and he promises to call to-morrow. I am sure that nothing will cure a man who has a habit of caning for such small offences. It shows that he must rather like it. . . .

Sir John Lubbock was at the meeting, and the result is, on Mr X. denying severity, that they scold him and let him go on, telling the mothers however to inform against him in future. They seemed to have ignored his omitting to note his punishments.

DOWN, *Sept.* 8 [1884].

The last fine day I was drawn to the Green-hill. I don't believe I saw it last year. It looked so pretty and the lane so grown and bowery, and put me in mind of times when I used to sit and watch for him while he went further. I shall try to get to the terrace below Stonyfield.

She had a very special feeling about these two walks which were associated with happy times, for it was a sure sign of my father's feeling pretty well that he ventured from his safe "Sand-walk." The path through Stonyfield led down a pleasant field, over a stile, and then along a grassy terrace, looking across the quiet green valley on to the woods beyond. The terrace was sheltered from the north-east by a rough shaw of beeches with an undergrowth of sloes, traveller's joy, service-trees and hawthorn, and the bank was particularly gay with the flowers that like a chalk soil—little yellow rock-rose, milkwort, lady's fingers, harebells, scabious and gentian. There were rabbits in the shaw, and Polly, the little fox-terrier, loved this walk too. My father would pace to and fro, and my mother would sometimes sit on the dry chalky bank waiting for him, and be pulled by him up the little steep pitch on the way home.

The following letter was written after her return to Cambridge.

THE GROVE, *Wednesday* [*Dec.*, 1884].

The dinner-party was very pleasant. Mr Clark looked dejected at first, but they did not know whether it was the imperfection of the lobster sauce or the champagne. He

cheered up afterwards and had a long talk with M., when he took a lump of sugar and ate it, which she says is a sign he is quite happy.

My mother's greater freedom from anxiety during these last years made itself felt in her increased power of attaching new friends and her ease in conversing with them. The number of books she read and her original way of looking at them, her interest in contemporary politics and her power of entering into other people's lives, made her company refreshing and even exhilarating. Her friends never felt that they were coming to see someone to whom they had to bring mental food.

Soon after this time, she gave up coming in to dinner when there was anything of a party, partly owing to increased deafness but chiefly because she was not so strong. "Bernard and I had our ices in the washus," she wrote—a Dickens allusion which need not be explained.

CHAPTER XIX

1885—1888

The unveiling of the statue of Charles Darwin—Dicky, my mother's dog—A visit from her brothers Frank and Hensleigh Wedgwood—Oxlip gathering—Her politics—Playing patience and reading novels—Her grandchildren and daughters-in-law—The publication of my father's *Life*.

THE Memorial Statue of my father was unveiled on the 9th June, 1885, at the Natural History Museum. My mother did not attend the ceremony; she wrote, "I should like very much to be present but I should prefer avoiding all greetings and acquaintances."

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Sara.

DOWN, *Monday* [1885].

I came here on Friday, having spent two days at 31, Queen Anne St. One of the mornings I went to see the statue. The situation is unique, and I liked the attitude, but I do not think it is a strong likeness. George has been with Mr Boehm to have a cast of his hand taken as a sort of guide to altering the hands; but I believe if he attempted to make them as small as they really were, they would look out of proportion with the size of the figure. However I never expected to be satisfied with the likeness, and the general look of dignity and repose is of more consequence.

It was a dismal black day on my arrival [at Down], but I was glad to wander about alone before the others came. On Saturday it was pretty and bright and the garden very gay, and everything in great order.

I saw Parslow[1] on Saturday and he was still full of the day at South Kensington. He said he should never forget the scene as long as he lived, and he was grateful to William for having planned it all. Being recognized (as he thought) by Admiral Sulivan gratified him too, and the reception at Leonard's, down to the "Port and Sherry," was all delightful. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

DOWN [*Summer*, 1885].

On Tuesday we had the S.'s for tea. She is pleasant and with some fun in her. I am sure he is a very good step-father, but what a bore it would be to marry four little boys.

I am reading a short *Étude* of Scherer on Goethe, in which I so heartily agree that I enjoy it. He [Goethe] had the aim of avoiding all agitations or sorrow, which was deeply selfish.

Dicky, mentioned below, was her little fox terrier. He was very disobedient, and my mother, true to her plans of education by bribery, has been known to take out a packet of partridge bones when she was going in the bath-chair to tempt him not to roam. He was, however, the greatest possible pleasure to her. She described how "he snuggles up to me in the bath-chair and gets up quite close to my face."

The following letter tells of a visit of her two brothers Frank and Hensleigh, aged 84 and 82.

DOWN, *Saturday, Sept.* [1885].

We have had two charming warm days which I hope you have enjoyed. Our two old gents are very placid and comfortable. Dicky thinks them very nice and is always insisting upon being on their knees. Hensleigh resists feebly; but Frank gave up the point and went to sleep nursing him.

[1] The old butler, then retired and living at Down, who had been to London for the unveiling of the statue.

DOWN [*Autumn*, 1885].

I went and sat in the Stony Field to take my last look of the autumn lights. There was only one swallow for Dicky, so he sat on my lap watching.

Oct. [1885, CAMBRIDGE].

I do not like Grant Allen's book about your father. It is prancing and wants simplicity. I am reading his *Journal* after a long interval. It gives me a sort of companionship with him which makes me feel happy—only there are so many questions I want to ask.

THE GROVE, *Thursday* [*Nov.*, 1885].

I am relieved at your account of L. I was horridly vexed when I heard how unwell she was and kept thinking "poor Henrietta," putting myself in mind of Judge Alderson's joke that if he broke his leg all the aunts would say "Poor Caroline" [his mother-in-law Mrs Drewe].

I am so pleased to find how comfortable I can make this baby.[1] She is so placid and spends her time devoted to the gas: but answering any attention by a smile and gathering herself up in a lump with both fists in her mouth. . . .

I took Dick across to call on Mrs Skinner, and a dog attacked him and muddied him and made him squeak. He came up to me for pity and protection. I don't think he was really hurt, and when we returned the dog was still there and Dicky kept his tail up with great spirit, though he kept very close to me.

I find Bonaparte's correspondence very interesting, though his dreadful wickedness in Italy, and cruelty in Egypt, is almost too worrying; I think Lanfrey was only too lenient.

In 1886 there are many entries in her diary of fatigue and other health discomforts; but whenever she was a little better her spirit was as elastic as ever.

[1] Gwendolen Mary Darwin, eldest child of George, three months old.

CAMBRIDGE, *Feb. 2nd* [1886].

I enjoyed my outing and walked all about. All the children were a long time in the field flying such a good kite that I could not look high enough for it for some time. We had them to tea and hide-and-seek. Rasmus (æt. 3) asked me "Grandmama, did your little children have kites?" I wonder whether he knows who my little children are.

THE GROVE, *Ap.* 30, 1886.

I am a good deal charmed by Jeffrey's letters; they have some of the taste of Lamb's. The life is dull, as Lord Cockburn cannot resist giving a long character of every one he mentions, and there is that weary *Edinburgh Review* again.

CAMBRIDGE, *Spring*, 1886.

The oxlips were quite lovely in masses in the wood, and with such variety that they seemed of quite different species. How F. would have liked to see such variation going on. A gamekeeper tried to dislodge them, and after the manner of men, Horace was for packing up and going home at once. But some fair words and H.'s card mollified him and he let them stay, "but they must never come again."

Every summer my mother used to invite the daughter of her cook, a blind girl, for a month's visit. There were many visitors of this kind, old servants, or the children of present servants.

[*Spring*, 1886].

The poor blind girl is come and I shall make Mrs Bromwich bring her up to me see and get to have her a little at ease with me. I should like to hear about her life at the Asylum. . . .

I shall very soon be fixing my day to come to you, my dear. I have been so "awfully used" to you lately that I miss you sadly, but I have got through these two days

quite comfortably. I believe your advice was quite right about my keeping extra quiet when I do any desperate deed, such as calling on Mrs ——.

My mother, who was an ardent Unionist, was keenly following the debates on the first Home Rule Bill. She had been a staunch Whig-Liberal all her life, but the natural tendency of old age towards Conservatism, perhaps made it easier for her not to follow Gladstone when he sprung Home Rule upon the Liberal party. She had never, however, made an idol of Gladstone.

I was absorbed in the debate yesterday, Gladstone's was a very fine speech with all the obstacles to the scheme slurred over, and with a very unworthy comparison about intimidation in England. I am glad he spoke so highly of Albert Dicey's book. Trevelyan's[1] speech was grand, and Parnell's a mere personal attack and squabble, and very bad even for him. I wonder how it will end.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

THE GROVE, *Sunday* [? *March*, 1886].

I am in a fever of anxiety that Chamberlain and Trevelyan don't give way, and then I think Gladstone must collapse. I shall be very sorry for him however; to end his political life with such a fiasco, when no doubt he had hopes of doing good. . . .

I strongly recommend *The Life of Henrietta Kerr*—a nun. It is curious to compare the mind of a real Catholic and that of a semi-Catholic like Miss Sewell—and the step between is very broad. The book is very entertaining as well as interesting.

[1] Sir George Trevelyan was then a Liberal Unionist.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

THE GROVE, 1886.

The east wind and bright sun are just what I like, and our old nightingale sang 8 or 9 hours at a stretch yesterday. I wonder whether it is the same—he is louder and more tipsy than ever.

I am tempted by an Essay of Lady Verney's to read Milman's *History of the Jews*. Ask R. whether I should like to read it. . . . Frank and Ellen came to dinner and a little whist, after which I succeeded in your patience with only one cheat. I am now impatient to be at Down.

During the last ten or twelve years of her life playing patience was a great comfort to her. She used to say she could not conceive how, without it, she could live through even a single day. We all knew her absorbed "patience face," and the way in which whilst playing she answered any remark at random. My mother was fond of games, and when she was strong enough there was often whist in the evening. Her game, however, was an extraordinarily erratic one.

Needlework was a great resource to her in the way of rest. I remember her saying to me that she thought it was a much better distraction in times of anxiety and trouble than reading. She remained a beautiful needlewoman, and I have various bits of her embroidery, delicately worked in quite old age. She also knitted charming little baby's caps and jackets, and made countless coverlets with her "peggy"—a row of wooden pegs making a frame for a kind of knitting stitch, the looped wool being worked off with a pin.

Reading novels was another favourite relaxation. She was especially devoted to Jane Austen's novels and almost knew them by heart. In an examination paper set on them, she answered the question: "What is Mr Woodhouse's Christian name?" without an instant's thought. His name, it must be explained, is only known by inference as it is never actually given. Scott was also a perennial favourite, especially *The Antiquary*. Mrs Gaskell's novels she read over and over again; Dickens and Thackeray she cared for less. But novels were an immense refreshment to her when tired or uncomfortable. In her old age she wrote (1894): "I am rather ashamed to find I use up rather more than a volume a day of novels." In her later years, at any rate, she read very little poetry.

[AUGUST 12, 1886, DOWN.]

I found a deskful of old letters which I had quite forgotten, and which I should have been very sorry not to have. It is a sad feeling in reading old letters that I have no one to sympathise in such old memories.

Aug. 22, 1886.

I am very much interested in Morley's *Life of Rousseau*. My *d'Épinay*[1] lore makes me so much *au fait* to all that time. Morley does not gloss over any of his crimes or odiousness. He constantly quotes the *Confessions* as if he believed in them, and I am surprised at Rousseau's word going for anything where vanity comes in.

. . . . . .

I have finished Morley's *Rousseau*, also St Beuve's review of *Mme d'Épinay's Memoirs*, in which he entirely ignores the horrible indecencies, which I call very immoral. He ought to consider himself as a sort of sign-post for the public. Morley's sense of morality and propriety is very strong, and he glosses over nothing.

DOWN, *Sept.* 22*nd*, 1886.

Gwen is a most remarkable and interesting child, so intent, and watching one's face, not like some busy and animated children who are so intent on their own aims they never look at you—not merry at all.

My mother always had the babies to come and see her in her bedroom and play on her bed before she got up. Their game was to have a little tea-service set out on her bed-table, which was called playing with her "poticles." With her knowledge and experience it was inevitable that she did not always see eye to eye with the different young mothers. But she hardly ever interfered or offered any advice. For instance, in one family she was constantly uneasy about the perambulator, which she thought too draughty for winter use, and she more than once discussed with me whether she might venture to give another, but wisely refrained. This self-control and discretion made her relations to her daughters-in-law absolutely serene. They all felt a daughterly love for her, which she warmly

[1] *Mémoires et Correspondance de Madame d'Épinay* (1726—83).

returned; and I think it may be said that there was never from beginning to end one instant's jar in their many years of close intercourse.

On April 19th, 1887, the anniversary of my father's death, she wrote: "I do not find that the day of the month makes the anniversary with me but the look out of doors, the flowers, and the sort of weather."

Emma Darwin to Margaret Shaen after the sudden death of her father.

EASTBOURNE, *Monday* [*Ap.* 4, 1887].

. . . In my great loss I felt that the sudden end was a blessing; I could look back on the last few days which had gleams of cheerfulness we could neither of us have felt if he had been aware entirely of his state. I am so glad that your mother can look back on those three days when she was able to see more of your father than usual. You are spared even the memory of the last few hours of suffering which dwell upon the mind in an unreasonable degree because they are the last, and which I would do much to forget. . . .

Emma Darwin to her son Horace.

THE GROVE, *Sat., Ap. 16th* [1887].

I am sorry you did not see the pictures at Bologna. I liked them particularly, but then I was 18, and actually admired Guercino—also a little St Agnes by Domenichino and the marriage of St Catharine by Coreggio. We have moved into the dining-room [as drawing-room] and it is so pretty and bright I quite grudge the years it has been wasted.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

CAMBRIDGE, *Monday* [1887 ?].

It is a disadvantage to live on such an ugly road as this. I went out a little way yesterday, but the muddy abominable road and the ugly surroundings made me resolve that

it was not worth while—Dicky liked it, however, and met some pleasant dogs.

I am reading Greville's last volume, it is too political but curiously like the present time in so many things, tho' I think the morality of politicians has improved (except with the Irish). The contempt and bad opinion he has of Dizzy is curious, when one considers how he has been turned into a saint.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

THE GROVE, *May* 1, 1887.

To-morrow is my birthday, which is the one aniversary that is solemn to me. . . . I bought for 3*s.* a novel by Mrs Oliphant, *An English Squire*, with the same irritable young man one knows so well. A very clever description of the feelings of a widow on losing a dull husband she did not much care for, so shocked at herself for feeling so little, and all her friends assuming that she will not be "equal to" this or that, and her longing to go away and breathe freely in a new life. The sort of cynical introspection she does so well, but amplifies too much. . . .

The nightingales are particularly jolly and loud this cold spring.

THE GROVE [*May*, 1887].

A nice calm day yesterday and such a Babel of singing birds. All the little children assembled on the lawn, and Gwen and Nora tottered about hand in hand, Nora often tumbling over. Gwen was quite tipsy. She came again yesterday and rushed about with her arms out, laughing whenever she was caught. You must see the pretty sight.

DOWN, *Friday* [*June*, 1887].

I went along the lane towards Cudham, and just turned into Hangrove which is grown into quite a fineish wood since I saw it last. . . . Bernard reads a bit of French with me, at 2d. a lesson. He rather likes it, and reads quick and fluently, but very unclear.

Hangrove, where she had not been for so long, had been one of our favourite near walks in old days—a wood, with hazel undergrowth cut down periodically, and in the hedges gnarled old beeches good for children to climb. On the left of Cudham Lane there was a grassy terrace under one of the shaws of old beeches, which we called "Orchis bank." Here grew bee, fly, musk, and butterfly orchises. From this terrace looking across the quiet valley we saw the shingled spire of Cudham church showing above its old yews.

Sunday, Sept., 1887.

I was so pleased with Professor Newton's[1] address at Manchester (about your father) that I wrote to tell him so. He has been always so kind and friendly to me that I felt warranted to do it. . . .

[*Nov.*, 1887].

Snow's letter impelled me to write to Fanny, and I liked to do so, as I wanted to talk to a contemporary about Sismondi and his letters and journal, and there are few now to care about him. I keep putting his sentences into his voice and manner; and I perceive that though I should now have patience with his foibles, he would always go against my taste as wanting manliness—the very antipodes to my father.

Dec., 1887.

I am wading through Emerson, as I really wanted to know what transcendentalism means, and I think it is that intuition is before reason (or facts). It certainly does not suit Wedgwoods, who never have any intuitions.

My mother had a school-board pupil-teacher to read aloud to her during part of the winter; she wrote: "I embarked with her in such a frivolous novel all about flirtations and lovers that I have changed it for Miss Yonge—all about scarlet-fever and drains."

My father's *Life* was published in the autumn of 1887 and is alluded to below.

[1] Professor of Zoology and Fellow of Magdalene Coll. at Cambridge.

Emma Darwin to her son Francis.

[*Nov.*, 1887.]

I share some of your feeling of relief that what I have been rather dreading is over, and that I don't believe there will be anything disagreeable to go tho'. Your relief is not from this sort of feeling however. I have been reading the scientific letters, and in almost every one there is some characteristic bit which charms one. A little mention of me in a letter of [his to] Laura[1] sent me to bed with a glow about my heart coming on it unexpectedly.

Emma Darwin to Margaret Shaen.

THE GROVE, *Dec.* 20, 1887.

I like to think you look back with such affection to your visits at Down. I shall hope to have them again, though with such a difference. I used always to feel it pleasant that my dear one felt you completely one of the family and not "company." I return [your brother] Godfrey's letter. It has given me deep satisfaction. I always felt that there should be a very good reason for entering so much into the inward and family life, and when I see how the book affects one who knew him so little, it is a great pleasure to me. Frank says that he has lost all modesty, and I hope it is partly true. His nature is to doubt and disparage everything he does. . . .

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Jan. 2, 1888.

I must quote Uncle Frank's words about the book, which is the highest praise it has yet received. "It is like hearing Charles's voice and seeing the expression of his face again."

[1] *Life and Letters of C. D.*, III. 224.

CHAPTER XX

1888—1892

Mrs Josiah Wedgwood of Leith Hill Place dies—Frank Wedgwood's death—The Parnell Commission—My mother's ill-health—Her affection for Down—Lord Grey and Princess Lieven—The death of Hensleigh Wedgwood—My illness at Durham—Leonard Darwin stands for Lichfield—The grandchildren at Down.

My father's only surviving sister, Caroline, the widow of Josiah Wedgwood, of Leith Hill Place, died on January 5, 1888.

Jan. 8th, 1888.

I feel that I have lost the only real link with old times. I do not count my brothers, as I think most men, and they especially, do not like remembering. I keep almost the last letter which speaks so warmly of caring for my letters, and I am glad that I wrote more often than usual lately. Hers was a very wonderful nature in the power of her affections and interests conquering such discomfort as she constantly had.

March 11th, 1888.

I am driven by stress of bad novels to Carlyle again. His intense integrity about money is admirable. He and his wife were quite angelic about the burning of the MS. A cup of cold water is never wasted on such a heart as Richard's, *à propos* to my poor little notes.

THE GROVE, *May* 29, 1888.

I am quite longing to see the fun on the 9th[1] : George said he could get me tickets and place me so near the door

[1] The installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor.

as to be able to get out before it is over. It would amuse me intensely to see Bright, Salisbury, and Grandolph. The latter is LL.D. on the request of the Prince of Wales.

In the following letter sitting [in her "chair" means sitting in her bath-chair. She would be pulled out to some favourite spot and there left for an hour with her knitting, a book, and Dicky for her companion.

Friday, July, 1888.

These blustering changing days have been especially pretty and I have sat in my chair watching the clouds as much as the earth.

DOWN, *July*, 1888.

It felt so odd yesterday morning going out of the cool house into the warm air full of hay and lime flowers. I am afraid both will be over unless you come to-morrow. . . .

We blest the fine day yesterday and it was a regular old-fashioned Down Sunday—very idle, very talky, and some lawn tennis. I heard such merriment going on at the other side of the room that I was longing to know what little Mrs Prothero was saying to make Wm., Leo, and Bessy laugh so much, but it is never of any use asking.

DOWN, *July*, 1888.

We read aloud one of the *New Arabian Nights* you mention, which is very amusing. They are all rather like dream characters with no pretence of nature. I particularly admire the ending of the bandbox story, when it was too troublesome to get them out of their scrapes. I am delighted with *Forster's Life*. He is so fresh. We are not delighted with *Sir H. Taylor's Letters*. They are not a bit fresh or spontaneous.

Aug., 1888.

The Irish part of *Forster's Life* is very painful and interesting. He was quite wretched with all the wickedness

and cruelty and misery he had to do with. I remember being so angry with the Government for not acting sooner when such dreadful things were going on—but there were some members of the Government who would not agree, and F. was within an ace of resigning, but went on with such powers as he had. It is very good anti-Home Rule reading and makes one think worse than ever of Parnell.

Frank Wedgwood, my mother's eldest surviving brother, died on October 1st, 1888.

October 4, 1888.

I think his was the happiest old age I ever knew. He was entirely without the faults of old age and wiser and gentler than when he was young.

Nov. 6th, 1888.

I had a v. comf. day yesterday, feeling brisk, with nice books, and Ida coming to tea, with toasted tea-cake, which she liked. We had a nice talk. Now I must go to my *Moral Ideal*.[1] I like all about Plato and Socrates very much. It is odd that the feeling of humanity is a modern invention, at least no older than Christ, for I think humanity in the Old T. was exclusively confined to their own countrymen.

On January 29th, 1889, she dated her letter to me "My golden wedding-day—No, it is to-morrow." As a rule no one made less of anniversaries or any sentimental associations than she did, and her buoyant spirit and the essential reserve of her nature prevented our knowing how much she dwelt on the past.

THE GROVE, *Feb.* 1, 1889.

The children came to tea and Ras asked me whether I generally had bread and jam, I said, "No, never but when you come. Perhaps that is the reason why I invite you that I may get a bit of bread and jam." He took it rather seriously. . . .

The Tom Poole[2] book is pleasant except that every

[1] By her niece, Julia Wedgwood.
[2] *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, by Mrs Henry Sandford.

word of Coleridge's letters revolts me, they are a mixture of gush and mawkish egotism, and what seems like humbug. Do read Tom Poole's consolation to Coleridge on the death of his baby. It beats that letter to Cicero on the death of his daughter, and yet Poole was a most tender man. I can't imagine how my father ever liked and admired Coleridge. I believe Dr Darwin would have been more acute.

Feb. 28, 1889.

This visit has been a great pleasure to me. Godfrey's[1] charming qualities grow on one. There is much like his father, but he does not keep so much to the outside of life.

This spring my mother was much out of health and often felt exhausted and uncomfortable. The Special Commission to inquire into the question of Parnellism and Crime interested her deeply and she read or had read to her almost all of it.

May 4th, 1889.

It was such a lovely afternoon and I sat out a good deal. I am almost comfortable in the air. That blessed Commission and baiting Parnell helps me over the time beautifully. I should think such a defect of memory had never been known since the Queen's trial and *non mi ricordo*. . . . Frank and George are so nice in coming in often.

May, 1889.

Sir George Paget was very leisurely and painstaking, and so handsome. I like his medicine too. . . .

On Sat. Wm. came at 1 o'clock, and the pleasure of seeing him and talking with him and sitting out with him till 2.30 utterly did me up.

Parnell's confessions of his lies is most cynical. The Commission is the comfort of my life. I can maunder over it for hours.

[1] Godfrey, eldest son of Francis Wedgwood and head of the firm of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons, Etruria.

May 7th, 1889.

How lovely a pretty spring is. It seems to me we have not had one for years. The nightingales certainly know the difference or perhaps it is our having every window open. I miss you very much, my dear; but things come so quickly at my age that I am always feeling I shall have you soon again.

THE GROVE, *June 1st*, 1889.

I can hardly put up with Mrs Sherwood's presumption. How the Evangelicals can imagine they feel shame or repentance for an inherent sinful nature which all share I can't imagine. I think all those opinions have been so modified. I remember the infant school at Kingscote shouting out so jollily, "There is none that doeth good, *No not one.*"

1889.

To my surprise (as I disliked the *Life of Jefferies* so much) I like his *Wild Life in a Southern County* very much. The descriptions of country and birds are excellent, and if one is patient and willing to loiter and watch with him it gives one nice images. . . .

I am also reading Clough's *Life*. He was as religious as Lamb at the same age. It is rather sad to see how age disperses such feelings, especially with thoughtful men.

July 19th, 1889.

I have had the hair of the verandah nicely cut, and we are a bit lighter, without looking clipped. The garden is quite stupid and the roses over. I am reading *Paradise Regained* (sandwiched with Rousseau's *Confessions*) out of compliment to Mr Bright, who used to read it through every Sunday. I find it most tiresome as yet, but I have not got through the Temptation yet, and it is a hopeless subject to my mind.

DOWN, *Aug.* 10, 1889.

How comical the rages of the Irish M.P.s are! Mr Harrington had to be restrained from flying across to Balfour, because he implied that the words "uniformed bloodhounds" had been applied to the police by Mr H.'s paper, the *Kerry Sentinel.* It appeared afterwards that the expression was "uniformed *hell*hounds." I hope you have some nice books. . . . I am reading Brimley's *Essay on Tennyson,* and I really think it will set me on reading some of his poems.

But she added later: "My reading of Tennyson is come to an untimely end, and I shall never really care for anything of his but some bits of *In Memoriam.*"

Aug. 30, 1889.

The weather comes sweeter and sweeter like L.'s kisses.[1] We were sitting under the lime-trees yesterday. Ida and I and some chicks went into the field and admired the valley. I suppose one does admire one's own view absurdly.

Sept. 18, 1889.

I hear poor Mary H. is come home no better. I will ask Dr A. to come and see me. He did not tell me the chief thing I wanted to know, viz. about food and stimulants, but said she must get an easier mind before she could be better, which I am afraid shows him to be a goose. I wish she and her poor old mother could be asphyxiated—and James D. in the same batch, as I hear he is going blind and his business failing.

Dec. 9, 1889.

I had a visit from Mrs Newall to-day. She played a movement of Brahms, which has satisfied me never to wish to hear another, though there were grand sort of North wind gleams in it, but not the vestige of a tune.

[1] A saying of one of the children about his kisses: "Don't they come thweeter and thweeter."

My mother's life-long friend Ellen Tollet died in January, 1890. She wrote: "I have been thinking that it is a great loss to be the youngest of a family, and this death cuts off my last link with past life."

In old days my mother had played a great deal of concerted music with her son Francis and my husband. She took the piano parts, and they went through a great many of the Mozart and Haydn trios and slow movements out of Beethoven. But now when she was nearly eighty-two she was not often strong enough for the exertion. Still this winter she wrote: "I had a little tootling with Frank on his new bassoon."

On 13th February, 1890, the report of the Special Commission was laid on the table of the House of Commons. The verdict acquitted Parnell of all responsibility for the Phoenix Park murders, but the Judges asserted that Parnell and his colleagues "did not denounce the system of intimidation which led to crime and outrage, but persisted in it with knowledge of its effect."

Feb. 15, 1890.

To think of my not mentioning the Commission. It has quite satisfied me. The *Standard* says that the whole House was reading it, and not troubling themselves about the debate.

In April, 1890, her brother, Hensleigh Wedgwood, was very ill. She wrote: "I feel very thankful to Effie for having brought him to see me last summer. I suppose one's feelings are grown more dull at my age with respect to those whom I see so seldom; for those who belong more closely to me I do not perceive any change in caring about them for joy or sorrow."

May 13, 1890.

We had a Mrs H. to tea. B. took her afterwards in the garden and gave her flowers. She did not care a pin for the garden, which pleased me, as it shews she can't mind living in the Huntingdon Road. Yes, I think I shall work my will on the old acacia.

This meant cutting it down. She was always more revolutionary in the matter of tree-cutting than her children.

The next letter is written after the move to Down and

the arrival of the George Darwins. My sister told me that she thought my mother flagged in spirits on each arrival, eager as she was to go there, and dearly as she loved the place. "My affection for Down increases with years," she wrote. Perhaps she felt as if it was coming back to my father and the blank depressed her at first.

DOWN, *June* 16, 1890.

The children came on Saturday an hour late. Yesterday was bright and rather cold. Gwenny on the broad grin all day, saying "What a nice place Down is" at intervals, and Boy very happy too. I went to the *coucher* yesterday and found them so utterly tipsy that how they were ever got into their night-gowns and into bed, I could not imagine. The baby lay placidly with her bottle, and eyes wide open in the uproar.

June 20*th*, 1890.

Yesterday was pleasant and bright. George took Gwenny a walk by Cudham Lodge to the Salt-Box and then along that ridge below. I saw her coming home perfectly fresh and laden with flowers and *one* strawberry. G. said she had been in an ecstasy the whole way, and he looked full of enjoyment himself. He hit upon a lovely picnic place, an old chalk-pit, but I believe it would do just as well to go to some place near at hand. With older children a new and romantic place is a great additional charm.

DOWN, *July* 6*th*, 1890.

We had fires all over the house as the day was bitter—a sort of day when one hates the very sight of the flower garden.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

THE GROVE, *October* 14*th*, 1890.

Cambridge is all upside down about Sequah, a quack doctor who holds meetings twice every day and is attended by thousands.

The general routine is that a rheumatic man is helped up into the van where he takes a sort of dram and is rubbed for 20 minutes or so, the band playing loud to drown his cries. He comes out, and Sequah asks him to dance, which he does. [Sequah] makes great sums by the sale of his medicine, which is in fact whisky and laudanum or some anodyne. But he also throws about sovereigns and gives them to unsuccessful cures; and in one case, to an old woman who was not cured, he said, "I can do nothing for you, but here is a plaster on your shoulder which I am sure will suit you." It proved to be a £5 note. "Sequah" is a company with many agents. Young women are anxious to touch him as they believe it will make their love affairs succeed.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday, October 26th*, 1890.

William and George went a pilgrimage to a General Bulwer's, a beautiful place in Norfolk, to see the picture of an Erasmus Earle, an ancestor. I sneered at them with great contempt for such a fool's errand; in spite of that, however, they enjoyed their trip.

This autumn my mother had a scheme for giving pleasure to her poorer neighbours by opening out a strip of her field parallel to the Huntingdon Road. It was bordered with trees and she wished to make it a kind of play-place for the children. The plan was, however, found to be impossible.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

Nov. 14, 1890.

I opened my boulevard scheme to George, who did not disapprove so much as I expected. Horace doubts whether it would be much valued.

Here are a set of fine trees giving pleasure to no creature, and my proposal is to put a close paling half way along

the centre of it, and leave the half open to the road, making a gravel walk and possibly a seat. One objection is that the place does not belong to me but to the executors.

Nov., 1890.

I am vexed about Pepper.[1] I feel it quite sad to extinguish such a quantity of enjoyment as lived in that little body. Thank goodness I have nearly finished [Stanley's] *Darkest Africa* and it must be the most tiresome book in the world, so confused and diffuse, with immense long conversations verbatim that end in nothing. His contempt for Emin's taste for Natural History is very comical, and certainly he does not fall into that mistake himself. He observed nothing.

THE GROVE, *Dec.* 3, 1890.

I set Matheson reading the *Nineteenth Century* and I almost make a vow never to read a review again. There is one of Huxley's answering Gladstone's animadversions on the former "Pig" article. W. E. G. by his blunders gives him an excellent opportunity, but the article would really have more effect if he had stated the case simply, with no "chortling."

1890—91 was a very severe winter. Much bird-feeding went on at the Grove, cocoanuts, fat and hemp were provided for titmice, nuts and pea-nuts for the nut-hatches, and middlings in basinsful for the rooks, starlings, and jackdaws.

Jan. 13, 1891.

I did so enjoy the dirty snow and the departure of the rooks yesterday (I wonder what they could find the 1st day and before the snow was gone). I believe the real reason of the departure of the frost is my giving skates to the young P.'s, or it might have been John's fur cape.

[1] Pepper, a little dog who was condemned because he would bite gardeners. However, he was tried in London, where he bit children. He was then sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Addington, where we may hope he reformed his ways.

I saw a hedge-sparrow in the hard frost scrabbling in the gravel on its stomach with its wings spread. Did it want dusting or what ?

Jan. 18, 1891.

I had good Mr C., who has the familiar, affectionate, evangelical manner. He thinks Booth's power is something wonderful in drilling to perfect obedience such a low set. Also that teetotalism and keeping the Sabbath are the two greatest reforms in the world. It is odd he should put them on the same level.

Jan., 1891.

The correspondence of Lord Grey and Princess Lieven is as good as a history. Their friendship continued through opposite and strong political opinions on every subject. There is never a tinge of vanity or coquetry in her letters. His are solemn and dry though affectionate. One can't help wondering how the friendship arose. They are both utterly sincere. . . .

I wish there were some notes on the scandals mentioned —*e.g.* a gross insult of the Duke of Cumberland to Lady Lyndhurst. It is curious to see Princess Lieven's opinion of the Duke of Wellington, so utterly different from that of all parties now. I am afraid however that he did put a spoke in the wheel of the affairs of Greece.

Feb. 3, 1891.

The dispute still rages in the *Nineteenth Century* whether the Gadarenes lawfully kept swine or not, as if it signified. Fancy supposing a miracle to be especially directed against an infringement of a ceremonial law like that.

Sunday and yesterday were very bright and pleasant and the thrushes began to sing.

If I had been Lady Grey I should not have approved of Lord Grey's letters to his " dearest, dearest Princess." It was a curious friendship. They were each uneasy if they did not have a letter every two or three days. . . .

I am thinking of taking a leaf out of Lord Grey's book and answering your letters categorically. It is funny how he never omits answering a scold or a compliment.

Ap., 1891.

At last the garden is looking cheerful, but anemones and polyanthus drooping in the sun after a frosty night, and Bourne does not venture to water them. I really wish he would not work so fast, and Chapman [under-gardener] is like an overdriven post-horse.

I want to give Gwen a tricycle and Maud prefers a bicycle. I don't know how it will be settled. The little Vernon Harcourt girls go on bicycles but I can't fancy grown-up girls doing it.

My mother's regret at one gardener working so fast, and her pity for the other, reminds me that from sympathy with the housemaids she was often unhappy at so much time being spent in dusting the legs of the banisters and chairs.

Ap. 19, 1891.

I am reading Lowell's Essay on Wordsworth after Shairp and he suits me much better. He is rather caustic and amusing, and his writing is as neat as if it was French, also he does not soar higher than I can reach.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

CAMBRIDGE, *Wednesday, May 6th* [1891 ?].

The day was perfect with my beloved east wind, and it was the first time that the tulips have really opened their eyes. I am always divided at this time of the year between the wish to stay on to enjoy the spring and early summer here, and the opposite wish to be at Down before the trees have become dark and summerlike.

This summer saw my mother alone in her generation. Her last remaining brother Hensleigh died on June 1st, 1891.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

DOWN, *July* 25, 1891.

I am much interested in De Quincey's letters, or rather in Dorothy Wordsworth's to him. There must have been something very engaging in him to have received such nice, wholesome letters, full of the children.

Then follow some paragraphs about patterns of chintz and arrangements for the come and go of life, and as a postscript written across the letter:

Such a loathsome crawling letter of Coleridge to De Quincey, declining to pay his debt.

Sept. 9th, 1891.

I look out at the sunny sky, and the trees in Smith's lane all quiet and glowing, instead of being tossed as they were all August.

The following letters were written to me at Durham, where I was ill for two months from having taken a dose of poisonous liniment instead of medicine. I nearly died, my arms were paralysed, and both feet badly burnt by hot bottles during the long insensibility.

DOWN, 19*th Sept.*, 1891.

The children were very happy all day out of doors. It was pretty to see Margaret walk up to Dicky on the hard gravel with her naked feet and put her head down on his back to "love him."

In the course of a few days when you can mark anything of a step forward it would be nice to have a telegram so as to enjoy it a day sooner.

DOWN, *Sept. 29th*, 1891.

R.'s good account and your precious little note came together, and made me feel in a glow of happiness.

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

DOWN, *October 22nd* [1891 ?].

I had a call from a pretty Mrs ——, so soft and affected I could hardly stand her. I think affectation is just as rare as merriment nowadays. . . . Lady Derby deserved more than civility, as I think she has some real affection for me (odd to say).

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

THE GROVE, *Oct. 17th*, 1891.

I don't think *Ruth* is at all suitable for you. I wish you had forgotten say *Her Dearest Foe* or *Fair Carew* (have you thought of kidneys ?) or still more *Emma*.

I should like you to see Dr Drummond again (let me pay for him). . . . I think R. is a little like your father in seeing the downs more strongly than the ups (*e.g.* he always thought my headaches worse than they were). I wish you could play patience with your one poor hand.

Her suggestion as to eating kidneys, so oddly thrown in, was because I had great difficulty about food. She was anxious I should be moved to the Grove as soon as it was possible, and wrote as to this: (Oct. 25) "If you had any drawback (which I do not expect), I should be much less uneasy while you were at hand and every improvement would be noted and give me constant happiness. Also when you were able to bear the open air, getting out of doors for five or ten minutes here would be easier and more satisfactory than in your own house. In spite of this my real wish is that you should do what would be really best for you."

I went home first but soon moved to the Grove, where I had a delightfuly happy time, with her sheltering care about me as if I was again a child.

Jan. 30th, 1892.

How I hate Thackeray's women. He makes Mrs Pen and Laura behave exactly like the women in *Ruth* who are so detestable, and Thackeray thinks it quite right. I rejoiced when that tiresome Helen died and there was an end to all the praises and raptures about her.

April 22nd, 1892.

I hope you enjoy the change of weather. I do in the spirit, but in the flesh I was very hot and done up.

Carry is busy in the evening smartening a pink flannel petticoat, and I feel a person so much more comfortable who is doing something. We read *Severn's Life* which does very well. He is rather a foolish man, and talks of Keats' dying of the persecution of his enemies when it was consumption, with every care the best Dr (Sir J. Clark), and the best nursing could give. Severn behaved nobly in sacrificing everything to go with Keats (his father knocked him down with indignation at his persisting in going), but it made his fortune as it happened.

Emma Darwin to her son George.

THE GROVE, *April* 3, 1892.

Your children met Frances here on her birthday the 30th. It was to be celebrated by her using a knife and she asked her mother to put me in mind "and don't smile when you ask her." They were very jolly and could hardly eat for chatter. It was the first time I have seen Charley out-talked: but he went steadily on with his meat. Afterwards they went in the field after primroses.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

[1892.]

M. gave me such a tragic account of the agency of her brother John. When he was busy on the Lurgan part of the estate he was quite safe and everything prosperous; but he had occasionally to go to a mountainous bit of the Bath estate, and after the Plan of Campaign his life was in constant danger and they used to be trembling for him until he and his clerk with their revolvers came home. On one occasion when he owned to her, on saying good-night, that he had received a threatening letter, she sent privately

to inform the inspector of Police of his danger, so when he got to Carrickmacross he found to his surprise a company of mounted police ready to accompany him. Nothing could make him consent to let them come with him. He said "if he once shewed the white feather he should never be able to shew his face there again." So he and the poor clerk (dreadfully alarmed) held their revolvers ready and drove on and they were not shot at. All this strain broke down his health and nerve. . . .

These last letters of Johnson are a treat to me. I enjoy poking out bits of new in them.

DOWN, *June*, 1892.

The kitten is very happy and most charming, settling itself on my neck, purring hard, with occasional smudges on my face. Dicky naturally disgusted with it. . . . It does so enjoy my delicate slices of cold beef.

July 19*th*, 1892.

Our *stiff* book is H. James' stories and our *light* one Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library* 3rd series. He is so pleasant after all that subtlety.

Bessy and I both agree that we could not really care for other people's pretty things—*à propos* to your enjoying the house [Idlerocks, the Godfrey Wedgwoods].

As a fact my mother did not care much for *objets d'art*, either her own or other people's.

Emma Darwin to Margaret Shaen in New Zealand.

DOWN, *July* 15, 1892.

. . . We are living in the election and I rejoice to think that Leonard will be out of his pain on Monday. Our old men, Parslow and Lettington, declined to vote at all—"They always had voted Liberal" etc., and did not know or care a penny about Home Rule. Well, my letter will be full of the election, so I will try to shut it out. . . .

Little Charley has capital spirits and at luncheon he rather tired me by talking at the utmost pitch of his voice,

so one day I said "Now I am going to give a penny to everybody who talks low at luncheon time." "Shall you give one to aunt Etty?" "Yes." "Shall you give one to aunt Bessy?" "Yes." "And to Father and Mother?" "Yes." It had a great effect and I doled out the pennies all round. I only included the grown-ups the first day, but Gwenny and Charley earned 10d. each before they went away.

Yours, my dear Margaret,
E. DARWIN.

My mother was deeply interested in the General Election of July, 1892, fought on the question of Home Rule. I have now her map of England on which she coloured every seat as it was lost or gained. Her son Leonard was standing for Lichfield as a Liberal-Unionist. After the election was over, she wrote: "I am so intensely interested in the debates I must put myself on stoppages or I shall wear out my eyes."

Emma Darwin to her son Leonard.

MY DEAR LEONARD, DOWN, *July 19th* [1892].

We got your blessed telegram at 2.45. Now we must hope that there will be no dissolution. I had been schooling myself not to mind *much*, but we all owned we had kept a corner of hope at the back of our minds. Now you will rest, poor souls. It would be delightful if you would come here soon. You would be much more tired if you had failed. I send you Henrietta's remarks about your speaking as she so thoroughly appreciated it, and I should like you to be more conceited.

DOWN, *Saturday, July 23rd* [1892].

MY DEAR LEONARD AND BEE,

I must tell you how your two delightful letters warmed my heart.

We shall have a happy meeting on Friday and I have asked George and Frank to rush over for a day. They will not have a brother elected to Parliament every day in

the week. William laments that he cannot come, also Horace. I always feel how your father would have enjoyed it. . . .

Yours, my two dear ones,

E. D.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

July 31st, 1892.

We have had great amusement and election talk. . . . Lettington [the old gardener] said to Leonard "I don't agree with your politics; but I did not think it was in you to make such a noble speech."

The large house at Down could hold more than one family of the grandchildren, and she greatly enjoyed having them all round her. She wrote: (*Aug.* 28) "Frances was puzzled at breakfast. Ruth took salt with her porridge, so Frances decided to have it; but then Nora took sugar, so she had to change quickly. Bernard is a jewel for play, and I found them all this morning and Frank also, with different gymnastics on the slide, with their shoes off and very hot."

The "slide" was a speciality at Down, a long shallow wooden tray of polished deal which was hitched by a cross-piece of wood on to a step of the stairs, and thus reared up as high as was desired. The children came down fast or slow, standing or sitting, according to the gradient. It could be made almost flat for little children and steep enough to make the big ones come down with a grand rush.

DOWN, *Sept.* 12, 1892.

There was such a dark sentence in Snow's letter that I could not keep my senses from the beginning to the end; but M. gave me a concise translation and said it meant that "you were fond of people though they were dull."

THE GROVE, *Oct.*, 1892.

Le Caron[1] will be wholesome reading for Gladstone. It is a good thing to recall the brutality and cruelty of the

[1] Le Caron was in the Secret Service of our Government and had been very active in the Fenian raids on Canada. In the Parnell Commission nothing was brought out to his discredit.

Clan-na-gael and how intimately Parnell was connected with them; and to reflect that Gallaher and other dynamiters are now in prison. . . . I think it will do good in this pause. The atrocity of the Dynamiters makes one nearly condone any amount of treachery on his part. President Andrew Johnson openly sympathised with the first Fenian raid into Canada, and returned all the arms into the hands of the Fenians. Le Caron was the cause of the entire failure of both raids. He thinks the Secret service is much underpaid. The book makes me wish to read again his cross-examination and Parnell's.

Nov. 1, 1892.

Crabb Robinson's Diary is a blessing and I can talk with him for a few minutes any time and feel refreshed. I almost think he will set me reading the *Excursion*! . . . His prosaic moderation does so suit me, and Miss ——'s gush and repetitions do so not suit me, but there is a good deal that is interesting in her book.

CHAPTER XXI

1893—1896

My mother's ill-health—Miss Cobbe—A great storm—A birthday letter to my mother—Her better health—Herbert Spencer—R. B. Litchfield's illness—My mother's last illness and death.

My mother's health was in a very uncomfortable state from the autumn of 1892 until the end of 1893. She used in her letters to tell me exactly how she was, but always took care to chronicle her better moments, "My nights are lovely," "I am having a good day," "I am enjoying the sunshine." She suffered greatly from the heat this summer. After the weather changed she wrote June 20th, "I feel quite tipsy looking out at the dear black sky and drizzled windows," and again "such a lovely puddle on the walk and the barometer so low."

DOWN, *Aug. 6th*, 1893.

I was going to write and order Leo Maxse's *National Review*, but F. Greenwood's article on W. E. G. is so monstrous I have held my hand. It makes him out a fiend and I am afraid such violence will neutralise what is good in the Review.

Aug. 31st, 1893 (your wedding day).

. . . Leonard said Balfour's speech, which I thought so impertinent to W. E. G., was quite charming in its manner and playfulness. A Mr Paul, a Gladstonian member, sat by L. and said "that is quite delightful."

I had been all September at Down whilst my sister was abroad. It was an ideal month of fine weather. My mother wrote to her at the end of our time together: "A dismal day, but Sir John Lubbock says that no weather is really bad, so we must not mind."

THE GROVE, *Dec. 23rd*, 1893.

George came bringing me a letter from Boy, so perfectly well spelt he can't be a Darwin. George gave him an envelope for it, and addressed it to me in red ink, which surprised and pleased Boy and he said, "Grandmamma will like that."

Jan. 27th, 1894.

I am grown to like Lowell much better at the end. He adores London and its climate especially, and the Parks and the thrushes all winter through. There are some notices of W. E. G. in which I think he judges him justly. W. E. G. said in '86 that he had never seen such universal enthusiasm for anything as for Home Rule at that time. Lowell suggested that the feeling might be for himself. Lowell says he (Gladstone) has no proportion in his mind, caring as much for *Robert Elsmere* as for Gordon.

Emma Darwin to Laura Forster.

THE GROVE, *March*, 1894.

Are you not surprised at Morley's attempting to do away with Lord Rosebery's speech.[1] I have some hopes that Lord Rosebery himself will have some manliness and not eat his words....

THE GROVE, *May 5th*, 1894.

... I am deep in *Dean Stanley's Life* and I like it so much. I saw him once, but he was in the blaze of Mrs F.'s flattery which I dare say shut him up—but he certainly

[1] Lord Rosebery became Premier on Gladstone's final retirement on the 3rd March. Lord Rosebery's statement as to Home Rule was eagerly watched for. The words that Morley attempted to do away with would be: "The noble Marquess [of Salisbury] made one remark with which I confess myself in entire accord. He said that before Irish Home Rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice."

was cold and dry. I am sure I shall be much attached to him. I must own I don't remember Mrs F.'s flattery to him, but it must have been there.

The following letter relates to a request from Miss Cobbe to include certain correspondence from my father in her *Autobiography*. He had written to her expressing strong sympathy with the victims of a supposed case of harshness on the part of his colleagues, the magistrates of our division of Kent. The case had been brought forward in the *Echo*, of which Miss Cobbe was then the editor. Without asking for permission, she changed the opening of this letter from "dear Miss Cobbe" into "Sir," cut out, without putting marks of omission, all those sentences which would show that it was a private letter to a friend, and then published this travesty of it in the *Echo* above his signature. All readers would suppose that my father had addressed it expressly to that paper for publication. He took no steps in the matter, though on further enquiry he found that there had been no harshness, and that there was no miscarriage of justice.

THE GROVE, *May*, 1894.

Miss Cobbe asks Snow to ask me whether she may publish any letters of F.'s in her *Autobiography*. If I do consent I think I must forbid any of those about the imprisonment of Stephen X. which she garbled and published in the *Echo*. Had I better ask to see them? I don't want to insult Miss Cobbe. . . .

After a heavenly night I feel quite set up, with all botherations done away by the good help of all my children, Frank and Horace being moderate and helpful and saving me all decision.

Aug., 1894.

You asked me about the *Message of Israel*.[1] I believe no books now affect me any more than by a transient interest. It did draw my attention to some sublime bits

[1] By her niece Julia Wedgwood.

in the Prophets and Psalms, and I enjoyed her abuse of Esther. . . .

Augustus Hare's *Two Noble Lives* is most entertaining and pleasant, though the letters are merely natural, and telling what happens without a spark of wit and humour. The two lovely ladies (Canning and Waterford) had no children, which was a pity for the beauty of the world. It makes one think the " quality " very affectionate and kind-hearted.

Nov. 5th, 1894.

I think Mrs F. is an honourable woman now, informing me of what others gave her, and I hope she may escape being corrupted. I will do my best not to help in that.

I have been reading Waldstein's *Ruskin*. The admiring part I did not feel up to, but the chapter on social questions delights me as speaking so strongly of his narrow want of sympathy: *e.g.* in thinking it a real misfortune that railroads should desecrate beautiful places by enabling vulgar people to crowd into them. He couples Carlyle with him in presumption, and says that Ruskin never forgets himself for a second, and then contrasts your father's love of truth and moderation in quite a delightful passage.

Feb. 5, 1895.

I believe you would like Mrs Craven, if you could skip all the religion. In the year '86 she has exactly our feelings about Ireland and [the] G. O. M.'s mad folly. It always seems to me like boasting when she tells how entirely she feels that God decides everything for her; she should keep that to herself. . . . The French stories by Julliot are dull and odious, and the little novel *La Folle du Logis* quite pretty and nice. How very odd the French are.

The Grove, *Mar.* 25, 1895.

I wonder whether you had our yesterday's storm. It increased in violence all morning and was at its height about two. I looked out to see the trees swaying, and

remarked on the big wych-elm; I looked away for a minute, and then looked again and saw it was down. Then came a great noise, as if of a great weight falling, and we saw part of a chimney down near the north corner. Frank and Bernard soon came in to see if we were frightened. They said some trees were down across the road. Then came another great bang and we settled to go down to the drawing-room. Eventually two stacks of three chimneys each were blown down. We shut the south-west window [shutters] and felt more quiet there, not that I was frightened. It is so bright and calm I hope I shall go out and see the damage, especially the big tree.

April 22, 1895.

I seem to have been reading nothing but about young girls lately—Miss Bronte, Miss Edgeworth, the Burneys, the Winkworths. The Brontes and Winkworths went through the same morbid feelings about sin and religion. The Burneys did not trouble their heads, and Miss Edgeworth was very strict with herself but not in the way of religion. I should like to know when they came to the age of 40 or so how much their feelings and opinions had approached each other.

Emma Darwin to her daughter-in-law Sara.

MY DEAR SARA, THE GROVE, *May* 3 [1895].

I cannot easily express the happiness your note gives me. To keep such warm affection as yours all these years, and also to know that you feel the same as ever to *Charles fills me with gratitude.*

I think it is a surprising thing that at 87[1] I should feel *stronger and better in* every way than I did at 85.

My best love to my dear William who is as steadfast as you.

Yours, my dear daughter in heart,

EMMA DARWIN.

[1] Her birthday was on May 2nd, 1808.

Emma Darwin to her daughter Henrietta Litchfield.

May 18th, 1895.

. . . I am reading the Psalms and I cannot conceive how they have satisfied the devotional feelings of the world for such centuries. I am at the 35th, and about three or four I have found beautiful and satisfactory, the rest are almost all calling for protection against enemies or for vengeance—one fine penitential Psalm.

Matheson is reading *Macaulay's Life* to me, and his letters are delightful. He was as good a hater as St Simon, but did not keep up his rancour so long. His intense feeling about his sisters' marriages was very uncommon.

The following is written after Maud Darwin's return from America, with her two children, Gwen and Charles.

[*May*, 1895.]

About 5.30 came George and Maud and Billy more smiling and sweet than ever. A. V. Dicey discussed America with Charles, especially the ice creams, which they had every day. I attempted a little talk with Charles about the voyage, but he was full of the bricks, and bygones are tiresome to children.

The Grove, *June 4th*, 1895.

I had a very dissipated day yesterday and I was not tired. Horace in the morning. P. [the butler] came in with solemn apologies and said his mother was very anxious to see me. In she came, so young and handsome and stately, and we talked away, as soon as we could get off the subject of my wonderful kindness, on which she was as tiresome as her daughter-in-law.

Then came Mrs Marshall. Dicky got on her lap and she nursed him all the time looking very pious.

DOWN, *July* 19, 1895.

R.'s hopeful note and another from Leo[1] still more hopeful, made me quite easy. Mrs Goude and Matheson have got a flag half made. Matheson said it would be bad luck to finish it before the Election was declared. Anne [the village shop] furnishes the materials gratis. . . .

1.30 just received the bad news—how flat! I have hardly the heart to go on with the map. I trust the first object of the Government will be to get rid of the twenty extra Irish Members. . . .

This autumn for some temporary reason she had "a stolid businesslike-looking pupil teacher who will not be a bit shy" to read aloud to her.

Oct. 1895.

My reader is a great success. It is *Cranford*, and "D—n Dr Johnson" comes in. She stopped dead and said "a slang expression." I can't perceive she is ever amused. I am stuck in Balfour.[2] His argument about the uncertainty of sight seems so feeble to me that I think I can't understand it. What I do understand makes me think less of his good sense.

Oct. 18*th*, 1895.

I have finished Balfour. Of course I don't do the book justice, but the last two or three pages seem to me very inconclusive. I can agree with him that the belief in a God who cares, is an immense safeguard for morality; but I do not see that the doctrine of the Atonement is any additional safeguard—yes, I do see it partly. Also I am surprised at his considering that morality is impossible without some religion, which he gives as an axiom not to be disputed. I quite agree that the remains of Christian feeling make us unable to judge of the present race of agnostics.

[1] Leonard Darwin was standing again for Lichfield and was defeated.
[2] *The Foundations of Belief*, by A. J. Balfour.

Under the date February, 1893, my mother copied these lines from *In Memoriam* into her book of extracts:

CXVI.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

During the last year of my mother's life her health was better than it had been for some years. Her letters show how full of energy and enjoyment she was, and her power of living in the lives of those she cared for made her really enjoy their pleasures at secondhand, and kept many avenues to life open that are often closed to the old. It was difficult to remember that she would be eighty-eight on May 2nd of this year.

Jan. 15th, 1896.

. . . I feel it pleasant to be silent and quiet for a bit. I am flattered by the warm tone of Lady Derby's note; but when she calls my letter charming, I feel a little like William when Mrs Thorley called him a "sweet boy."

Public affairs look better, especially since Lord Salisbury has said that he will make any information public.[1] How odious the Irish are, even Davitt, who one thought was a decent man. Do they really think the downfall of England would not ruin Ireland also?

Feb. 28th, 1896.

Poor Hope! about hunting. I wonder whether it would at all console her to learn that I had the same trouble. I should think that Godfrey would sympathise entirely with her. Your father did not with me, as he thought

[1] The Jameson Raid on the Transvaal had taken place at the end of December, 1895.

hunting much the least cruel sport, and so far I agree, only it is undoubtedly brutal. One trap gives more suffering than a dozen hunts. . . .

The next two letters refer to a correspondence with Herbert Spencer as to the gift to Mr Huxley mentioned in his *Life*, p. 366, vol. I. Mr Spencer wished to know from me whether my mother's memory corroborated his own view that he alone originated the idea. She, however, was quite sure that Mrs Lyell first spoke of it to herself and my father.

March, 1896.

Your letter just come. I remember it all pretty clearly. F. heard first about it from Mrs Lyell, so no doubt it was set on foot in two places. We heard nothing about Herbert Spencer. What a fuss he makes. You shall have the letter safely back. . . . It is the greatest monument of vanity I ever saw. I am quite certain my memory is just, as I remember that Mrs Lyell was affected nearly to tears when she was speaking to us on the subject. No doubt Herbert Spencer was exerting himself independently.

It was such a lovely morning yesterday I took a drive along the Backs. They look quite different in the morning light, and the elm buds have taken a purplish glow.

I cannot help chuckling a little over Herbert Spencer's reception of your answer.

This spring Dicky, her little fox-terrier, met with an accident, and had to go to the dog doctor for some time. She missed him very much and wrote: "I believe Dicky and I have never been separated for a day for thirteen years, and I do wish for him back very much." Every morning Dicky lay on her bed whilst she breakfasted. But, at about ten, as soon as he heard the second postman's bell he started up, vehemently insisted on being let out, rushed downstairs to join the postman, for whom he had a strong attachment, and took a short round with him. This postman fell ill, and she told how she sent Dicky to pay the sick man a visit: "Price took Dicky to see Drury, and there was a tender meeting on both sides, the postman kissing Dicky."

In the Spring of 1896 my mother agreed to discontinue giving away penny bread-tickets at the door of her house at Down. These tickets were payable in bread by the village baker. This form of charity had existed for some fifty years, and it shows her reasonableness and power of taking in new ideas that she was brought to believe it encouraged tramps and beggars, and was not necessary for saving actual suffering.

THE GROVE, *Ap.* 12, 1896.

I have written to George to ask him to diminish the bread tickets while they are at Down, which will make it easier for Mary Anne. I think there always used to be a great burst of tramps in the spring, and once I found the yard full of hearty Irishmen refusing to go away, till I sent for the policeman.

The birds [Margaret's canaries] have laid three eggs, and I think I shall boil them if I could be sure that the murder would not be discovered. They are pleasant company. I have found Voltaire's *Louis XIV.* very pleasant and short, leaving out the battles. Voltaire seems so impressed with his magnanimity and generosity, as if a despotic King *could* be generous. V. seems really to forget where the money came from.

The "Shop" mentioned in the next letter is that of "The Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company," of which her son Horace was the head. It had lately been moved into new and better premises.

May 18th, 1896.

I liked seeing the Shop on Sunday. It is a perfect situation, surrounded with gardens and so quiet. I did not mount up to the show-room. Horace's room is so nice and airy and quiet. It made me think more of him to have such a shop.

I like Capt. Younghusband's travels,[1] though one might skip pages much like each other. The camels go on for twenty hours or so and the ponies and mules for eight or ten. They are fed up enormously and well treated.

[1] *The Heart of a Continent.*

May 20th, 1896.

We had some rain in the morning which made things fresh and beautiful. I sat out for a long time, and Helen [nurse] and Billy joined me. His wild delight, rushing about on his twinkling bare feet, was the prettiest thing I ever saw. You must see it before he is older. He sometimes dances a little.

THE GROVE, *May* 31, 1896.

I had a snug evening with Mildred reading part of the broken last novel of L. Stevenson, in which he gives most elaborate descriptions of characters you don't care for. He has no notion what is tiresome or not.

June 21, 1896.

À propos to Cardinal Manning, I think every convert must be between two stools for a time, but nine or ten years was certainly long. It made him appear deceitful, but I very much excuse him.

June 29, 1896.

On Saturday I took a drive into Holwood. It looked a new place to me from the growth of the trees; especially the band of beeches along the paling, which I used to despise as such poor-looking trees. The mare is perfect on grass and up the hills, not pulling and straining. I went in and out among the green drives, and I shall go again and never drive anywhere else.

July 11th, 1896.

What a pathetic Essay [1] the last in the volume of Leslie Stephen's. It is evidently a pouring out of his soul on his wife. I also like his notion that the world does not know of a quarter of the goodness and happiness that exists, and that every perfect character causes a sort of halo of influence and example around it.

All the family came to Down during this last summer. She went out more, and saw some of the old haunts in her bath-chair that she had not visited for years.

[1] *Social Rights and Duties*, Vol. II., p. 225.

Emma Darwin

AGED 88

Aug. 18*th*, 1896.

Nurse goes to-morrow to Tunbridge Wells, where she is to get me some shoes, old-fashioned slippers which she says can be found nowhere else—in short she knows everything. Well, good-bye for to-day.

Nurse's manner to me is like one housemaid to another a little beneath her, but I am not the least offended.

DOWN, *Aug.* 30 [1896].

Rose's letter duly came. I send it as it is so nice. The moral I draw is that a bit of jewelry is the present that gives the most pleasure, *e.g.* the little amethyst brooch which gave me such intense pleasure when I was 14 (apart from any sentiment). I shall be on the look-out for five brooches or lockets for my grand-daughters. The Holwood [blackberrying] party answered well—Gwenny brought a tin full, while Boy and Margt. eat most of theirs. George and Maud found Lady Derby at tea alone, and they had an interesting talk, chiefly about the Duke of Wellington, with whom she was intimate, as with every other great man. She said she owed more to him in forming her character than to anyone, and even now she found herself considering what he would do in such a case. She never heard him say a severe or unkind word. She was walking with him when he stopped to soothe a crying boy. He only put his hand on his head, and told him not to cry, when the boy stopped dead, and the Duke said, "I can always stop a crying child." I suppose however it was only the effect of surprise, and the child might begin crying again.

Sept. 5*th*, 1896.

George and the dear chicks are just gone in the waggonet. On Thursday I made John take me a circuit in the chair by Down Hall and the Cudham Lane. I was glad to see the Cudham Lane once more. It looked ever so much deeper, with high hedges and trees grown. I came back over the big field and through the Smith's yard. I felt the sharp wind over the bare field quite like an old friend.

Sept. 6th, 1896.

I had an interesting talk with Lady Derby yesterday about the Duke of Wellington. He came to see her when she was very unhappy at the death of her eldest brother, and said to her, "I shall write to you every day; it may amuse you." He kept his word, and wrote every day till his death in 1852 (she is now 73, so do a sum which I cannot manage). She owns his was not a happy marriage though he was always kind, but she was silly and wearied him. Scandal was talked. She said it was only flirtation.

September this year was a depressing month, with much rain every day. She had not been well and wrote to me: "I fancy I had been doing too much, especially after luncheon with the children." Often, after lunch, she played the "galloping tune" for them to dance to, just as she had done fifty years before for us.

We had intended to go abroad this September, but my husband fell seriously ill at Dover, and when he could be moved, we went home to Kensington Square.

Sept. 18th, 1896.

I am sorry to give up seeing you here, but so that you and R. are well I care little for anything else.

Your card and Mildred's cheerful and comfortable letter just come in, to begin my day so brightly. I used to abuse and dislike Dover, when I came with William and poor Annie to take you back from aunt Charlotte, and they took to crying and being miserable, and the shore was unwalkable, but I should now like sitting on the shingle with Mildred.

Sept. 23rd, 1896.

Lady Derby was much pleased with Leo's address,[1] also with Sir J. Lister, which she said was very fine. I have had it read to me, and I agree with her and you.

[1] As President of the Geographical section of the British Association at Liverpool.

I am disappointed at R. continuing to have so much pain. I think the waves must have been fine with you yesterday. I should like to have seen the 87 ships. Stephen's and Margaret's visit was very nice. They were amused at the way she (Margaret) took an old servant's cheating. "Yes, he has been cheating for thirty years, poor darling!"

My mother was taken ill on Sunday, September 27th. On Monday she seemed to recover, and she wrote saying she was well—the last letter she ever wrote. But the improvement did not continue. I left my husband, who had just been moved to Kensington Square, and arrived at Down on Thursday, Oct. 1st. Her condition remained the same; on the evening of the 2nd she wound up her watch as usual, and then fell back on her pillow and never recovered consciousness. Her age was eighty-eight years and four months.

It was best for me to return home that evening, but before leaving I went in to see the beautiful, solemn, sweet face composed for its last rest.

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